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Dual System 1920s

8804

H. P. Lovecraft's

KINGSPORT

The City in the Mists



Kevin Ross
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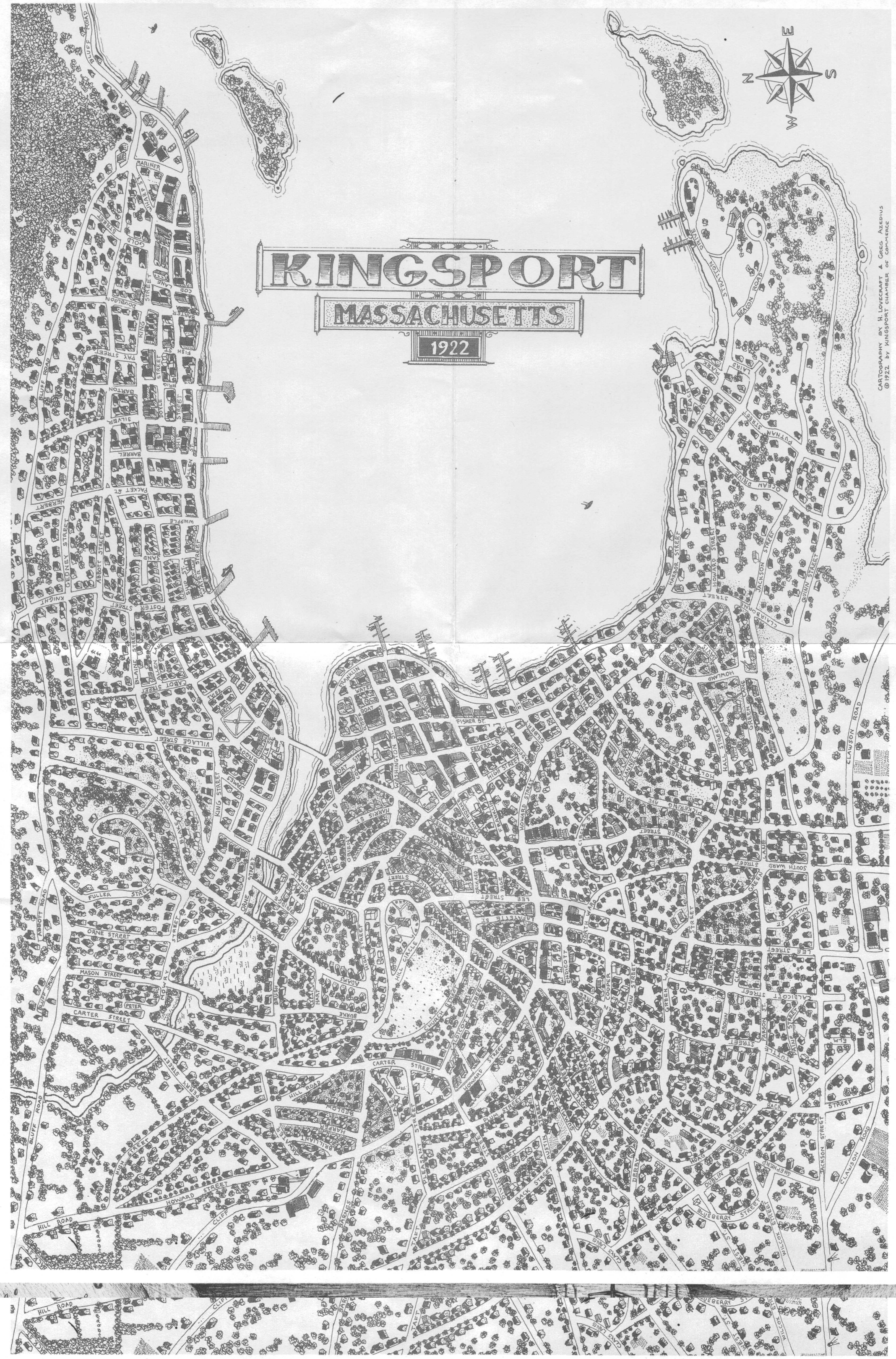
CHAOSIUM
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KINGSPORT

MASSACHUSETTS

1922



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H. P. Lovecraft's

KINGSPORT

The City in the Mists

Local History & Lovecraftian Timeline
Notable Personalities & Town Guide
Three Adventures

Game Data format

Game data presented in this book is structured so that players of either Chaosium's *Call of Cthulhu* (BRP Cthulhu) rules, or the d20 edition of *Call of Cthulhu* (d20 Cthulhu), can fully enjoy this background and adventures. Instructions for game system use, or that call for die rolls, is given first for BRP Cthulhu (in bold). D20 Cthulhu rules data is then given in brackets immediately following. The following is an example: "The investigator needs a successful **Electrical Repair roll** [Repair check, DC 20] to shut off power and darken this part of town."

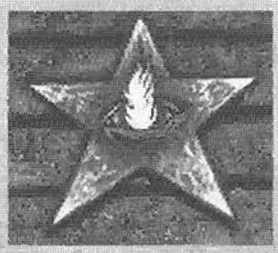
Personality and creature statistics for BRP Cthulhu are presented within the narrative of the text. **Appendix 2: d20 System Townsfolk** contains all of the *Call of Cthulhu d20 System* personality and creature statistics needed for play.

d20 system

Originally published August 1991 as "Kingsport"

BRP™ A Basic Roleplaying Game





Dedication

This is for my folks, Ken and Wilma, for putting up with me for so long and for putting me in my place when I needed it — which is often.

And also for HPL and all the Outsiders to whom he's brought inspiration, and enjoyment. And fear.

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This d20 System supplement utilizes mechanics developed for the new *Dungeons & Dragons* game by Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Richard Baker, and Peter Adkison.

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Please do not phone in game questions; the quickest answer may not be the best answer. Our web site **www.chaosium.com** always contains the latest release information and current prices.

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H. P. Lovecraft's KINGSPORT





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Introduction

"In the morning, mist comes up from the sea by the cliffs beyond Kingsport. White and feathery it comes from the deep to its brothers the clouds, full of dreams of dank pastures and caves of leviathan. And later, in still summer rains on the steep roofs of poets, the clouds scatter bits of those dreams, that men shall not live without rumour of old, strange secrets, and wonders that planets tell planets alone in the night. When tales fly thick in the grottoes of tritons, and conches in seaweed cities blow wild tunes learned from the Elder Ones, the great eager mists flock to heaven laden with lore, and oceanward eyes on the rocks see only a mystic whiteness, as if the cliff's rim were the rim of all earth, and the solemn bells of buoys tolled free in the aether of faery."

— "The Strange High House in the Mist" by H. P. Lovecraft.

H. P. Lovecraft's Kingsport is the third book in the Lovecraft Country series for *Call of Cthulhu* and conforms with earlier releases. Misted Kingsport is the sight of several Lovecraft stories of wonder and dread, located just a few short miles from bustling Arkham. It is a place drenched in antiquity, mist, and dreams.



Kingsport is only partially described by Lovecraft, but much of its atmosphere and setting was inspired by HPL's visit to Marblehead, Massachusetts. With details and clues from Lovecraft's stories, and using Marblehead as a model for the remainder of the material, I have fleshed out Kingsport for use as a *Call of Cthulhu* campaign setting. Adding to Lovecraft's work, I have created several Lovecraftian locations of my own. Other background material is based upon actual historical facts regarding the Massachusetts North Shore. Not all the town is described; the keeper is invited to add his or her own creations using locations described here and in *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham* as guidelines. The various neighborhood maps printed within are presented in a manner that allows keepers to add new features and locations with little difficulty. The actual population of Kingsport is unstated and left to the imagination of the keeper and players. Marblehead, in 1929, could boast no more than 8000 people.

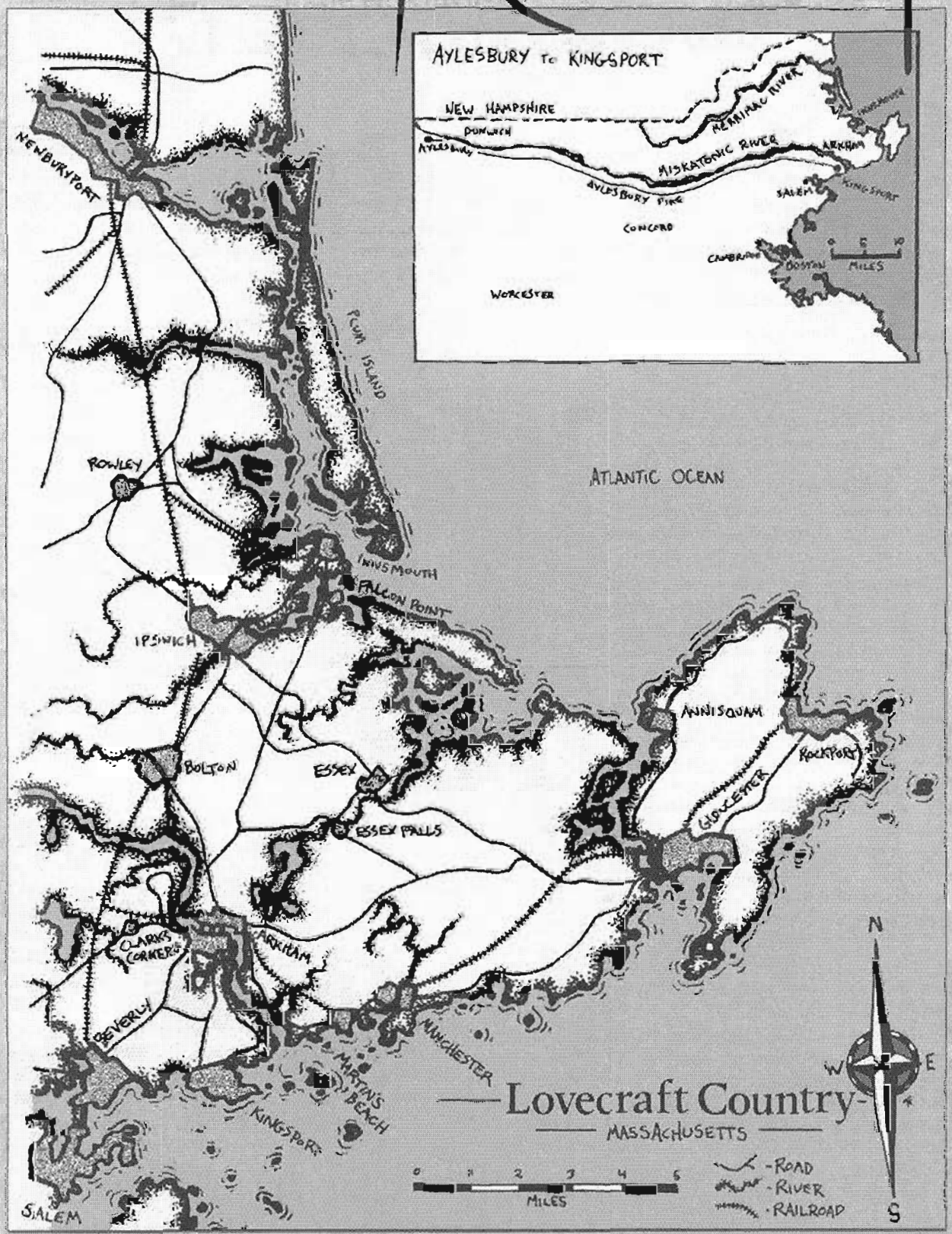
The Kingsport guide is written to correspond with other volumes in the Lovecraft Country series, including *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham* and *H. P. Lovecraft's Dunwich*. The time frame is nominally late 1928. By this time, the events described in Lovecraft's three major Kingsport stories have all taken place. On April 11th, 1919, "The Terrible Old Man" dealt with the three criminals who had planned to rob him. In December of 1922, the unnamed narrator of "The Festival" suffered the horrible dreams or hallucinations that left him amnesiac and confined to Arkham Sanitarium. The summer of 1925 saw the fateful visit of vacationing Thomas Olney to "The Strange High House in the Mist." Most recently, construction work has begun on the Arkham *Advertiser* wireless station to be located high upon Kingsport Head. This facility is intended to provide communication with the upcoming Miskatonic University expedition to Antarctica.

Before staging adventures in Kingsport, the keeper is urged to read Lovecraft's three Kingsport stories: "The Terrible Old Man," "The Festival," and "The Strange High House in the Mist." Several other tales offer additional tidbits of information, including "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward," "The Thing on the Doorstep," "At the Mountains of Madness," "The Shadow Over Innsmouth," "The Silver Key," "Through the Gates of the Silver Key," "The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath," "The White Ship," and the fragment "The Rose Window." Lin Carter's poetry cycle "Dreams from R'lyeh" also contains information about Kingsport.

As a final note, I would like to thank the following people and publications for their help, encouragement, letters, inspiration, and guidance in bringing Kingsport into being: Todd Woods, Richard Watts, Mark Morrison, Penny Love, Scott Aniolowski, Necronomicon Press, and *Crypt of Cthulhu* and *Dagon* magazines. Last but not least, thanks to Keith Herber for putting up with the phone calls and letters, and for furnishing books, source material, and insights. Thanks, mate.

— Kevin Ross

Lovecraft Country



Lovecraft Country is a land located in the northeast of Massachusetts. The most important portion stretches along the Miskatonic river valley, from Dunwich in the far west to where it enters the Atlantic Ocean, between Arkham, Kingsport, and Martin's Beach. References to other books in the Lovecraft Country series are noted when they contain central information.

Annisquam—A summer resort community that is located within Gloucester (see below).

Arkham—pop. 22,562, settled in 1692, incorporated in 1699. Textiles form the bulk of the present industry. Home of Miskatonic University. Mysterious sightings have occurred in the nearby Billington's Woods and at Nahum Gardner's farm, both located west of town. Detailed in *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham*.

Aylesbury—pop. 16,539, founded in 1802 on the site of the former village of Broton. A planned industrial city financed by Arkham and Boston industrialists. Textiles are the main industry.

Beverly—pop. 27,478, settled in 1626 as part of Salem, incorporated in 1688. Home of the first cotton mill in the U.S. (1788). Shoes and shoe manufacturing machinery are its main industries.

Bolton—pop. 13,539, founded in 1650. An industrial town specializing in shoes, leather goods, and textiles.

Boston—pop. 782,623, first settled in 1630. The capital of Massachusetts. Site of Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall, the Boston Massacre, and the Boston Tea Party. Important libraries include the Boston Public Library with over a million volumes, the Boston Athenaeum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the New England Historial Genealogical library, and the Boston Society of Natural History. Major industries include printing and publishing, men's and women's clothing, and shipping. Boston is an international port.

Cambridge—pop 124,451, first settled in 1630. Home of Harvard University, Radcliffe College, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Cambridge was the site of the first printing press in America. Industries include printing and publishing, and the manufacture of soap, candy, and electrical apparatus.

Concord—pop. 7056, founded 1635. Site of "the shot heard round the world." Home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, and Louisa May Alcott.

Danvers—pop. 11,893, located approximately three miles west of Beverly. Settled in 1626 and until 1757 known as Salem Village. The center of witchcraft activity in 1692 and the birthplace of Israel Putnam. Nearby is the Massachusetts State Hospital for the Insane.

Dean's Corners—pop. 83, settled in 1821. A small town on the Aylesbury Pike, last stop before Aylesbury. Originally a stop on the stage line, now Dean's Corners occasionally trades with motorists on their way to Aylesbury. A combined Boston Society for American Indian Research and Miskatonic University archeological dig is being conducted just a few miles southeast. Detailed in *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*.

Dunwich—pop. 373, settled in 1692. A small farming community. Formerly the site of several large lumber mills. Dark forces seem ascendent among the decadent inhabitants of Dunwich, detailed in *H. P. Lovecraft's Dunwich*.

Essex—pop. 1654, first settled in 1634, incorporated in 1819. Famous for its small shipyards and its clam beds.

Falcon Point—pop. 56, settled in 1696. A small fishing village just south of Innsmouth. Detailed in *Escape from Innsmouth* and *Adventures in Arkham Country*.

Fitchburg—pop. 45,448, located ten miles southeast of Dunwich, past the Aylesbury Pike. Incorporated in 1764. It is a large paper manufacturing industry and a Worcester county seat.

Framingham—pop. 25,118, located fifteen miles west of Boston, first settled in 1640, incorporated 1700. Industries include straw hats, boots and shoes, rubber goods, boilers, and patent medicines. It is the seat of the state arsenal and the location of the state reformatory for women.

Gloucester—pop. 25,101, first settled by English fishermen in 1623, incorporated 1642. A popular summer resort and the greatest salt-water fishing port in the U.S. Within the city limits is the summer resort community of Annisquam.

Innsmouth—pop. 367, founded in 1643. Originally active in the China trade. Launched many privateers during the Revolutionary War and War of 1812. Fishing is the main industry. A small gold refinery is still in operation. Innsmouth is being controlled by the decadent Marsh family, and for years there have been hints of a malevolent force living beneath the sea, at nearby Devil's Reef. Detailed in *Escape from Innsmouth*.

Ipswich—pop. 6098, first settled in 1633 as Aggawam, incorporated in 1634. A popular summer resort and site of the oldest arched bridge in America. The home to the Rev. Nathaniel Ward.

Kingsport—pop. 7834, founded in 1639, incorporated in 1651. Home port of numerous privateers during the Revolutionary War. A summer resort and artist colony, fishing is the main industry. Rumors abound of a strange fire cult worshiping beneath the streets of Kingsport. Detailed in this book and in *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*.

Lexington—pop. 7785, located five miles northwest of Cambridge. Founded 1642. Site of the first armed conflict of the American Revolution and the destination of Paul Revere's ride. Truck gardening and dairying are the principal industries.

Lowell—pop. 114,759, located ten miles north of Concord on the Merrimack River. Incorporated in 1826. Home to many textile mills and the birthplace of James McNeil Whistler. A Middlesex county seat.

Lynn—pop. 106,081, located five miles southwest of Salem. Founded 1629. An industrial city famous for its shoes and boots, an industry it began in 1636. The first smelting works in New England were established here in 1643.

Manchester—pop. 2599, settled 1630. A resort area thought by some to be the most beautiful on the Atlantic coast and a favorite summer residence with many foreign diplomats.

Marblehead—pop. 8414, located just southeast of Salem. Settled in 1629, separated from Salem in 1649. Launched many privateers during the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. A popular summer resort and a yachting center. Principal industries include the manufacture of children's shoes, fishing, and yacht and launch building. Claimed by some to be "the birthplace of the American Navy."

Martin's Beach—pop. 867, first settled in 1644. A small fishing village and vacation spot. On occasion, a strange creature has been seen in the ocean. Detailed in *Dead Reckonings*.

Mayotteville—pop. 1,997, founded in 1667 by settlers from Bolton, located just a few miles down the road. Recently the source of a strange winged apparition. Detailed in *Adventures in Arkham Country*.

Newburyport—pop. 16,618, settled in 1635, separated from Newbury in 1764. A manufacturing town and shipping port, Newburyport was active in privateering during the Revolutionary War and War of 1812. The town was also famous for its smugglers and before the Civil War an active fishing, whaling, and trading port. An Essex county seat.

Peabody—pop. 21,677, located just west of Salem, which it was originally part of. It was incorporated in 1855. The town specializes in the manufacture of leather, leather-working machinery, and cotton goods.

Quincy—pop. 67,655, originally settled in 1625 as Merry Mount, a community reputed to have danced around maypoles and worshipped Dagon. The original settlers were finally driven off by members of the nearby Puritan communities. Now the home of modern naval shipyards. The birthplace of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and John Hancock.

Rockport—pop 2345, originally settled in 1690, separated from Gloucester in 1840. A summer resort famous for its large artist colony.

Salem—pop. 44,688, founded in 1626 by Roger Conant. Site of the Salem witch trials of 1692 and birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Salem was once very active in the China trade and was home of America's first millionaire, Elias Haskett Derby. The town launched many privateers during the Seven Years War, the Revolutionary War, and the War of 1812. Home of the Essex Institute, the Peabody Maritime Museum, and the Salem Athenaeum.

Waltham—pop. 38,144, located ten miles west of Cambridge along the 117. Incorporated 1738. Home of the world's largest watch factory and the site of the first cotton power mill in America (1814).

Worcester—pop. 197,788, first settled in 1657 but twice abandoned due to Indian attacks, first in 1675 then in 1702. Incorporated in 1722. Industries include wire and wire products. The home of Clark University, Worcester Polytechnic, the Jesuit College of the Holy Cross, and Assumption College. Site of the American Antiquarian Society, the Worcester Natural History Society, and the Worcester Historical Society, all with museums and libraries. Home at one time or another to Elias Howe, Eli Whitney, Dorothea Lynde Dix, and Clara Barton. ■

H. P. Lovecraft's Kingsport

The Dreamer



THE OLD MAN

The Strange High House in the Mist

by H. P. Lovecraft

In the morning mist comes up from the sea by the cliffs beyond Kingsport. White and feathery it comes from the deep to its brothers the clouds, full of dreams of dank pastures and caves of leviathan. And later, in still summer rains on the steep roofs of poets, the clouds scatter bits of those dreams, that men shall not live without rumour of old, strange secrets and wonders that planets tell planets alone in the night. When tales fly thick in the grottoes of tritons, and conches in seaweed cities blow wild tunes learned from the Elder Ones, then great eager mists flock to heaven laden with lore, and oceanward eyes on the rocks see only a mystic whiteness, as if the cliff's rim were the rim of all earth, and the solemn bells of buoys tolled free in the aether of faery.

Now north of archaic Kingsport the crags climb lofty and curious, terrace on terrace, till the northernmost hangs in the sky like a grey frozen wind-cloud. Alone it is, a bleak point jutting in limitless space, for there the coast turns sharp where the great Miskatonic pours out of the plains past Arkham, bringing woodland legends and little quaint memories of New England's hills. The sea-folk in Kingsport look up at that cliff as other sea-folk look up at the polestar, and time the night's watches by the way it hides or shews the Great Bear, Cassiopeia, and the Dragon. Among them it is one with the firmament, and truly, it is hidden from them when the mist hides the stars or the sun. Some of the cliffs they love, as that whose grotesque profile they call Father Neptune, or that whose pillared steps they term The Causeway; but this one they fear because it is so near the sky. The Portuguese sailors coming in from a voyage cross themselves when they first see it, and the old Yankees believe it would be much graver matter than death to climb it, if indeed that were possible. Nevertheless there is an ancient house on that cliff, and at evening men see lights in the small-paned windows.

The ancient house has always been there, and people say One dwells therein who talks with the morning mists that come up from the deep, and perhaps sees singular things oceanward at those times when the cliff's rim becomes the rim of all earth, and solemn buoys toll free in the white aether of faery. This they tell from hearsay, for that forbidding crag is always unvisited, and natives dislike to train telescopes on it. Summer boarders have indeed scanned it with jaunty binoculars, but have never seen more than the grey primeval roof, peaked and shingled, whose eaves come nearly to the grey foundations, and the dim yellow light of the little windows peeping out from under those eaves in the dusk. These summer people do not believe that the same One has lived in the ancient house for hundreds of years, but cannot prove their heresy to any real Kingsporter. Even the Terrible Old Man who talks to leaden pendulums in bottles, buys groceries with centuried Spanish gold, and keeps stone idols in the yard of his antediluvian cottage in Water Street can only say these things were the same when his grandfather was a boy, and that must have been inconceivable ages ago, when Belcher or Shirley or Pownall or Bernard was Governor of His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts-Bay.

Then one summer there came a philosopher into Kingsport. His name was Thomas Olney, and he taught ponderous things in a college by Narragansett Bay. With stout wife and romping children he came, and his eyes were weary with seeing the same things for many years, and thinking the same well-disciplined thoughts. He looked at the mists from the diadem of Father Neptune, and tried to walk into their white world of mystery along the titan steps of The Causeway. Morning after morning he would lie on the cliffs and look over the world's rim at the cryptical aether beyond, listening to spectral bells and the wild cries of what might have been gulls. Then, when the mist would lift and the sea stand out prosy with the smoke of steamers, he would sigh and descend to the town, where he loved to thread the narrow olden lanes up and down hill, and study the crazy tottering gables and odd pillared doorways which had sheltered so many generations of sturdy seafolk. And he even talked with the Terrible Old Man, who was not fond of strangers, and was invited into his fearsomely archaic cottage where low ceilings and wormy panelling hear the echoes of disquieting soliloquies in the dark small hours.

Of course it was inevitable that Olney should mark the grey unvisited cottage in the sky, on that sinister northward crag which is one with the mists and the firmament. Always over Kingsport it hung, and always its mystery sounded in whispers through Kingsport's crooked alleys. The Terrible Old Man wheezed a tale that his father had told him, of lightning that shot one night *up from* that peaked cottage to the clouds of higher heaven; and Granny Orne, whose tiny gambrel-roofed abode in Ship Street is all covered with moss and ivy, croaked over something her grandmother had heard at second-hand, about shapes that flapped out of the eastern mists straight into the narrow single door of that unreachable place — for the door is set close to the edge of the crag toward the ocean, and glimpsed only from ships at sea.

At length, being avid for new strange things and held back by neither the Kingsporter's fear nor the summer boarder's usual indolence, Olney made a very terrible resolve. Despite a conservative training — or because of it, for humdrum lives breed wistful longings of the unknown — he swore a great oath to scale that avoided northern cliff and visit the abnormally antique grey cottage in the sky. Very plausibly his saner self argued that the place must be tenanted by people who reached it from inland along the easier ridge beside the Miskatonic's estuary. Probably they traded in Arkham, knowing how little Kingsport liked their habitation, or perhaps being unable to climb down the cliff on the Kingsport side. Olney walked out along the lesser cliffs to where the great crag leaped insolently up to consort with celestial things, and became very sure that no human feet could mount it or descend it on that beetling southern slope. East and north it rose thousands of feet vertically from the water, so only the western side, inland and toward Arkham, remained.

One early morning in August Olney set out to find a path to the inaccessible pinnacle. He worked northwest along pleasant back roads, past Hooper's Pond and the old brick powder-house to where the pastures slope up to the ridge above the Miskatonic and give a lovely vista of Arkham's white Georgian steeples across leagues of river and meadow. Here he found a shady road to Arkham, but no trail at all in the seaward direction he wished. Woods and fields crowded up to the high bank of the river's mouth, and bore not a sign of man's presence; not even a stone wall or a straying cow, but only the tall grass and giant trees and tangles of briers that the first Indian might have seen. As he climbed slowly east, higher and higher above the estuary on his left and nearer and nearer the sea, he found the way growing in difficulty; till he wondered how ever the dwellers in that disliked place managed to

reach the world outside, and whether they came often to market in Arkham.

Then the trees thinned, and far below him on his right he saw the hills and antique roofs and spires of Kingsport. Even Central Hill was a dwarf from this height, and he could just make out the ancient graveyard by the Congregational Hospital, beneath which rumour said some terrible caves or burrows lurked. Ahead lay sparse grass and scrub blueberry bushes, and beyond them the naked rock of the crag and the thin peak of the dreaded grey cottage. Now the ridge narrowed, and Olney grew dizzy at his loneness in the sky. South of him the frightful precipice above Kingsport, north of him the vertical drop of nearly a mile to the river's mouth. Suddenly a great chasm opened before him, ten feet deep, so that he had to let himself down by his hands and drop to a slanting floor, and then crawl perilously up a natural defile in the opposite wall. So this was the way the folk of the uncanny house journeyed betwixt *earth* and sky!

When he climbed out of the chasm a morning mist was gathering, but he clearly saw the lofty and unhallowed cottage ahead; walls as grey as the rock, and high peak standing bold against the milky white of the seaward vapours. And he perceived that there was no door on this landward end, but only a couple of small lattice windows with dingy bull'seye panes leaded in seventeenth-century fashion. All around him was cloud and chaos, and he could see nothing below but the whiteness of illimitable space. He was alone in the sky with this queer and very disturbing house; and when he sidled around to the front and saw that the wall stood flush with the cliff's edge, so that the single narrow door was not to be reached save from the empty aether, he felt a distinct terror that altitude could not wholly explain. And it was very odd that shingles so worm-eaten could survive, or bricks so crumbled still form a standing chimney.

As the mist thickened, Olney crept around to the windows on the north and west and south sides, trying them but finding them all locked. He was vaguely glad they were locked, because the more he saw of that house the less he wished to get in. Then a sound halted him. He heard a lock rattle and a bolt shoot, and a long creaking follow as if a heavy door were slowly and cautiously opened. This was on the oceanward side that he could not see, where the narrow portal opened on blank space thousands of feet in the misty sky above the waves.

Then there was heavy, deliberate tramping in the cottage, and Olney heard the windows opening, first on the north side opposite him, and then on the west just around the corner. Next would come the south windows, under the great low eaves on the side where he stood; and it must be said that he was more than uncomfortable as he thought of the detestable house on one side and the vacancy of upper air on the other. When a fumbling came in the nearer casements he crept around to the west again, flattening himself against the wall beside the now opened windows. It was plain that the owner had come home; but he had not come from the land, nor from any balloon or airship that could be imagined. Steps sounded again, and Olney edged round to the north; but before he could find a haven a voice called softly, and he knew he must confront his host.

Stuck out of a west window was a great black-bearded face whose eyes shone phosphorescently with the imprint of unheard-of sights. But the voice was gentle, and of a quaint olden kind, so that Olney did not shudder when a brown hand reached out to help him over the sill and into that low room of black oak wainscots and carved Tudor furnishings. The man was clad in very ancient garments, and had about him an unplaceable nimbus of sea-lore and dreams of tall galleons. Olney does not recall many of the wonders he told, or even who he was; but says that he was strange and kindly, and filled with the magic of unfathomed voids of time and space. The small room seemed green with a dim aqueous light, and Olney saw that the far windows to the east were not open, but shut against the misty aether with dull thick panes like the bottoms of old bottles.

That bearded host seemed young, yet looked out of eyes steeped in the elder mysteries; and from the tales of marvellous ancient things he related, it must be guessed that the village folk were right in saying he had communed with the mists of the sea and the clouds of the sky ever since there was any village to watch his taciturn dwelling from the plain below. And the day wore on, and still Olney listened to rumours of old times and far places, and heard how the Kings of Atlantis fought with the slippery blasphemies that wriggled out of rifts in ocean's floor, and how the pillared and weedy temple of Poseidonis is still glimpsed at midnight by lost ships, who know by its sight that they are lost. Years of the Titans were recalled, but the host grew timid when he spoke of the dim first age of chaos before the gods or even the Elder Ones were born, and when only *the other gods* came to dance on the peak of Hatheg-Kla in the stony desert near Ulthar, beyond the river Skai.

It was at this point that there came a knocking on the door; that ancient door of nail-studded oak beyond which lay only the abyss of white cloud. Olney started in

fright, but the bearded man motioned him to be still, and tiptoed to the door to look out through a very small peep-hole. What he saw he did not like, so pressed his fingers to his lips and tiptoed around to shut and lock all the windows before returning to the ancient settle beside his guest. Then Olney saw lingering against the translucent squares of each of the little dim windows in succession a queer black outline as the caller moved inquisitively about before leaving; and he was glad his host had not answered the knocking. For there are strange objects in the great abyss, and the seeker of dreams must take care not to stir up or meet the wrong ones.

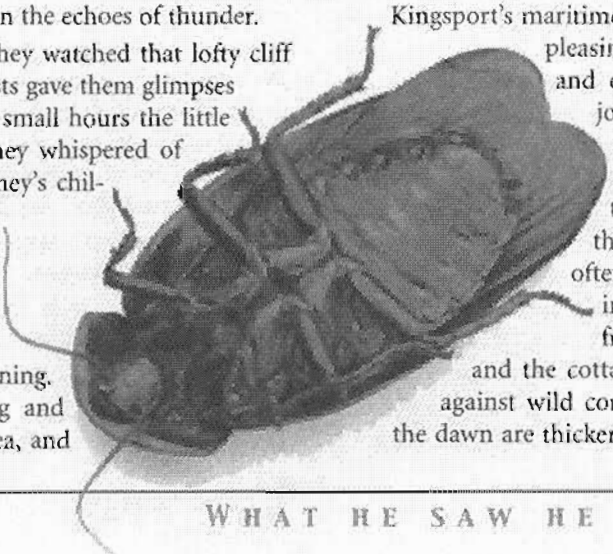
Then the shadows began to gather; first little furtive ones under the table, and then bolder ones in the dark panelled corners. And the bearded man made enigmatical gestures of prayer, and lit tall candles in curiously wrought brass candlesticks. Frequently he would glance at the door as if he expected someone, and at length his glance seemed answered by a singular rapping which must have followed some very ancient and secret code. This time he did not even glance through the peep-hole, but swung the great oak bar and shot the bolt, unlatching the heavy door and flinging it wide to the stars and the mist.

And then to the sound of obscure harmonies there floated into that room from the deep all the dreams and memories of earth's sunken Mighty Ones. And golden flames played about weedy locks, so that Olney was dazzled as he did them homage. Trident-bearing Neptune was there, and sportive tritons and fantastic nereids, and upon dolphins' backs was balanced a vast crenulate shell wherein rode the grey and awful form of primal Nodens, Lord of the Great Abyss. And the conches of the tritons gave weird blasts, and the nereids made strange sounds by striking on the grotesque resonant shells of unknown lurkers in black seacaves. Then hoary Nodens reached forth a wizened hand and helped Olney and his host into the vast shell, whereat the conches and the gongs set up a wild and awesome clamour. And out into the limitless aether reeled that fabulous train, the noise of whose shouting was lost in the echoes of thunder.

All night in Kingsport they watched that lofty cliff when the storm and the mists gave them glimpses of it, and when toward the small hours the little dim windows went dark they whispered of dread and disaster. And Olney's children and stout wife prayed to the bland proper god of Baptists, and hoped that the traveller would borrow an umbrella and rubbers unless the rain stopped by morning. Then dawn swam dripping and mist-wreathed out of the sea, and the buoys tolled solemn in vortices of white aether. And at noon elfin horns rang over the ocean as Olney, dry and light-footed, climbed down from the cliffs to antique Kingsport with the look of far places in his eyes. He could not recall what he had dreamed in the sky-perched hut of that still nameless hermit, or say how he had crept down that crag untraversed by other feet. Nor could he talk of these matters at all save with the Terrible Old Man, who afterward mumbled queer things in his long white beard; vowing that the man who came down from that crag was not wholly the man who went up, and that somewhere under that grey peaked roof, or amidst inconceivable reaches of that sinister white mist, there lingered still the lost spirit of him who was Thomas Olney.

And ever since that hour, through dull dragging years of greyness and weariness, the philosopher has laboured and eaten and slept and done uncomplaining the suitable deeds of a citizen. Not any more does he long for the magic of farther hills, or sigh for secrets that peer like green reefs from a bottomless sea. The sameness of his days no longer gives him sorrow, and well-disciplined thoughts have grown enough for his imagination. His good wife waxes stouter and his children older and prosier and more useful, and he never fails to smile correctly with pride when the occasion calls for it. In his glance there is not any restless light, and if he ever listens for solemn bells or far elfin horns it is only at night when old dreams are wandering. He has never seen Kingsport again, for his family disliked the funny old houses, and complained that the drains were impossibly bad. They have a trim bungalow now at Bristol Highlands, where no tall crags tower, and the neighbours are urban and modern.

But in Kingsport strange tales are abroad, and even the Terrible Old Man admits a thing untold by his grandfather. For now, when the wind sweeps boisterous out of the north past the high ancient house that is one with the firmament, there is broken at last that ominous brooding silence ever before the bane of Kingsport's maritime cotters. And old folk tell of pleasing voices heard singing there, and of laughter that swells with joys beyond earth's joys; and say that at evening the little low windows are brighter than formerly. They say, too, that the fierce aurora comes oftener to that spot, shining blue in the north with visions of frozen worlds while the crag and the cottage hang black and fantastic against wild coruscations. And the mists of the dawn are thicker, and sailors are not quite so



sure that all the muffled seaward ringing is that of the solemn buoys.

Worst of all, though, is the shrivelling of old fears in the hearts of Kingsport's young men, who grow prone to listen at night to the north wind's faint distant sounds. They swear no harm or pain can inhabit that high peaked cottage, for in the new voices gladness beats, and with them the tinkle of laughter and music. What tales the sea mists may bring to that haunted and northernmost pinnacle they do not know, but they long to extract some hint of the wonders that knock at the cliff-yawning door when clouds are thickest. And patriarchs dread lest some day one by one they seek out that inaccessible peak in the sky, and learn what centuried secrets hide beneath the steep shingled roof which is part of the rocks and the stars and the ancient fears of Kingsport. That those venturesome youths will come back they do not doubt, but they think a light may be gone from their eyes, and a will from their hearts. And they do not wish quaint Kingsport with its climbing lanes and archaic gables to drag listless down the years while voice by voice the laughing chorus grows stronger and wilder in that unknown and terrible eyrie where mists and the dreams of mists stop to rest on their way from the sea to the skies.

They do not wish the souls of their young men to leave the pleasant hearths and gambrel-roofed taverns of old Kingsport, nor do they wish the laughter and song in that high rocky place to grow louder. For as the voice which has come has brought fresh mists from the sea and from the north fresh lights, so do they say that still other voices will bring more mists and more lights, till perhaps the olden gods (whose existence they hint only in whispers for fear the Congregational parson shall hear) may come out of the deep and from unknown Kadath in the cold waste and make their dwelling on that evilly appropriate crag so close to the gentle hills and valleys of quiet simple fisherfolk. This they do not wish, for to plain people things not of earth are unwelcome; and besides, the Terrible Old Man often recalls what Olney said about a knock that the lone dweller feared, and a shape seen black and inquisitive against the mist through those queer translucent windows of leaded bull's-eyes.

All these things, however, the Elder Ones only may decide; and meanwhile the morning mist still comes up by that lonely vertiginous peak with the steep ancient house, that grey low-eaved house where none is seen but where evening brings furtive lights while the north wind tells of strange revels. White and feathery it comes from the deep to its brothers the clouds, full of dreams of dank pastures and caves of leviathan. And when tales fly thick in the grottoes of tritons, and conches in seaweed cities blow wild tunes learned from the Elder Ones, then great eager vapours flock to heaven laden with lore; and Kingsport, nestling uneasy on its lesser cliffs below that awesome hanging sentinel of rock, sees oceanward only a mystic whiteness, as if the cliff's rim were the rim of all earth, and the solemn bells of the buoys tolled free in the aether of faery.



The festival

by H. P. Lovecraft

"Efficiunt Daemones, ut quae non sunt, sic tamen quasi sint, conspicienda hominibus exhibeant."

—Lactantius.

I was far from home, and the spell of the eastern sea was upon me. In the twilight I heard it pounding on the rocks, and I knew it lay just over the hill where the twisting willows writhed against the clearing sky and the first stars of evening. And because my fathers had called me to the old town beyond, I pushed on through the shallow, new-fallen snow along the road that soared lonely up to where Aldebaran twinkled among the trees; on toward the very ancient town I had never seen but often dreamed of.

It was the Yuletide, that men call Christmas though they know in their hearts it is older than Bethlehem and Babylon, older than Memphis and mankind. It was the Yuletide, and I had come at last to the ancient sea town where my people had dwelt and kept festival in the elder time when festival was forbidden; where also they had commanded their sons to keep festival once every century, that the memory of primal secrets might not be forgotten. Mine were an old people, and were old even when this land was settled three hundred years before. And they were strange, because they had come as dark furtive folk from opiate southern gardens of orchids, and spoken another tongue before they learnt the tongue of the blue-eyed fishers. And now they were scattered, and shared only the rituals of mysteries that none living could understand. I was the only one who came back that night to the old fishing town as legend bade, for only the poor and the lonely remember.

Then beyond the hill's crest I saw Kingsport outspread frostily in the gloaming; snowy Kingsport with its ancient vanes and steeples, ridgepoles and chimney-pots, wharves and small bridges, willow-trees and graveyards; endless labyrinths of steep, narrow, crooked streets, and dizzy church-crowned central peak that time durst not touch; ceaseless mazes of colonial houses piled and

scattered at all angles and levels like a child's disordered blocks; antiquity hovering on grey wings over winter-whitened gables and gambrel roofs; fan-lights and small-paned windows one by one gleaming out in the cold dusk to join Orion and the archaic stars. And against the rotting wharves the sea pounded; the secretive, immemorial sea out of which the people had come in the elder time.

Beside the road at its crest a still higher summit rose, bleak and windswept, and I saw that it was a burying-ground where black gravestones stuck ghoulishly through the snow like the decayed fingernails of a gigantic corpse. The printless road was very lonely, and sometimes I thought I heard a distant horrible creaking as of a gibbet in the wind. They had hanged four kinsmen of mine for witchcraft in 1692, but I did not know just where.

As the road wound down the seaward slope I listened for the merry sounds of a village at evening, but did not hear them. Then I thought of the season, and felt that these old Puritan folk might well have Christmas customs strange to me, and full of silent hearthside prayer. So after that I did not listen for merriment or look for wayfarers, but kept on down past the hushed lighted farm-houses and shadowy stone walls to where the signs of ancient shops and sea-taverns creaked in the salt breeze, and the grotesque knockers of pillared doorways glistened along deserted, unpaved lanes in the light of little, curtained windows.

I had seen maps of the town, and knew where to find the home of my people. It was told that I should be known and welcomed, for village legend lives long; so I hastened through Back Street to Circle Court, and across the fresh snow on the one full flagstone pavement in the town, to where Green Lane leads off behind the Market House. The old maps still held good, and I had no trouble; though at Arkham they must have lied when they said the trolleys ran to this place, since I saw not a wire overhead. Snow would have hid the rails in any case. I was glad I had chosen to walk, for the white village had seemed very beautiful from the hill; and now I was eager to knock at the door of my people, the seventh house on the left in Green Lane, with an ancient peaked roof and jutting second story, all built before 1650.

There were lights inside the house when I came upon it, and I saw from the diamond window-panes that it must have been kept very close to its antique state. The upper part overhung the narrow grass-grown street and nearly met the overhanging part of the house opposite, so that I was almost in a tunnel, with the low stone doorstep wholly free from snow. There was no sidewalk, but many houses had high doors reached by double flights of steps with iron railings. It was an odd scene, and because I was strange to New England I had never known its like before. Though it pleased me, I would have relished it better if there had been footprints in the snow, and people in the streets, and a few windows without drawn curtains.

When I sounded the archaic iron knocker I was half afraid. Some fear had been gathering in me, perhaps because of the strangeness of my heritage, and the bleakness of the evening, and the queerness of the silence in that aged town of curious customs. And when my knock was answered I was fully afraid, because I had not heard any footsteps before the door creaked open. But I was not afraid long, for the gowned, slippered old man in the doorway had a bland face that reassured me; and though he made signs that he was dumb, he wrote a quaint and ancient welcome with the stylus and wax tablet he carried.

He beckoned me into a low, candle-lit room with massive exposed rafters and dark, stiff, sparse furniture of the seventeenth century. The past was vivid there, for not an attribute was missing. There was a cavernous fireplace and a spinning-wheel at which a bent old woman in loose wrapper and deep poke-bonnet sat back toward me, silently spinning despite the festive season. An indefinite dampness seemed upon the place, and I marvelled that no fire should be blazing. The high-backed settle faced the row of curtained windows at the left, and seemed to be occupied, though I was not sure. I did not like everything about what I saw, and felt again the fear I had had. This fear grew stronger from what had before lessened it, for the more I looked at the old man's bland face the more its very blandness terrified me. The eyes never moved, and the skin was too like wax. Finally I was sure it was not a face at all, but a fiendishly cunning mask. But the flabby hands, curiously gloved, wrote genially on the tablet and told me I must wait a while before I could be led to the place of festival.

Pointing to a chair, table, and pile of books, the old man now left the room; and when I sat down to read I saw that the books were hoary and mouldy, and that they included old Morryster's wild *Marvells of Science*, the terrible *Saducismus Triumphatus* of Joseph Glanvill, published in 1681, the shocking *Daemonolatreia* of Remigius, printed in 1595 at Lyons, and worst of all, the unmentionable *Necronomicon* of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred, in Olaus Wormius' forbidden Latin translation; a book which I had never seen, but of which I had heard monstrous things whispered. No one spoke to me, but I could hear the creaking of signs in the wind outside, and the whir of the wheel as the bonneted old woman continued her silent spinning, spinning. I thought the room and the books and the people very morbid and disquieting, but because an old tradition of my fathers had summoned me to strange feastings, I resolved to expect queer things. So I tried to read, and

soon became tremblingly absorbed by something I found in that accursed *Necronomicon*; a thought and a legend too hideous for sanity or consciousness. But I disliked it when I fancied I heard the closing of one of the windows that the settle faced, as if it had been stealthily opened. It had seemed to follow a whirring that was not of the old woman's spinning-wheel. This was not much, though, for the old woman was spinning very hard, and the aged clock had been striking. After that I lost the feeling that there were persons on the settle, and was reading intently and shudderingly when the old man came back booted and dressed in a loose antique costume, and sat down on that very bench, so that I could not see him. It was certainly nervous waiting, and the blasphemous book in my hands made it doubly so. When eleven struck, however, the old man stood up, glided to a massive carved chest in a corner, and got two hooded cloaks; one of which he donned, and the other of which he draped round the old woman, who was ceasing her monotonous spinning. Then they both started for the outer door; the woman lamely creeping, and the old man, after picking up the very book I had been reading, beckoning me as he drew his hood over that unmoving face or mask.

We went out into the moonless and tortuous network of that incredibly ancient town; went out as the lights in the curtained windows disappeared one by one, and the Dog Star leered at the throng of cowled, cloaked figures that poured silently from every doorway and formed monstrous processions up this street and that, past the creaking signs and antediluvian gables, the thatched roofs and diamond-paned windows; threading precipitous lanes where decaying houses overlapped and crumbled together, gliding across open courts and churchyards where the bobbing lanthorns made eldritch drunken constellations.

Amid these hushed throngs I followed my voiceless guides; jostled by elbows that seemed preternaturally soft, and pressed by chests and stomachs that seemed abnormally pulpy; but seeing never a face and hearing never a word. Up, up, up the eerie columns slithered, and I saw that all the travellers were converging as they flowed near a sort of focus of crazy alleys at the top of a high hill in the centre of the town, where perched a great white church. I had seen it from the road's crest when I looked at Kingsport in the new dusk, and it had made me shiver because Aldebaran had seemed to balance itself a moment on the ghostly spire.

There was an open space around the church; partly a churchyard with spectral shafts, and partly a half-paved square swept nearly bare of snow by the wind, and lined with unwholesomely archaic houses having peaked roofs and overhanging gables. Death-fires danced over the tombs, revealing gruesome vistas, though queerly failing to cast any shadows. Past the churchyard, where there were no houses, I could see over the hill's summit and watch the glimmer of stars on the harbour, though the town was invisible in the dark. Only once in a while a lanthorn bobbed horribly through serpentine alleys on its way to overtake the throng that was now slipping speechlessly into the church. I waited till the crowd had oozed into the black doorway, and till all the stragglers had followed. The old man was pulling at my sleeve, but I was determined to be the last. Then I finally went, the sinister man and the old spinning woman before me. Crossing the threshold into that swarming temple of unknown darkness, I turned once to look at the outside world as the churchyard phosphorescence cast a sickly glow on the hilltop pavement. And as I did so I shuddered. For though the wind had not left much snow, a few patches did remain on the path near the door; and in that fleeting backward look it seemed to my troubled eyes that they bore no mark of passing feet, not even mine.

The church was scarce lighted by all the lanthorns that had entered it, for most of the throng had already vanished. They had streamed up the aisle between the high white pews to the trapdoor of the vaults which yawned loathsomely open just before the pulpit, and were now squirming noiselessly in. I followed dumbly down the footworn steps and into the dank, suffocating crypt. The tail of that sinuous line of night-marchers seemed very horrible, and as I saw them wriggling into a venerable tomb they seemed more horrible still. Then I noticed that the tomb's floor had an aperture down which the throng was sliding, and in a moment we were all descending an ominous staircase of rough-hewn stone; a narrow spiral staircase damp and peculiarly odorous, that wound endlessly down into the bowels of the hill past monotonous walls of dripping stone blocks and crumbling mortar. It was a silent, shocking descent, and I observed after a horrible interval that the walls and steps were changing in nature, as if chiselled out of the solid rock. What mainly troubled me was that the myriad footfalls made no sound and set up no echoes. After more aeons of descent I saw some side passages or burrows leading from unknown recesses of blackness to this shaft of nighted mystery. Soon they became excessively numerous, like impious catacombs of nameless menace; and their pungent odour of decay grew quite unbearable. I knew we must have passed down through the mountain and beneath the earth of Kingsport itself, and I shivered that a town should be so aged and maggoty with subterraneous evil.

Then I saw the lurid shimmering of pale light, and heard the insidious lapping of sunless waters. Again I shivered, for I did not like the things that the night had brought, and wished bitterly that no forefather had summoned me to this primal rite. As the steps and the

passage grew broader, I heard another sound, the thin, whining mockery of a feeble flute; and suddenly there spread out before me the boundless vista of an inner world — a vast fungous shore litten by a belching column of sick greenish flame and washed by a wide oily river that flowed from abysses frightful and unsuspected to join the blackest gulfs of immemorial ocean.

Fainting and gasping, I looked at that unhallowed Erebus of titan toadstools, leprous fire, and slimy water, and saw the cloaked throngs forming a semicircle around the blazing pillar. It was the Yule-rite, older than man and fated to survive him; the primal rite of the solstice and of spring's promise beyond the snows; the rite of fire and evergreen, light and music. And in the Stygian grotto I saw them do the rite, and adore the sick pillar of flame, and throw into the water handfuls gouged out of the viscous vegetation which glittered green in the chlorotic glare. I saw this, and I saw something amorphously squatted far away from the light, piping noisomely on a flute; and as the thing piped I thought I heard noxious muffled flutterings in the foetid darkness where I could not see. But what frightened me most was that flaming column; spouting volcanically from depths profound and inconceivable, casting no shadows as healthy flame should, and coating the nitrous stone above with a nasty, venomous verdigris. For in all that seething combustion no warmth lay, but only the clamminess of death and corruption.

The man who had brought me now squirmed to a point directly beside the hideous flame, and made stiff ceremonial motions to the semicircle he faced. At certain stages of the ritual they did grovelling obeisance, especially when he held above his head that abhorrent *Necronomicon* he had taken with him; and I shared all the obeisances because I had been summoned to this festival by the writings of my forefathers. Then the old man made a signal to the half-seen flute-player in the darkness, which player thereupon changed its feeble drone to a scarce louder drone in another key; precipitating as it did so a horror unthinkable and unexpected. At this horror I sank nearly to the lichened earth, transfixed with a dread not of this nor any world, but only of the mad spaces between the stars.

Out of the unimaginable blackness beyond the gangrenous glare of that cold flame, out of the Tartarean leagues through which that oily river rolled uncanny, unheard, and unsuspected, there flopped rhythmically a horde of tame, trained, hybrid winged things that no sound eye could ever wholly grasp, or sound brain ever wholly remember. They were not altogether crows, nor moles, nor buzzards, nor ants, nor vampire bats, nor decomposed human beings; but something I cannot and must not recall. They flopped limply along, half with their webbed feet and half with their membranous wings; and as they reached the throng of celebrants the cowled figures seized and mounted them, and rode off one by one along the reaches of that unlighted river, into pits and galleries of panic where poison springs feed frightful and undiscoverable cataracts.

The old spinning woman had gone with the throng, and the old man remained only because I had refused when he motioned me to seize an animal and ride like the rest. I saw when I staggered to my feet that the amorphous flute-player had rolled out of sight, but that two of the beasts were patiently standing by. As I hung back, the old man produced his stylus and tablet and wrote that he was the true deputy of my fathers who had founded the Yule worship in this ancient place; that it had been decreed I should come back, and that the most secret mysteries were yet to be performed. He wrote this in a very ancient hand, and when I still hesitated he pulled from his loose robe a seal ring and a watch, both with my family arms, to prove that he was what he said. But it was a hideous proof, because I knew from old papers that that watch had been buried with my great-great-great-great-grandfather in 1698.

Presently the old man drew back his hood and pointed to the family resemblance in his face, but I only shuddered, because I was sure that the face was merely a devilish waxen mask. The flopping animals were now scratching restlessly at the lichens, and I saw that the old man was nearly as restless himself. When one of the things began to waddle and edge away, he turned quickly to stop it; so that the suddenness of his motion dislodged the waxen mask from what should have been his head. And then, because that nightmare's position barred me from the stone staircase down which we had come, I flung myself into the oily underground river that bubbled somewhere to the caves of the sea; flung myself into that putrescent juice of earth's inner horrors before the madness of my screams could bring down upon me all the charnel legions these pestgulfs might conceal.

At the hospital they told me I had been found half frozen in Kingsport Harbour at dawn, clinging to the drifting spar that accident sent to save me. They told me I had taken the wrong fork of the hill road the night before, and fallen over the cliffs at Orange Point; a thing they deduced from prints found in the snow. There was nothing I could say, because everything was wrong. Everything was wrong, with the broad window shewing a sea of roofs in which only about one in five was ancient, and the sound of trolleys and motors in the streets below. They insisted that this was Kingsport, and I could not deny it. When I went delirious at hearing that the hospital stood near the old churchyard on Central Hill, they sent me to St. Mary's Hospital in Arkham, where I could have better care. I liked it there, for the doctors were broadminded, and even lent me

their influence in obtaining the carefully sheltered copy of Alhazred's objectionable *Necronomicon* from the library of Miskatonic University. They said something about a "psychosis", and agreed I had better get any harassing obsessions off my mind.

So I read again that hideous chapter, and shuddered doubly because it was indeed not new to me. I had seen it before, let footprints tell what they might; and where it was I had seen it were best forgotten. There was no one — in waking hours — who could remind me of it; but my dreams are filled with terror, because of phrases I dare not quote. I dare quote only one paragraph, put into such English as I can make from the awkward Low Latin.

"The nethermost caverns," wrote the mad Arab, "are not for the fathoming of eyes that see; for their marvels are strange and terrific. Cursed the ground where dead thoughts live new and oddly bodied, and evil the mind that is held by no head. Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy is the tomb where no wizard hath lain, and happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumour that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his charnel clay, but fats and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes secretly are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl."



Welcome to Kingsport

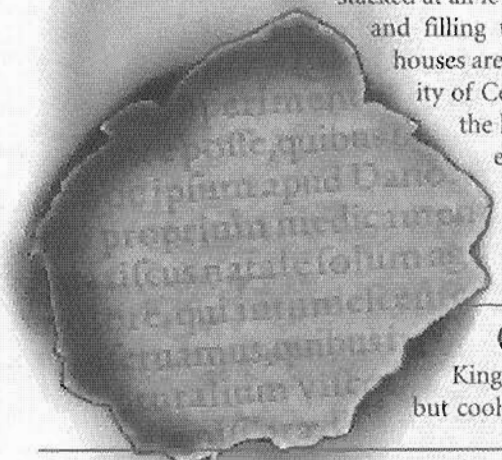
". . . Kingsport with its ancient vanes and steeples, ridgepoles and chimney pots, wharves and small bridges, willow-trees and graveyards; endless labyrinths of steep, narrow, crooked streets . . ."

—H. P. Lovecraft

LOCATED ON THE MASSACHUSETTS shore a few miles north of Salem, Kingsport is just a little more than three miles southeast of downtown Arkham. From the home of Miskatonic University, Kingsport can be reached by taking Peabody Avenue west out of town. This brings the traveler into Kingsport by way of Hill Road. From Boston, follow Highway 1A north, taking the eastbound fork two miles past Salem. This brings the visitor in by way of Jackson Street in the south.

The city is nestled in a bowl-shaped depression that encircles Kingsport Harbor. To the north rises a series of rocky cliffs that culminate in the dizzying heights of Kingsport Head. To the west and south are a number of hills. The largest, called Central Hill, is the sight of Kingsport's old burying ground. Just over a mile out to sea lies the Jersey Reef, named after the Channel Island from which many Kingsporters trace their ancestry. This dangerous reef protects Kingsport's shores from the devastating Atlantic waves.

The streets of Kingsport are narrow and winding, twisting steeply through the hills to form a labyrinth of pathways often difficult to navigate. Houses are stacked at all levels and angles, bristling on the hillsides and filling the hollows. Numerous buildings and houses are incredibly old, particularly in the vicinity of Central Hill and along the north shore of the harbor. Many date back to the mid-seventeenth century. Individual neighborhoods within Kingsport are described in greater detail at the beginning of each neighborhood's section.



Climate

Kingsport's climate is similar to Arkham's but cooler, thanks to the ocean breezes blowing

in off the Atlantic. The ever-present fog and mist also makes the environment considerably damper. On the coldest winter nights temperatures dip to zero degrees Fahrenheit or lower, but daytime temperatures range in the 20's and 30's. The first snowfalls arrive in November and, unlike Arkham's snow, often blanket the ground for weeks at a time. Spring comes in late March or early April, but frosts often occur as late as early May. The last week of May signals the start of the summer season and the arrival of the first crowds of tourists. Summer highs range in the 70's and 80's — rarely higher — and nights are often chilly. The summer season ends at the beginning of September, when the tourists leave to return to their jobs and schools in Boston and other places. Through October, temperatures range from the low 40's to the low 60's, but by November, the first frosts have left their mark, and the trees have shed their leaves in anticipation of another winter.

General Hours of Business

Blue laws in Kingsport are not as strict as those of Arkham. Although most businesses operate between the hours of 8 A.M. and 5 P.M. Monday through Friday (9 A.M. to 1 P.M. Saturday), numerous restaurants and stores, particularly those catering to the tourist trade, are open on Sunday afternoons. Government and public buildings are open five days a week, 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., but are closed for lunch from noon to 1 P.M.

finding Employment

Job prospects in Kingsport are scarce. However, qualified investigators may find lesser positions with great possibilities at both the Kingsport Historical Society and the Kingsport *Chronicle* newspaper. If the keeper desires, almost any of the shops and stores might be looking for help, though most pay a low wage. Scholarly types might find a position teaching at one of Kingsport's schools.

Enterprising investigators who want to start their own businesses soon discover that those ventures most likely to succeed are those that are based on the dollars of tourists. Artists find Kingsport especially conducive to their work, and many make a fair living selling landscapes and portraits to vacationers. The sea breeze and the rolling surf, combined with a mild summer climate, seem to bring out the best in an artist. The keeper may wish to award small bonuses to these dreamy folks' income to reflect their increased artistic sensibilities.

Alternately, investigators may decide to work in Arkham while residing in Kingsport, providing themselves with the widest possible range of experiences and contacts. If all else fails, there is usually a position available in one of Kingsport's factories or on the deck of one of the fishing boats.

The People of Kingsport

There is an unofficial but nonetheless easily perceived social hierarchy in Kingsport. At the top of the heap are members of the old Kingsport families, including such monied notables as Norton Weiss, Stephen Cabot, Martin Cabot, fish-packing tycoons Brandon Turner and John Pickering, Mayor John Jacob Hoag, and banker Cyrus Abbott. Next come the influential professionals, such as attorney Richard Court, Judge Norton Bedlow, Dr. Matthew Harris, and Evelyn Mercer of the Mercer Art Gallery. Those of slightly lesser stature include folk like May Talbot of the Daughters of the American Revolution and John Miles, principal of Hall School. Below them come a multitude of middle and upper-middle class business people like Dr. Enoch Warren, hoteliers Adam and Lois Tuttle, and the majority of Kingsport's better downtown merchants.

Near the bottom end of the scale resides the lower class business people of Harborside and Hill Town, followed by a few Yankee fishermen bearing old family names. Next are the Irish, Dutch, and other northern European immigrants, followed by the Italians, and lastly the Portuguese. Few blacks live in Kingsport, and even fewer people of Asian descent.

This order doesn't necessarily reflect the actual income or disposition of each of these groups, but merely how they are perceived and treated by each other — it is the local pecking order.

Kingsport Fishermen

Most fishermen associate in groups defined along ethnic lines, although there are exceptions. However, all but the most bigoted and inflexible share the common bonds of seafaring life. Most own small one- or two-man boats capable of safely carrying three or four people and a good catch of fish. Most are oar- and sail-powered shallops, open craft high in the bow and stern. Perhaps one in ten fishermen carry weapons in addition to the usual assortment of knives, clubs, marlinespikes, and boat hooks. This weapon may be a revolver, rifle, or shotgun, as the keeper sees fit.

The Fishermen's Routine

Before dawn, about 4:30 or 5:00 A.M., the fishermen leave their homes in Harborside and Hill Town to make their way down to the wharves. At the docks, they check

nets, traps, and sails. Normally this time is filled with laughter, curses, and talk, and cups of coffee or liquor (or both) to warm the body against the morning chill and fog. Then the shallops begin to leave the wharves. Rowed out beyond the breakwater where they can catch the wind, they quickly disperse into the fog lying out past the reef. By evening, sometimes an hour or more after dark, they return to the docks near the fish-packing houses. There the catches are weighed and recorded while the fishermen boast among each other of the day's experiences. Finished, they tie up their boats and head for home or the taverns.

Now the mornings are quiet. Silent men leave their homes a little later and look out into the fog, wondering if they will return that night. The morning coffee doesn't chase off the chills, and what little conversation there is seems half-hearted. Checking the nets and traps takes a little longer than usual, but finally one of the men sets out in his boat, chiding the others for their slowness. The rest of the fleet follows, but hesitantly. All try to return before sunset. Only the damnedest of fools sails in haunted waters after dark. The catches are smaller, and on return, the fishermen's talk and boasts are subdued. The unasked question is always, "Did everyone make it back today?"

Local Government

Kingsport's elected officials include a mayor and nine city council members (selectmen), all elected to two year terms. The offices are part-time positions paying only small salaries, but bringing their holders great prestige, as well as a certain amount of power. Mayor John Jacob Hoag is running uncontested this year, but 1930 promises a full ticket of candidates, each claiming they can undo the damage done by the Great Depression. Town Council meetings are held the first and third Tuesdays of every month at Talbot Hall, the site of Kingsport's town administrative offices.

Police and Courts

Kingsport's small police force is busiest during the summer months, when the tourist season is in full swing. Most police work involves the issuing of traffic citations, attenting to minor accidents, mediating occasional disputes between tourists and residents, and escorting inebriated vacationers back to their rented quarters. Police are usually lenient when dealing with visitors, a leniency not often extended to the city's lower-income residents.

Though concealed weapons are legal in this day and age, Kingsport police have been known to confiscate such arms, returning them to their owners only after the person is ready to leave town. Possession of explosives and the discharging of firearms inside the city limits are both illegal and both excellent ways to meet firsthand the various levels of Kingsport's law enforcement and judicial systems. Good communication skills are useful when dealing with the Kingsport police, but no amount of **Law, Persuade, or Credit Rating rolls** [or Diplomacy and Knowledge (law) checks] can convince an officer that the person the investigators have just shot and killed was already dead.

Kingsport's illegal liquor establishments are all well-known to police, but are left alone. The police, like most Kingsporters, feel that depriving the citizens of their taverns would create more problems than it would solve. Consequently, Jonas Rigg's Rope & Anchor Tavern and Harry Penn's Billiard Hall are left to tend to their business. People frequenting these places have little to fear from police, but those who brawl, cause loud disturbances, or make public nuisances of themselves are quickly taken into custody. A tourist may get away with a minor transgression or two, but a resident without influence likely suffers arrest. Kingsport police are used to dealing with sailors and other "hard customers," and investigators who resist arrest can expect a summary beating at the hands of Kingsport's no-nonsense police force.

Judge Norton Bedlow presides over Kingsport's Justice Court, in session Monday through Friday, beginning at 10 A.M. Only rarely is there enough business to warrant an afternoon session.

Minor crimes and misdemeanors (public intoxication, disturbing the peace, thefts under $100) are punished by fines or short jail terms. Felonies (murder, assault with a deadly weapon, thefts over $100) are bound over for trial in the Essex County Court in Salem. State and Federal crimes are tried in their respective courts in Boston.

Local Crime

Keeping with its sleepy nature, Kingsport is relatively free of serious crime. Murders and major robberies are very rare. When they do occur, they are the talk of the town. Nothing resembling organized crime exists in Kingsport, although at least one resident, Jonas Rigg, deals with the gangsters operating out of nearby Arkham. Most crime is minor, the worst an occasional breaking and entering or a petty theft.

Kingsport police deal with these cases as they see fit; a Hill Town resident whose flat is burgled is less likely to see justice done than the owner of a West Side estate or a summer boarder on Harbor Street. On the other hand, fickle Kingsport justice is more likely to arrest the same Hill Towner for public intoxication than the West Sider

or summer boarder who has just beaten the same wretch for his drunkenness.

Links to Organized Crime: Jonas Rigg, the surly owner of the Rope & Anchor Tavern, is supplied twice a week with liquor through arrangements made with Danny O'Bannion, president of Arkham's Lucky Clover Cartage Company and the north shore's crime kingpin. Once a week, Rigg receives a shipment of liquor from a motorboat freshly loaded from its offshore rendezvous with a Canadian steamer. The booze is unloaded at the darkened wharves near the fish-packing houses and trucked back to the tavern.

Rigg, in turn, deals liquor throughout Kingsport, primarily to Harry Penn, but also to the Stratton Yacht Club and others. Rigg's business is largely his own, and although his employees usually handle the procurement of the alcohol, when it comes to up-front, physical matters, it is Rigg himself who acts as "enforcer." Anyone posing a threat to Rigg's operation receives a verbal warning first. If the interference continues, the troublemaker is jumped and beaten the next time he wanders down a darkened nighttime alley. If he persists, he soon learns that Rigg has no compunction against murder. The body will be weighted and secretly dumped at sea. Rigg is brutal, merciless, and always gets revenge.

Other Criminals: Of the few other criminals in Kingsport, Alan Zevin is perhaps the most notable. Zevin's real name is Stuart "Keys" Rakatanski, a notorious New York criminal believed to have had a hand in the 1925 robbery of the First Merchant's Bank of New York. He has been hiding out in Kingsport ever since, living on his small share of the last heist and finally opening up his own locksmith business. Zevin has so far proven to be an exemplary citizen and has not taken advantage of his situation. Old habits are hard to break.

Other criminals around town include various lesser sorts: muggers, pickpockets, prostitutes, and so forth. Street gangs exist, youths of Portuguese and Italian descent hanging out in various places around Prospect Hill. The gangs rarely indulge in crimes worse than ethnically motivated assaults and occasional petty thefts.

A Home in Kingsport?

Sleepy, misty Kingsport may attract the investigator seeking a quiet retreat away from the hustle and bustle of Arkham. Available rental properties include hotels, apartments, boarding houses, and a few vacation homes. The text describes a few specific examples, but the following list provides a general outline of what types of accommodations may be found in different neighborhoods. Investigators can find rental listings in the pages of the Kingsport *Chronicle* or inquire at the offices of the city's Chamber of Commerce. Note that boarding houses usually furnish two meals a day, as well as providing housekeeping and possibly laundry services.

Harborside: Mostly lower-class boarding houses in the $40-$55 a month range, some without baths or showers.

The Hollow: Boarding houses from $50-$65, apartments from $45-$65 a month.

Central Hill: Not much, but maybe a creepy old boarding house or two in the $45-$65 range. These are likely to have old, boarded-up entrances to the tunnels below the hill.

South Shore: Much nicer boarding houses running $60-$90 a month, apartments available for $60-70 a month, and rental houses/bungalows from $90 to $300 a month (or more).

Downtown: Mostly rundown apartments from $35-$45 a month, but a few slightly nicer boarding houses at $45-$60.

The West Side: Few places available, but occasionally a room opens up in a really nice boarding house in the $75-$100 a month range.

Prospect Hill: Primarily dingy tenement apartments from $15 to $35 a month, as well as a few seedy boarding houses in the $25-$35 range. Most have indoor plumbing and electricity.



History of Kingsport

"It is with an obvious pride that a great many Kingsporters trace their lineage back to when the land was first settled. Perhaps no other city in America can boast so many residents with such substantial roots in their native soil."

KINGSPORT WAS ORIGINALLY SETTLED in 1639 by farmers and fishing folk hailing from southern England and Britain's Channel Islands, Guernsey and Jersey. The earliest settlement was centered on the north shore of the harbor, but soon after, another sprung up in the area between Central Hill and the water. Although at first nothing more than a tiny self-sustaining fishing village, Kingsport soon developed into a shipbuilding center and eventually a port for overseas trade. Initial trade was with Europe, but when Britain continued to increase duties and restrictions, Kingsport's Yankee sea captains were forced to find markets elsewhere. Trade with the southern colonies led to explorations of the West Indies and, later, the East Indies, China, and Africa. Captains like Ebenezer Tuttle, Stephen Hall, and Absalom Pickering were able to make small fortunes and founded family dynasties that are still influential today.

In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, the small village grew into a thriving town, spreading its way around the harbor. The southern shore was the last to be developed. Early nineteenth century mansions built there rivaled the older Georgian manses clustered on Central Hill. Central Hill itself was the site of the town's first meeting hall, and later the site of the great Congregational Church that stood there until early in the twentieth century. As maritime wealth poured into the town, the area just south of Central Hill evolved into the community's major merchant district.

During the Revolutionary War, Kingsport was a hotbed of activity. Serving as home port for countless privateers, Kingsport sailors were responsible for the sinking or capture of more than fifty British ships. This, combined with the fact that newly built Yankee ships were pouring out of Kingsport Harbor at an alarming rate, led King George to bring his strength to bear against the town. In 1778, a small fleet of British warships blockaded Kingsport Harbor and began shelling the town. Privateer vessels tied up in the harbor were helplessly trapped, and several were destroyed by the British guns. The day was saved when a clever youth named Argus Blaine organized a group of men to haul sev-

eral cannons up to the lower cliffs of Kingsport Head. Training the cannons on the besieging ships, the valiant Kingsporters were able to drive the invaders off. Kingsport's captains readied their ships and went in pursuit of the attackers. Four British men-of-war went to the bottom that day, and three more were captured before the battle ended. Although Kingsport suffered considerable property damage, including the loss of nine ships, His Majesty's Navy was never again to molest the small town. A plaque commemorating the victory and the heroism of Argus Blaine can be found in Circle Court. To this day, British cannonballs are occasionally dug out of the hillsides, and one such relic can be seen embedded in the wall of the Custom House, a reminder of past glories.

Following the war, life continued on much as it had before. A brief attempt was made to change the town's name from Kingsport to Georgetown, but the stubborn townspeople refused the change, and the name has remained Kingsport to this day. By the turn of the century, much of New England was turning to industry, anticipating the Industrial Revolution that was to come. Kingsport, however, remained wed to the sea, relying almost solely on fishing and overseas trade as sources of income.

The nineteenth century brought the first hint of trouble for the sea trade. Numerous restrictions regarding trade with warring Britain and France made it illegal to do business with either of these countries, and before long, most of Europe was under embargo. Conditions steadily declined until the outbreak of the War of 1812 effectively put an end to all shipping. Strong British blockades closed the port, strangling the town's trade and crippling the economy. A little privateering was carried out, but was done in mortal fear of a British navy that now had the small Kingsport ships badly outnumbered and outgunned. Many vessels were lost — along with many personal fortunes — and by the end of the war, Kingsport's sea trade had begun an irreversible downward spiral.

Kingsport's one serious foray into industry was made by Kirby Spencer, a former captain who had commanded ships for the Tuttle family. Using money he had made in trade, he opened a small paint factory on a hill south of town. The new company was a modest success. With capital from other local investors, Spencer diversified, next opening a glue works next door to the paint factory. Despite these early successes (both concerns are still in business today), Kingsport refused to abandon the sea, and industrial development went no further. In 1835, Kingsport finally lost its status as a port of entry, ending the town's overseas commerce and limiting its shipping to the eastern coast of the U.S.

In 1824, Kingsport saw the founding of a small school, a private high school named after Eben Hall, the well-known town official of the early eighteenth century. Five years later, Kingsport's first newspaper, the Kingsport *Chronicle*, was founded by industrialist Kirby Spencer. The news sheet was edited by Graham Blaine, the capable grandson of the Revolutionary War hero, Argus Blaine. A decade later, Blaine purchased the *Chronicle* from Spencer, retaining ownership until his death in 1851.

By the mid-nineteenth century, Kingsport had settled into a community of ship builders and fishermen, and for a time both trades flourished. But the fisherman's lot is a hard one, and many Kingsport lives have been lost to angry seas. One of the most frequently remembered of these tragedies occurred in the summer of 1842, when eight Kingsport fishermen lost their lives to a freak storm off the shores of Innsmouth. Having heard rumors of spectacular catches of fish being taken by the Innsmouthers, the Kingsport men had decided to try their nets in these neighboring waters. The storm apparently struck without warning, destroying all the boats and leaving only one survivor — a young boy named Danny Houghton later found drifting north of Rockport clinging to a piece of wreckage. Although for many years it was held that the Kingsporters had been killed by jealous Innsmouthers guarding their fishing grounds, Danny Houghton has always maintained that he and his companions were the victims of a sudden storm.

Kingsport had its last real economic boom during the Civil War, when the Tuttle and Illsley shipyards supplied numerous new vessels for the Union cause. Most of the men of Kingsport who contributed to the Union war effort took their places aboard ships. All told, seventeen Kingsporters lost their lives in this war, all of them at sea.

In the years following the war, it seemed even the sea had turned against the town. Kingsport was ravaged by a series of great storms that struck the area in the years 1878-1888. Many buildings were damaged and more than a dozen lives lost during this period. The last and worst of these storms struck in 1888, washing shallops ashore as far as Turner and Howard Streets and blowing down the steeple of the then-abandoned Congregational Church on Central Hill.

As the twentieth century began, it seemed that Kingsport's luck would not change. The 1905 typhoid epidemic that struck Arkham visited Kingsport as well, taking more than a dozen lives. But the following year saw the election of retired sea captain Stephen Cabot to the position of mayor. Under his capable guidance, the town began its resurgence. One of Cabot's first steps was to tap the already blooming tourist industry in New England. Surely a town so unchanged from its seventeenth-century origins — and a sea-going town at that

— would be of interest to vacationers with a taste for nostalgia and history. Though some of the town's older folk snorted at the thought of outsiders overrunning quiet old Kingsport, the tactic proved successful. Attracted by a number of rental homes built along the south shore, the tourist trade grew quickly, soon becoming a major part of the town's economy.

When Cabot was reelected to a second term, he turned his efforts to the funding and building of a modern hospital. The crumbling old Congregational Church was purchased and torn down, a project that drew surprisingly little complaint from local historical groups who were, no doubt, familiar with the church's unsavory past. It was reported in newspapers that the demolition had uncovered a number of strange burrows, but these were quickly buried over by spooked and superstitious workmen. In 1912, and on schedule, the new hospital was opened to the public.

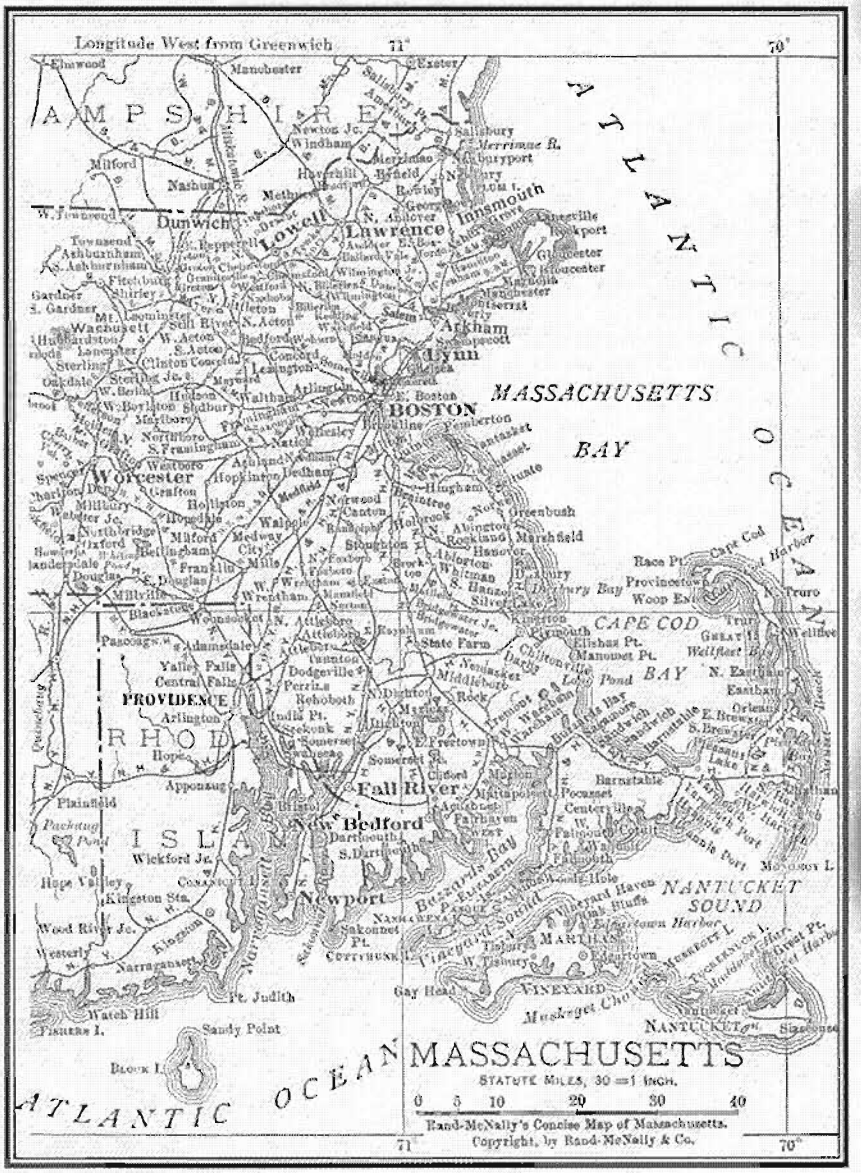
Kingsport's tourist trade continued to grow at a steady pace. Even during the years of the Great War, business remained fairly active. Kingsport contributed dozens of men to the war effort. Of these, seven never returned home. They are commemorated on a plaque mounted outside the city offices at Talbot Hall.

Kingsport Today

Kingsport's flourishing tourist trade has attracted a contingent of artists, most of whom dwell here only during the summer months selling landscapes and portraits to the visiting tourists. All find the fresh air and ocean conducive to their work, but a select few find the town's dreamy, ancient atmosphere so stimulating that they have taken up permanent residence. At first scorned as parasites and bohemian troublemakers, the artists have now earned a certain degree of acceptance by the townsfolk, who were perhaps encouraged by the amounts of money these people spent in stores and on rents.

Although the sea still plays a large part in Kingsport's economy, the fishing fleet dwindles year by year. Competition from major packing plants, such as Gorton's up in Gloucester, has put a crimp in the business of the local packers. Many of the fishermen, finding the corporate packers paying better prices, have moved their shallops on up the coast. The Tuttle shipyard has long been closed, but the Illsley shipyard continues to operate, still owned by the original family. They do a steady business building pleasure craft, mostly sailboats and small power yachts.

Despite a renewed prosperity, Kingsport still lags far behind the times. People prefer to do things the old-fashioned way: washboards are often used in place of modern machines, and candles light the windows of homes where there is as yet no electrical service. At best, only one out of six Kingsport families owns an automobile.



A Kingsport Chronology

1639: Kingsport founded.

1639-1692: The Kingsport cult operates out of the public's eye for decades, holding bizarre nocturnal subterranean gatherings in and around the town. During this time, there are rumors of terrible things lurking beneath Central Hill, and some families refuse to bury their dead in these grounds. Mysterious nocturnal meetings are held in the Congregational Church. By 1692, nearly a tenth of Kingsport's populace is affiliated with the cult.

1685: William Bain, sailor and one-time cultist, builds the Strange High House in the Mist atop the loftiest crag of Kingsport Head. In the coming years, he opens Gates in the skies above Kingsport leading to the many worlds of dream. He shuns the town and is never seen again. Residents refer to him only as "the One."

1692: During the Salem witch hysteria, thirteen Kingsport residents are arrested, tried, and hanged.

Early 1700s: Rumors circulate that the dead members of the Kingsport cult did not stay dead. Congregational parson Tobias Crabbe, long since dead, is reportedly sighted in the Central Hill graveyard.

1722 **(December 21-22, winter solstice):** Suspecting a gathering of witches, Mayor Eben Hall leads a contingent of townspeople on a raid of the Congregational Church. Over three dozen people are arrested and jailed on charges of grave robbing, breaking and entering, and unlawful assembly. Kingsport cult activity seems to have been brought to an end.

1731: Eben Hall, now Customs Inspector for the port of Kingsport, attempts to seize and search the ship *Hellene*, owned and captained by Douglas Corben, a suspected member of the old Kingsport cult. Corben refuses to comply, and in a brief battle, Corben's ship is sunk near the northern end of the Jersey Reef. All hands are lost.

1734: Kingsport resident and sea captain Abner Ezekiel Hoag returns home from the Caroline Islands with verbal transcriptions taken from certain Ponape Islanders. These eventually see publication as the *Ponape Scripture*.

1778: British warships blockade Kingsport harbor during the Revolutionary War. They are finally driven off when young Argus Blaine convinces local soldiers to drag cannons up the causeway of Kingsport Head and fire them upon the warships.

1824: The Hall School is founded. Many papers belonging to the famous (or infamous) Eben Hall are deposited here.

1829: The Kingsport *Chronicle* is founded.

1842: Several Kingsport fishermen are lost off the coast of Innsmouth. Although a storm is blamed, rumors persist that the sailors were murdered by Innsmouthers jealously guarding their fishing ground. Young Danny Houghton is the only survivor.

1876: Kingsport amateur anthropologist, Morris Wheaton, pays a visit to a haunted Indian mound near the Miskatonic River west of Arkham.

1888: The roof and steeple of the now-abandoned Congregational Church are nearly destroyed by a storm of unprecedented violence.

1906: Former sea captain Stephen Cabot is elected mayor. He begins a successful program to turn the town into an attractive tourist center.

1907: In the spring, lighthouse keeper Basil Elton makes his fateful journey aboard the doomed White Ship.

1910-1912: The old Congregational Church is torn down and replaced by the Congregational Hospital.

1919 (April 11): Messrs. Ricci, Czanek, and Silva visit the Terrible Old Man. The next morning, their hacked and trampled bodies are found washed ashore in the harbor.

1921: Asenath Waite, daughter of the late Ephraim Waite of Innsmouth, joins the student body of Hall School, becoming a ward of the principal.

1922 (May 17-August 8): Captain James P. Orne's fishing smack, *Alma*, out of Gloucester, captures a fifty-foot-long sea monster. He shows the corpse to paying customers up and down the Massachusetts coast, until the creature mysteriously disappears in July. In August, Captain Orne and a crowd of Martin's Beach residents and tourists are mysteriously paralyzed and dragged into the ocean by an unseen creature.

1922 (December 21-22, winter solstice): A visitor to Kingsport sleepwalks off the cliffs at Orange Point. Rescued, but raving, he claims to have come upon a Kingsport from an earlier century and to have taken part in a terrible subterranean ritual. He is eventually confined to the Arkham Sanitarium, where he remains to this day.

1925 (Summer): The vacationing Olney family visits Kingsport. The father, Thomas Olney, climbs Kingsport Head and reaches the Strange High House in the Mist. He eventually returns to his family, but some claim he was never quite the same again.

1928 (Autumn): High atop Kingsport Head, work begins on the Arkham *Advertiser's* new wireless station.

The Kingsport Cult

"Mine were an old people, and were old even when this land was settled three hundred years before."

—"The Festival," H. P. Lovecraft.

THE EARLIEST MEMBERS of the Kingsport cult arrived here in 1639 and 1640, accompanying the Channel Islanders who first settled the area. These families — the Courts, the Waldens, and the Fishers — had dwelt on the Channel Islands for only two generations. Their forefathers had but recently migrated there from somewhere in the south of Europe. Indeed, these families had altered and anglicized their names before moving to the Islands. Unbeknownst to their neighbors, they had been driven out of their homeland after they had been discovered to be worshipping a secret and evil deity: a god of cold green fire that dwelt in the great caverns beneath Lombardy and Languedoc.

These worshippers had learned the secret joy of ultimate corruption, not just of the soul, but of the form itself. Such corruption brings release from earthly bounds and promises of life after death. They honored the dark power of the flame god with horrific subterranean rites of necromancy and corpse-worship.

The god they called Tulzscha manifests itself on Earth as a large pillar of living flame, sickly-green in color. Aided by its cultists' hellish rites, it feeds upon the dead as they lay rotting in their graves, drawing sustenance through the agency of the great bloated graveworms that haunt the ground wherever Tulzscha appears.

In return for this nourishment, Tulzscha rewarded his worshipers with life after death. When the grave worms devoured the corpse of one deemed worthy by Tulzscha, the soul of the dead person was consumed as well. The cultist could live on, crawling through the underground as a writhing mass of worms or, by allowing the worms to inhabit and animate a corpse, pass as human.

It was not long before some of the descendants of the cultists discovered the caves lying far beneath Central Hill. Here they renewed the rites practiced by their ancestors, and unknown to anyone, they celebrated their blasphemous ceremonies, all the while posing as respectable citizens, attending church services and town meetings, never giving their neighbors cause to suspect them. As

generations passed, members intermarried with other Kingsport families and the cult spread. By 1692, nearly one person in ten had some kind of connection with the extended sect.

One cultist who turned away from worshipping the Green Flame was William Bain, an adventurous and scholarly seaman born of one of Kingsport's founding families. During a voyage to the West Indies, he discovered a cult similar to Kingsport's. From them, he learned some of the more unsavory aspects of the god to whom he had paid homage for so long. He returned to Kingsport in 1685, only to sell his property and move away from town. Relocating himself on the highest point of Kingsport Head, he built himself a modest house. From this isolated spot wrapped in dreams and mist, Bain set forth on a series of mystical journeys to alien lands, aided by secrets he had learned during his earthly travels. He never returned to Kingsport, and as years went by, he was largely forgotten by the town. Even now the eternal resident of the "Strange High House" is only referred to as "the One."

As the cult spread through Kingsport and rumors of its dark practices increased, the stories of necromancy and grave robbing finally became so acute that some people refused to bury their dead in the consecrated ground of Central Hill. They instead interred their dearly departed in a hastily defined graveyard atop a small hill west of town. Suspicions were also raised about the mysterious nocturnal gatherings held in the Congregational Church atop the hill. Dozens of people would be seen entering the church, but never a sound was heard coming from the structure — nor was a lamp or candle ever lit.

In 1692, amidst the fever of the Salem witch trials, the rumors turned to accusations. Before the end of the year, dozens of people were accused and arrested. Thirteen of them were convicted of necromancy and grave robbing and were hanged to death.

In the early 1720's, rumors of the secret cult surfaced once again. Now it was being said that the cult's dead didn't stay dead, but continued to live, inhabiting dark burrows riddling the ground beneath Central Hill. Some said that at night the dead emerged to wander the streets of Kingsport. A report that old Tobias Crabbe, a long-dead Congregational minister, had been seen lurking about the churchyard on Central Hill only added fuel to these stories.

Things finally came to a head in the winter of 1722. During a mass meeting of the cult held in the much-maligned Congregational Church, a nimbus of sickly green light appeared in the night sky above Kingsport, bathing the town in its spectral glow. The appearance of the light was followed by a slow rumbling and growling from the ground below. The valiant Mayor, Eben Hall, gathered together a contingent of armed men — shiphands, captains, and other townsfolk — and surrounded the church to await the eventual emergence of the cultists. At dawn, when the worshipers finally stepped forth, they faced sixty leveled muskets. Taken into custody, more than three dozen people were eventually charged with breaking and entering, unlawful assembly, and grave robbing. Fines, imprisonment, and banishment were levied against those found guilty. Those accused of leading the rites were tarred, feathered, and driven from town. Some members, not present on the night of the raid, escaped accusation, but there were too few of them, and they were too fearful to ever meet again in ritual ceremony. The cult's backbone had been broken.

Certain books and other suspicious items seized in the raid were destroyed, while others were confiscated and delivered to law enforcement and academic officials for study and storage. The Congregational Church was closed for a few weeks while extensive work was done on its foundation and interior, most notably the sealing of crypts below the church. Of those cultists who served out their jail terms, a surprising number chose to remain living in Kingsport, spending their lives subjected to scorn and derision. The disbanded cultists met no more and lived out the rest of their lives in quiet humiliation. Tulzscha's power waned. By the nineteenth century, the cult's presence in Kingsport was little more than a memory.

One powerful member of the cult who escaped the raid was Captain Douglas Corben. Despite the exposure and dissolution of the cult, Corben continued to seek otherworldly secrets, exploring little-known corners of the West Indies in search of knowledge and power. In 1731, Corben returned from the islands carrying in the hold of his ship a strangely glowing object taken from one of the primitive native tribes he had encountered. When Eben Hall, then Customs Inspector, demanded to board the incoming ship, Corben refused and turned his guns upon the officials. In the resulting brief battle, Corben's ship, the *Hellene*, was sunk, carrying with it all hands and its cargo.

Lingering traces of the old cult can still be found in Kingsport if one knows where to look: the Strange High House looms overhead to the north, still inhabited by its unseen occupant. In the waters off Kingsport Harbor lies the rotting hulk of the *Hellene*, its strange, unholy cargo still intact — and alive. The seventh house on the left on Green Lane still stands, formerly the home of a powerful cult member. And sinister things still crawl unseen in the burrows beneath Central Hill, waiting for their time of renewal.

The Cult Today

The Kingsport cult still exists in 1928, though on a very subdued level. Only a few members of the Cult of the Green Flame currently reside in Kingsport, perhaps as few as a dozen souls. Several other cult members travel the world pursuing the various obsessive hungers that drive them (see below). The Kingsport cult seldom convenes *en masse* except to renew the solsticial rites of Tulzscha, when even its most far-flung members may return to the ancient town for the Festival.

Two types of Green Flame cultists exist in Kingsport. The majority are normal human beings who have gained knowledge of the cult by research, accident, or, most commonly, ancestry. These individuals are utilized when the cult has to deal with the everyday public, whether gathering information or dealing with lesser enemies. Most of these "public" cult-members will be lesser sorcerers at best, but as they prove their usefulness their awful masters may reward them with additional arcane knowledge. Eventually, upon death, these lesser cultists may be resurrected back into the fold, becoming the second type of Green Flame cultist.

The more dreadful members of Tulzscha's cult are the massed graveworms that have devoured the human remains of a dead Tulzscha cultist; these writhing charnel masses carry the soul of the dead cultist, giving him or her a particularly ghastly form of eternal life. These are the cult's most powerful sorcerers, some of whom may be centuries old. There may be only a handful of these so-called "Crawling Ones" in Kingsport; because of their appearance the Crawling Ones usually dwell in the endless burrows hidden beneath the city, venturing forth only on the rarest of occasions. Some Crawling One cultists, however, may inhabit living bodies so they can have access to the outside world — for whatever reason; Israel Soames (entry #303) is one example of such a cultist, and others may be created using him as a model.

Kingsport Cult Scenario Seeds

Investigators poking about in Kingsport may stumble across references to the Kingsport cult in any number of ways. In seeking to learn more about the dreaming village's dark secrets they may even unearth more than they bargained for.

An ambitious investigator may become embroiled in a competition for employment as the curator of Kingsport's Historical Society (entry #205).

Seeking to replace eccentric elderly curator Aaron Hart, the Kingsport Town Council may advertise for a replacement in newspapers throughout the Miskatonic Valley and beyond. Possible applicants for the job include sinister schoolteacher Malcolm Veidt (entry #207) and a more mundane member of the Kingsport cult. While the former seeks to further his arcane knowledge, the latter wants to be able to hide any historical information which may be sensitive to the Cult of the Green Flame. Of course any investigator who applies for the job runs the risk of rubbing shoulders — or making enemies — with Veidt and/or the cult.

More cryptically, strange figures may have been sighted in the Central Hill Cemetery, or near the Congregational Hospital on Central Hill. Shadowy figures lurk in these places, and near neighboring residences, after dark. Who are they? What old secrets are they seeking?

Similarly, who is the shunned, hooded stranger who has the foreign quarter of Hill Town in an uproar with his silent, suspicious passings?

Elsewhere, the charmingly picturesque towns of the Miskatonic Valley are stricken by a bizarre series of disappearances and/or seemingly cannibalistic murders. With some checking the investigators may eventually be able to learn that a Crawling One cultist has been slaking its fathomless hunger on unwitting locals — always far away from Kingsport so as not to implicate the cult.

In a similar manner, a Crawling One may seek out a new body to inhabit to enable it to interact with the outside world. Again, ideally, the worm-ridden sorcerer would choose a target in a city far from Kingsport, so as not to implicate the Cult of the Green Flame. A mysterious disappearance in Boston or New York City, for instance, might have inexplicable links to Kingsport. Links which could lead to the doorstep of something that would rather not be found.

Or perhaps one of the Crawling Ones seeks a more immediate new host body. Perhaps this writhing mass of corruption requires a warm body to inhabit, and is unwilling to travel far to obtain one. A helpless patient lying in a bed in the Congregational Hospital seems to be a perfect opportunity. A terminal patient who makes a miraculous recovery. A transplant recipient who recovers at an unprecedented rate. Who is he/she? Why, following his welcome but unexpected recuperation, does this person seem oddly different to his family and friends?

Finally, Lovecraft's "The Festival" hints at far worse spectacles and ceremonies held deeper in the earth after the events of the story. Given that the original story, presented at the front of this book, features the presence of Tulzscha, a servitor of the Outer Gods (the amorphous piper), and who knows how many byakhee, Crawling Ones, and cultists, one can only shudder at the possibilities foolhardy investigators might find deep in the bowels of the earth below Kingsport. Surely acres of writhing

NEW SPELL

Call forth the Worm

(Awaken/Create Crawling One): This necromantic spell is known to chosen members of the cult of Tulzscha, and is used to resurrect the spirit of a dead person, usually one of the most devoted worshippers of the Green Flame. The target of the spell must thus be deceased, and must have been interred in the ground for at least 2 weeks (perhaps longer, in the case of more sanitary/secure modern burial practices). The caster begins a ceremonial chant to awaken the soul of the dead man within the bodies of the charnel worms that are devouring the corpse. The re-awakening ceremony lasts 10 hours, during which the caster sacrifices 10 magic points and **1D3 POW**. At the end of this time, the target of the spell must roll its **POWx5 or less** on D100 (using the target's POW at the time of death); if the roll succeeds the dead man is reborn 10D10 hours later as a writhing mass of graveworms retaining the INT, POW, memories, skills, spells, and so forth the target had at the time of death, but otherwise possessing the statistics of a Crawling One (see above???) — if applicable. **Sanity loss is 1D10.** If the target's POWx5 roll fails the spell is unsuccessful, and the target cannot be resurrected by this spell.

Not all Crawling Ones are created using this spell. In some instances the sheer will of the dead individual is sufficient to infest the crawling graveworms with his or her soul-essence.

worms, necromancy, necrophilia, and worse await in the nethermost caverns.

Crawling Ones Lesser Servitor Race

"The nether most caverns are not for the fathoming of eyes that see; for their marvels are strange and terrific. Cursed the ground where dead thoughts live new and oddly bodied, and evil the mind that is held by no head. Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumor that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his charnel clay, but fats and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes secretly are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl."

—"The Festival," H.P. Lovecraft

A crawling one is composed of thousands of worms and maggots. Each worm is individually alive and constantly moves, though they generally hold the shape of a human body. Due to the soft and resilient quality of the crawling ones' bodies, normal weapons do minimum damage to the things. Bullets only do a single point of damage upon striking a crawling one, except for shotgun pellets which do minimum damage for that type of firearm.

Crawling ones cannot speak but can write messages. It is unnecessary for them to use spoken words in performing spells or when communicating with their alien masters. Crawling Ones have been known to worship Cthulhu and Ythogtha, and it is suspected that they hold some affinity to the Xothians.

ATTACKS: crawling ones must utilize weapons for attack and have no natural form of attack.

CRAWLING ONES, Wormy Things

char.	*rolls*	*averages*
STR	1D8+2	6-7
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	4D6+6	20
DEX	2D6	7
MOV	8	**HP** 13-14

Av. Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: various per base chance, damage as per weapon type.

Armor: none; however due to the soft and resilient quality of the crawling ones' bodies normal weapons do minimum damage to the things. Bullets only do a single point of damage upon striking a crawling one, except for shotgun pellets which do minimum damage for that gauge of gun. Fire, magic, and enchanted weapons inflict normal damage to a crawling one.

Spells: all crawling ones know 1D10 spells.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/2D6 Sanity points for seeing a crawling one.

[Find the Crawling Ones in the core rulesbook]

Because of the nature of the creatures into which they have been "reborn", Tulzscha's Crawling Ones are subject to unnatural appetites. These entities have a considerable hunger for meat, raw or cooked. Curiously, their rebirth also awakens a variety of gnawing intellectual curiosities within them. Having crossed and re-crossed the boundaries of life and death, many of the Crawling Ones of Tulzscha now seek to root out the secrets of death and immortality. Their necromantic searches have led some of them to become the most powerful sorcerers on Earth. Sometimes, however, their quests may lead them to seek the ultimate knowledge of the

universe, secrets known only to the Outer Gods; then, seeking the ultimate epiphany, during Festival these ultimate seekers hurl themselves into the body of Tulzscha, where they are consumed like moths within the Green Flame.

Common Tulzscha cultist spells (asterisked entries are usually only known by the Crawling Ones): *Call Forth the Worm (Awaken/Create Crawling One — new spell, see below), Bind Enemy, Black Binding, *Call/Dismiss Tulzscha, Cause Disease, Command Ghost, Contact Ghoul, Create Zombie, Dampen Light, Dread Curse of Azathoth, *Enchant Cane, *Enchant Pipes, Enchant Whistle, *Eyes of the Zombie, Nightmare, Pipes of Madness, Power Drain, Remortification, Resurrection, Send Dreams, Sense Life, Summon/Bind Byakhee, *Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign, Wither Limb.

Tulzscha The Green Flame

"... A belching column of sick greenish flame ... spouting volcanically from depths profound and inconceivable, casting no shadows as healthy flame should, and coating the nitrous stone with a nasty, venomous verdigris. For in all that seething combustion no warmth lay, but only the clamminess of death and corruption."

— "The Festival," by H. P. Lovecraft.

Tulzscha is an obscure entity worshipped by isolated pockets of cultists in places such as Kingsport, the West Indies, parts of southern France and northern Italy, and possibly the Middle East. Also called the Green Flame, this patron provides its worshipers with a grisly form of eternal life. Many undying members of the old Kingsport cult still exist in the form of worm-ridden corpse-things screaming praise to the Green Flame in far-flung nests of horror scattered around the globe.

Gatherings of Tulzscha's worshippers are held in subterranean temples during equinoxes, solstices, and similar times of celestial significance. Wild caterwauling dances are conducted to the tunes of an amorphous flutist (a servitor of the Outer Gods) while grisly offerings are made to the tower of flame: grave relics, decayed corpse fragments, abhorrent fungus, and other detestable things. Special rites or occasions may require midnight rides astride monstrous mounts through eternally nighted tunnels beneath the Earth.

Tulzscha thrives on death, corruption, and decay. At the court of Azathoth, it is often depicted as a blazing green ball of flame, dancing with its brethren outer gods



The Green Flame

before the Daemon Sultan. When called to Earth, it assumes a gaseous form, penetrates the Earth to the core, and then erupts from below as a pillar of flame. Tulzscha cannot move any significant distance, but only bubble and belch, striking out with corruptive gouts of greenish liquid fire.

Tulzscha, The Green Flame

STR 60	**CON** 36	**SIZ** 78	**INT** 15	**POW** 30
DEX 12	**MOV** NA			**HP** 57

Weapons: Flame Gout 80%, special*.

Armor: None, but Tulzscha takes no damage from impaling weapons and is immune to damage caused by heat, cold, acid, and electricity. Explosives and all other forms of physical attacks do minimum damage. Magic affects it normally. Tulzscha cannot be killed, only driven away.

Spells: Tulzscha knows most spells relating to the Outer Gods and the lesser entities that serve them.

Sanity Loss: Seeing the Green Flame costs 1D3/1D20 SAN points.

**This attack takes the form of a bolt of writhing flame nearly a foot in diameter with a maximum range of 50 feet. If Tulzscha's attack is successful, the target may attempt to Dodge. If the Dodge is successful, the flame gout misses the target and has no effect. If struck, the victim is impaled by writhing green flame. The victim's flesh withers and wrinkles as the character rapidly ages 2D10 years. The character must make CON x5 and POW x5 rolls against possible losses of these same attributes. A successful roll indicates the character loses only 1 point from a given Characteristic, while a failure means a loss of 1D6 points. (A victim failing his CON roll but making his POW roll would lose 1D6 CON points, but only 1 POW point). Finally, a second POW x5 roll must be made or the victim loses 1 point from one of the following statistics (roll 1D6): 1-2 STR, 3-4 DEX, 5-6 APP. The Green Flame may make only one attack per round.*

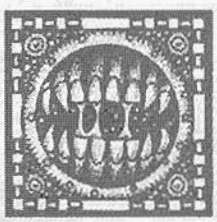
[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #1.]

Kingsport and Dreams

DUE TO A VARIETY of circumstances, Kingsport is a place where dreams and reality intermingle, sometimes to a disconcerting degree. Former cultist William Bain has inadvertently contributed to this situation. His frequent journeys to various lands of dream via Gates opened in the Kingsport sky have substantially weakened the barriers between the real world and the worlds of dreams. Indeed, Bain has spent so much time in the lands of dream that he himself has become more dream than real — the secret of his unearthly longevity. The Strange High House in the Mist is a gateway to many different worlds of dream, worlds of both the past and the future. An experienced dreamer could conceivably use the house to gain access to these other worlds. Finding a way back out may be another matter entirely.

At one time Dreams also came to Kingsport via a mystic white ship from the Dreamlands. Many years ago, Basil Elton, keeper of the North Point lighthouse, used to see many strange sailing vessels in the misty waters off Kingsport. One night the White Ship came, and he boarded it over a bridge of moonbeams. The White Ship took Basil Elton on a voyage across the seas of the Dreamlands, a voyage brought to a terrible end when the ship was destroyed seeking the mythical land of Cathuria, beyond the edge of the world. Elton awoke in the lighthouse to find that the light had failed, and a ship had crashed. Since that time he has never again seen the White Ship, nor ever visited the lands of dream. Still, perhaps there are other such vessels able to move between this world and the world of Dreams.

The porous reality of the skies above Kingsport Head also results in more vivid dreams for those who sleep in this town. Bits of dream drizzle down from the clouds, entering the minds of sleepers and coloring their visions. These dreams often reveal some of Kingsport's dark history. At other times, long-dormant ancestral memories are triggered, as happened to the protagonist of "The Festival." This individual suffered a dream about Kingsport's ancient cult that left him confined to a mental institution. Others, such as Randolph Carter, sometimes experience waking visions of the town wherein it appears exactly as it did in former days, before the construction of the hospital and before the coming of autos and trolleys. In these visions Kingsport appears as it did a century or more ago, with older houses and businesses lining its streets, townsfolk in ancient costume, and a harbor filled with great sailing vessels. Always dominating these daydreams is the imposing presence of the great Congregational Church atop Central Hill.



A Guide to Kingsport

Important, exemplary, and curious locations in the town of Arkham and environs, with notes; particular inhabitants are described and pictured, and pertinent statistics for them supplied

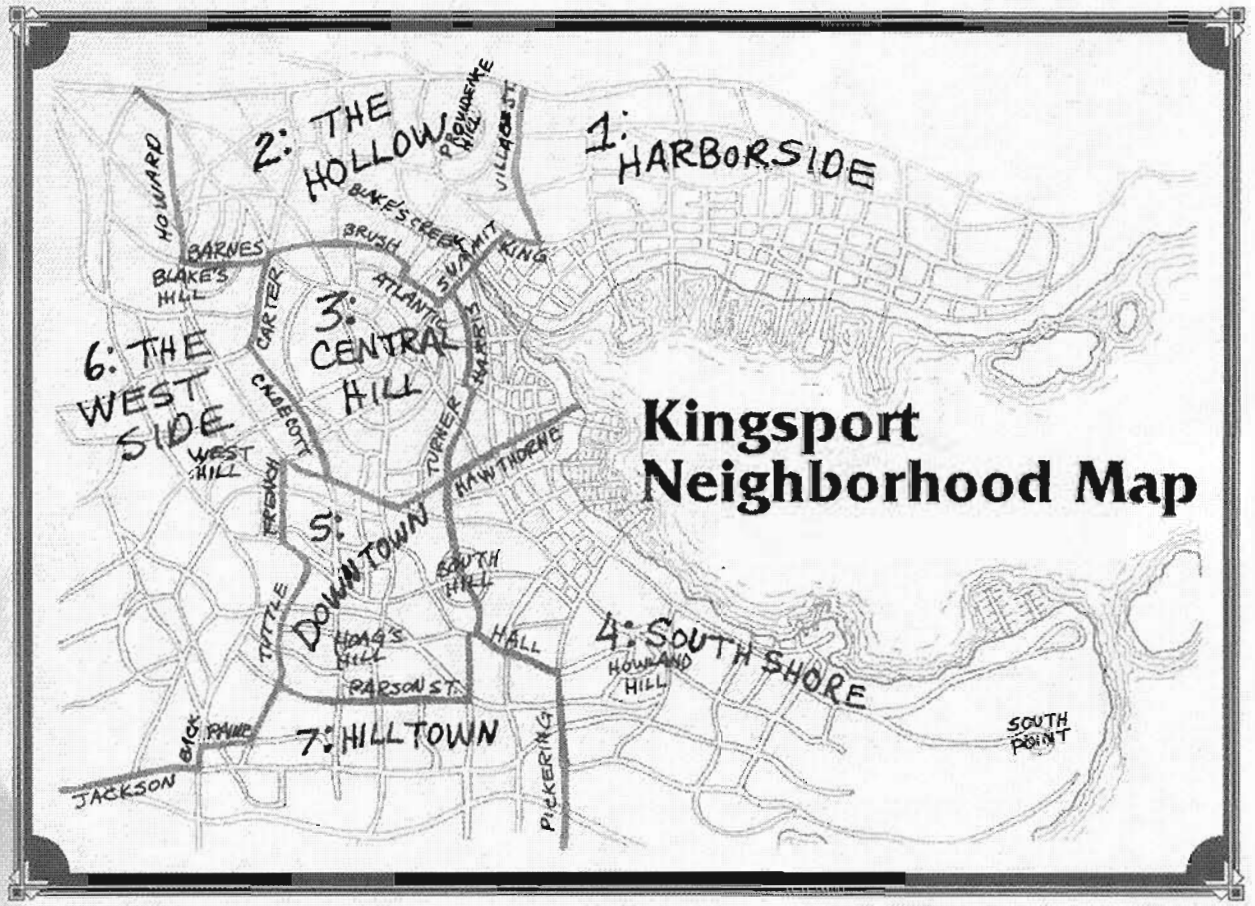
AS SHOWN BY THE MAP on the next page, the seven neighborhoods in Kingsport are numbered in roughly the order that these areas were settled. Each neighborhood is mapped individually, with each specific location indicated by a three-digit number. The first digit indicates the neighborhood in which the location is found, while the last two digits are its particular identification number. Granny Orne's house is entry 120, meaning that it is the 20th entry in Neighborhood 1: Harborside. The Police and Fire Stations are described in entry 519, the 19th entry in Neighborhood 5: Downtown. These entry numbers are not street addresses; these are given at the beginning of the entry description. The 800-series entries are not actually in a specific neighborhood, but are locations found on the outskirts of town.

Remember that there is as much to Kingsport as the keeper wishes to add. The locations given in this guide by no means encompass the entire town's contents.

FINDING AN ADDRESS

Due to the twisting maze-like nature of Kingsport's streets, finding a particular address is often difficult. As a general rule, street numbers get higher as one travels south or west. In general, addresses on the north or west side of a street are odd-numbered, while those on the south or east sides are even-numbered. When in doubt, consult the guide and maps; checking locations and streets parallel to the one desired indicates how its address should be figured.

Although narrow alleys abound in Kingsport, none are shown on the map; they would snarl and confuse it far worse than it already appears. Alleys are briefly discussed within the individual neighborhood descriptions.



Neighborhood 1

Harborside

HARBORSIDE IS BORDERED by the cliffs of Kingsport Head on the north and the harbor to the south, the ground sloping evenly down from the base of the cliffs to the shore. Viewed from across the harbor, rows of houses can be seen stacked one upon the other, lining the narrow winding streets that follow the base of the cliffs. The rocky profile of Father Neptune juts out over the Illsley shipyard, while a large hollow between Fish and Gold Streets is all that remains of the old Tuttle yard, shut down in the 1870's. The shoreline of Harborside is uneven and rocky.

This is the oldest part of Kingsport, and many of the people living here are still devoted to the maritime industries on which the town was founded. Here are found the shallops of the fishing fleet, the old wharves and warehouses, and the fish-packing houses. Many of the wharves are decayed and unsafe, and all but a few of the warehouses are empty and deserted. The sounds of hammers still ring from the Illsley shipyard, but these days, only pleasure boats are constructed, not the great ocean-spanning brigs and schooners of grander days. The Kingsport fishing fleet is still active, but grows smaller every year; the fish-packing houses bemoan their inability to compete with the larger factories in Gloucester and elsewhere.

Harborside contains some of the oldest buildings found in Kingsport, several dating as far back as the mid-seventeenth century. A number of these ancient houses are found north of Bluff Road, gray buildings of unpainted clapboard with small, diamond-paned windows, huge central chimneys, and steeply gabled roofs. Between Water St. and the ocean are several old warehouses, some of wood and some of brick, but almost all falling to neglect and ruin. Kingsport's few remaining wharves, once trod by swaggering merchants, are now the home to Kingsport's humble fishing fleet.

The majority of streets in Harborside are narrow and cobbled, although the more frequently traveled Bluff Road and Water Street have been widened and paved. Only a few residents own automobiles; parking places are nearly non-existent. There are few sidewalks, and the streets run within inches of front doors. Only Bluff Road, Water Street, and Ship Street benefit from

street lamps. Many residents still light their homes with candles and kerosene lamps.

To the east, near the warehouses, numerous narrow north-south alleys irregularly divide some of the blocks. The area around the Town Square, the Custom House, and southward is heavily frequented by tourists and in better repair than many of the surrounding areas. It is well-lit at night.

The people of Harborside are primarily old sea-folk, including many Yankee fishermen families. A few Italian and Portuguese live in this area, but most inhabit the ethnic neighborhoods of Hill Town.

101

Fairgate Shoes Manufactory

106 Knight St.

Fairgate makes inexpensive men's and women's shoes that sell through low-priced New England clothing stores. Fairgate employs between ten and twenty workers, mostly Portuguese women and youngsters. The concern will close during the upcoming depression.

102

Webster Public School

402 Abbott St.

Grades 1–8 meet here from September through May.

103

St. Erasmus' Home for Mariners

303 Blaine St.

This tottering old mansion serves as a rest home for old sailors. Funded by donations, the two-story eighteenth century mansion houses invalid residents in private rooms on the top floor, while the ground floor serves as a large recreation hall. Here old salts sit and reminisce, play checkers or cards, and throw darts, whiling away their time. Official visiting hours are 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. Monday through Saturday, 1 P.M. to 5 P.M. on Sunday. (Note: St. Erasmus is the patron saint of Mediterranean sailors. The eerie maritime phenomenon known as St. Elmo's Fire is — corruptly — named after him.)

Location Numbers

Kingsport locations described on the following pages are identified and organized by a three-digit **Location Number**. The first digit identifies the neighborhood; the second and third digits the specific location. Not every building or place in a neighborhood is described; there is plenty of room in Kingsport for keeper ingenuity and invention. Entries for personalities, items, and events may contain a parenthesized Location Number — that place most important or relevant to the entry.

Several old boys who aren't residents of the home frequently come to visit their pals: storyteller Ben James (611), lighthouse keeper Basil Elton (810), Doc (Enoch) Warren (507), stonecutter George Cotton (712), and carpenter Nets Foster (115).

St. Erasmus' Home harbors an impressive collection of maritime memorabilia dating back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: paintings, ship models, native jewelry, and statuettes, along with ships' compasses and other navigational instruments. At the keeper's option, some of the primitive items may have occult or Mythos significance.

One of the residents of the home is 95-year-old Danny Houghton, the sole survivor of the 1842 fishing expedition to the waters off Innsmouth. If cajoled into telling his story, Danny (whose stories tend to wander a bit) relates how he and his father and brothers set out with several other Kingsporters to try their luck in Innsmouth's teeming waters. A freak storm blew up, capsizing the fleet and drowning all the sailors but him. He was rescued off the coast of Rockport, found clinging to a piece of wreckage. Although for years, rumors held that the Kingsport fishermen were murdered by the Innsmouthers jealously guarding their fishing grounds, Danny has steadfastly stuck by his story of the freak storm.



Danny Houghton

In the last few years, Houghton has begun to have doubts about keeping his secret. If pressed, Danny hints that the fleet was attacked — but not just by Innsmouthers. He says he thought he saw finny hands pulling under some of the boats and their crews, and that strange frog-like, fish-like heads appeared briefly above the waves before plunging back into the depths.

104

Kingsport Village Store

909 King St.

This tiny shop is a "Mom and Pop" general store that has occupied this spot for the last 75 years. It is currently owned by an elderly couple, Owen and Martha Phillips, and carries a line of grocery staples, households, magazines, dry goods, and minor hardware items.

105

Old Town Square

This grassy common is Kingsport's original Town Square. With a willow-shaded table and well-trimmed shrubs, it is a favorite weekend picnicking place.

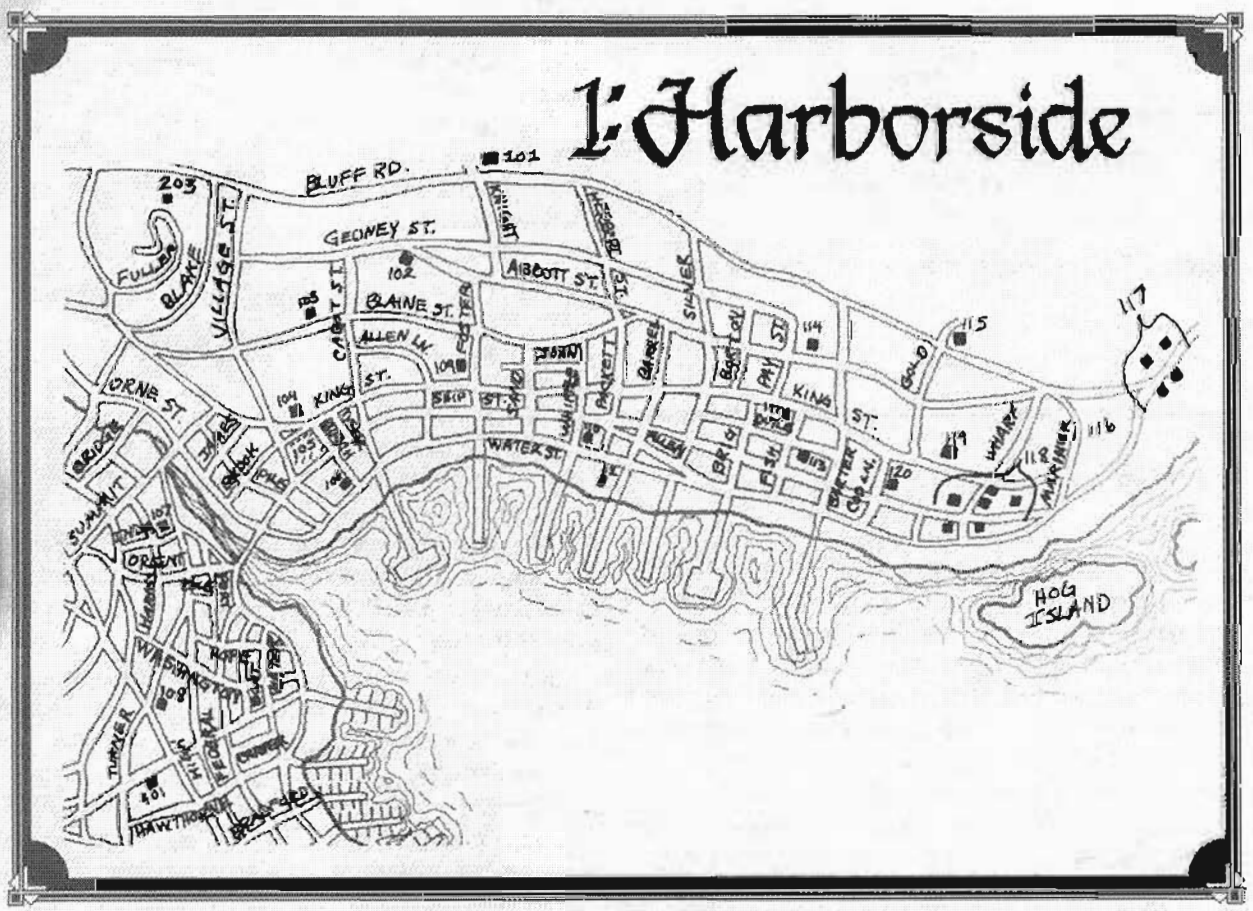
106

Custom House and Harbormaster's Office

901 Water St.

Originally a large early eighteenth century home, this building was long ago converted to offices and storage rooms used by Kingsport's customs officers during the town's heyday as a port of entry. Officially closed almost a century ago, the Custom House is now little more than a storehouse of old shipping records and a place for retired mariners to while away their time.

The current Harbormaster is 62-year-old Josiah Derby, a sleepy old coot with thick spectacles, bushy white hair, and a thick white moustache. Old Josiah speaks in a slow, high-pitched whine, punctuated by pulls on his pipe. Conversations with him seem unbearably long. Derby oversees all matters involving the harbor, authorizes dock and breakwater maintenance, and settles disputes between fishermen and boaters.





Harbormaster Derby

Skills: History 40%, Kingsport History 50%, Library Use 35%, Ship Lore 70% [**d20 Skills:** Knowledge (history) +3, Knowledge (local [Kingsport]) +5, Pilot (boat) +9, Research +2]

The ground floor of the Custom House contains Derby's office and a few, mostly empty rooms put to no particular use. The second floor holds a large meeting hall and two converted bedrooms stacked with aging bundles of ship registries, customs records, and cargo manifests dating back to the early eighteenth century.

Among this mountain of data are accounts of Captain Douglas Corben's ill-fated return to Kingsport in 1731. Eben Hall, then Customs Officer, vaguely describes the horrific cargo carried by Corben's ship, the Hellene, and recounts the actions leading up to the sinking of the vessel and the loss of its entire crew (see "Dead in the Water," the last adventure in this book). Discovering these documents requires at least eight hours of searching and a successful **Library Use roll** [Research, DC 15]. Josiah Derby knows no more about the sinking of the Hellene than do most other present-day Kingsporters.

A cannonball embedded in the east wall of the Custom House is a reminder of the battle of Kingsport Harbor in 1778. The Custom House was hit by the guns of the British fleet that blockaded and shelled the harbor in an attempt to curb Kingsport's privateering activities.

107

Wally's Barbershop

108 India St.

This barbershop is a favorite place for menfolk to swap stories, gossip, and check out the latest issue of the *Police Gazette*. An investigator getting a haircut or shave here has a **POW x1** chance of hearing some intriguing news or a pertinent clue. [Innuendo check, DC 15; or Listen check, DC 20] The proprietor is 59-year-old Wally Anderson.

108

The Harbor Place Hotel

306 Turner St.

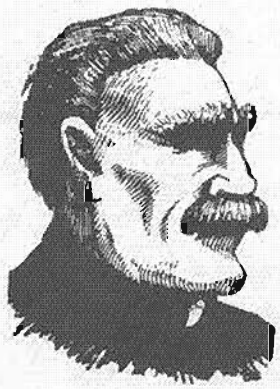
Franklin Tuttle built the three-story Harbor Place Hotel just before the Great War. Franklin's son and daughter-in-law, Adam and Lois Tuttle, now run the business. The fifty-ish Tuttles run an impressive establishment, luxurious for a town Kingsport's size. Rates run from $6 a night for a single room with shared bath to $11 a night for the George Washington Suite (bedroom, bath, parlor). Reservations are a must during the summer, but during the off-season, an investigator can usually find at least one room available. The Harbor Place's dining room is small, but serves excellent food.

109

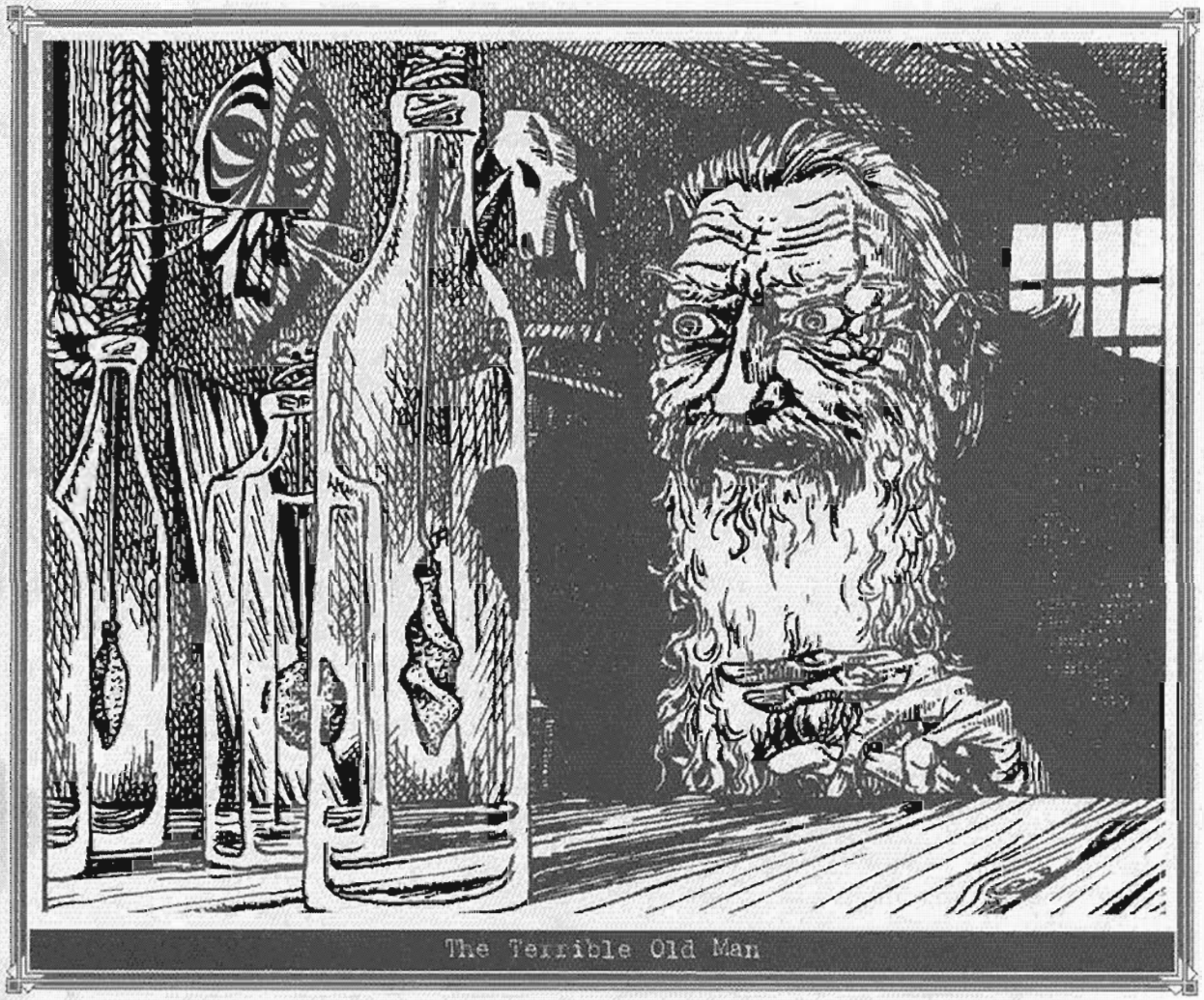
Mariner's Church

203 Foster St.

Nowadays the tall, narrow, dilapidated eighteenth century building housing the Mariner's Church is frequented only by a few Yankee fishermen and the occasional visiting sailor. Its non-denominational Protestant services are led by 59-year-old Reverend Alijah Horne, a tall, blustery man with great bushy eyebrows and steel-gray mutton-chop whiskers. The Reverend Horne is a somber, hawk-like figure who punctuates his sermons and conversations with doom-laden nautical hyperbole. He is a powerful, impressive figure whose voice can sometimes be heard clear to the other side of the harbor.



Reverend Horne



The Terrible Old Man

The inside walls of the church bear numerous plaques memorializing Kingsport ships and crewmen lost at sea. Conspicuous by its absence is any mention of Captain Douglas Corben's ship, the *Hellene*, lost in 1731. Rev. Horne scowls if asked about the *Hellene* and only states that the cursed ship, crew, and cargo were all sent to a watery grave where they belong.

110

The Terrible Old Man

607 Water St.

The locals fear and avoid the Terrible Old Man. He has lived in this ancient house for longer than anyone can remember. A few of the old-timers in Kingsport (Granny Orne (120), Danny Houghton (103), Aaron Hart (205), and Ben James (611), among others) know his real name: Captain Richard Holt.

Long, long ago, Holt was an East Indies merchant captain, and it is said that he still pays for his meager provisions with Spanish gold doubloons minted in the seventeenth century. People also speak of the strange bottles he keeps in his house, and some say that they have seen him talking with these bottles. Seedier denizens of Hill Town can hint at what befell three men who several years ago unwisely tried to rob the Terrible Old Man.

Captain Holt is, in fact, over 125 years old. In his travels to the Orient and the East Indies, he learned many occult secrets, including how to prolong his life and how to secure supernatural protection for himself (with spells such as Create Self-Ward and Soul-Trap). [Captain Holt uses *create self-ward* and a variant of *magic jar*.]

The Terrible Old Man is over six feet tall, very thin and frail-looking, and appears to be in his 60's or 70's. His long hair and beard are white, his hands bony and shaky, and he walks only with the aid of a knotted cane. His eyes are an unearthly shade of yellow. On those rare occasions when he gets a visitor (such as the tourist

Thomas Olney, back in 1925), the Terrible Old Man is always willing to talk — though cagily at first. He may have his bottled shipmates scan the guest(s) for concealed weapons, but he would only harm a stranger if he felt threatened. If so, a trigger word releases his Soul-Trapped crew, who deal harshly with the attackers. Though he seems sinister, Capt. Holt can be a useful consultant; he knows about Kingsport's history, the Strange High House in the Mist, the occult, and the South Seas.

Captain Richard Holt, The Terrible Old Man

STR 05	CON 12	SIZ 14	INT 17
	POW 28	DEX 07	APP 08
	EDU 21	SAN 38	HP 13

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: Cane 40%, damage 1D6

Armor: 8 or 4 points, depending on whether or not he is carrying his Self-Ward Bag. See spell description.

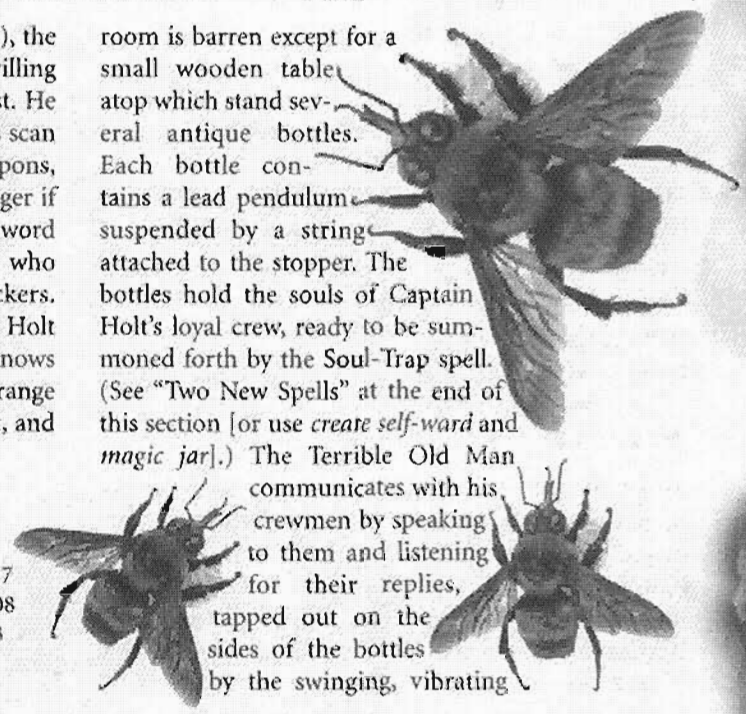
Skills: Anthropology 35%, Archaeology 20%, Astronomy 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, History 40%, Kingsport Cult 20%, Kingsport History 75%, Listen 40%, Navigate 80%, Occult 85%, Pilot Boat 80%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 45%.

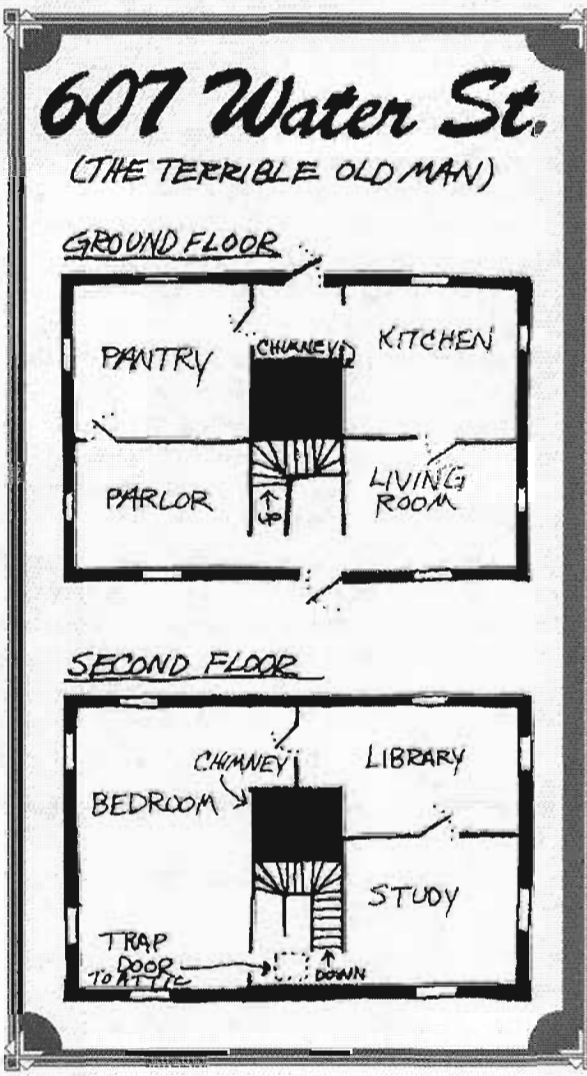
Spells: Black Binding, Create Self-Ward, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Mesmerize, Power Drain, Shrivelling, Soul-Trap, Summon Ghost, Voorish Sign, and perhaps others at the keeper's option.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #2.]

An ivy-clad eight-foot-high stone wall surrounds Holt's home; its gates open on Water Street in the front and Ship Street to the rear. In the front yard, gnarled trees shade several strange-looking stones painted by Holt to resemble primitive idols of various sorts. A successful **Occult or Anthropology roll** [Knowledge (anthropology), DC 10; or Knowledge (occult), DC 15] identifies the idols as types familiar to East-Asian and West Indian myth. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos check, DC 20] picks out one that resembles Dagon. Numerous wind chimes of metal and bone hang from the tree branches, ringing and clattering even when there seems to be no breeze.

The house itself is a weathered late seventeenth century affair of two stories. The first-floor pantry contains a fortune in gold doubloons kept locked in a small chest concealed in a niche beneath the lowest shelf. Another room is barren except for a small wooden table atop which stand several antique bottles. Each bottle contains a lead pendulum suspended by a string attached to the stopper. The bottles hold the souls of Captain Holt's loyal crew, ready to be summoned forth by the Soul-Trap spell. (See "Two New Spells" at the end of this section [or use *create self-ward* and *magic jar*].) The Terrible Old Man communicates with his crewmen by speaking to them and listening for their replies, tapped out on the sides of the bottles by the swinging, vibrating





pieces of lead. Watching one of the Old Man's conversations with his bottles costs 0/1 SAN.

Holt's Loyal Crew: Jack, Scar-Face, Long Tom, Spanish Joe, Peters, and Mate Ellis

STR 13	CON 13	SIZ 13	INT 10	POW 09
DEX 09	APP N/A	EDU N/A	SAN N/A	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Cutlass 65%, damage 1D8+1

Skills: Listen 35%, Spot Hidden 30%.

Sanity Loss: Costs 1/1D4 to view the reanimated zombie-like crewmen taking form.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #3.]

Although when in their bottles they exist only as spirits, when called forth they take the form of well-preserved corpses dad in archaic sailors' garb and armed with cutlasses. Each has POW 9. It is assumed they have each been called forth once or twice before, leaving the Terrible Old Man at least another two callings from each of his former crew.

The second floor contains a small bedroom, a library, and a study. Mementos of Holt's voyages are found in the library and study: ship models, ship's logs, primitive sculptures and weapons, etc. Among the books in Holt's library are copies of the *Ponape Scriptures*, *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan* [both listed in the core rulebook], and many other books on witchcraft, voodoo, and primitive beliefs. Some of these are grimoires that add +1D6-1 to a reader's Occult skill. The tomes are all minor works, but at the keeper's option, each may contain a non-Mythos spell or two. [Minor Tome, in archaic English, c. seventeenth century. Examination Period: 1 week (DC 15). Contains 2 spells. Sanity Loss: 1 initial and 1d6 upon completion. Cthulhu Mythos: +1 ranks.] If the Terrible Old Man trusts the person who asks, he might be persuaded to loan out one of these books.

A trap door in the second floor hall leads up into a tiny attic. There, hidden beneath a pile of clothes, is a locked metal box containing Captain Holt's ward-bag (see the Create Self-Ward spell).

111

Jim Tuttle, Sailmaker

203 Fish St.

A cousin of the hotelier Tuttles, Jim is a widower in his late 40's. He lives in a loft above an abandoned Hoag warehouse. He makes and repairs sails for all types of vessels, a trade he has practiced for over thirty years. He supplies sails for all vessels built in the Illsley shipyard.



Denny O'Herlihy

112

O'Herlihy's Boat Rentals

303 Packet St.

Located in a dock house near the old Cabot Wharf, this business is open from 5 A.M. to 6 P.M., Monday through Saturday. Denny O'Herlihy, proprietor, is a short, stocky Irishman in his late 30s. Red-haired Denny is friendly and talkative, and enjoys a wee nip now and then. He sells all kinds of fishing gear and bait; he has a number of rowboats and one leaky old sailboat available for rent. Rowboats go for $2 a day; the sailboat costs $6 a day, plus a $10 deposit.

113

The Rope & Anchor Tavern

404 Ship St.



Jonas Rigg

The sign hanging outside this squat rundown place reads "The Rope & Anchor" — the word "Tavern" was painted over years ago after Prohibition went into effect. Nevertheless, a tavern is what it is. The police know about The Rope & Anchor, but unless called there to quell a problem, they leave the place alone. The locals would probably riot without their watering hole.

Set back among a tangle of rotting warehouses, The Rope & Anchor is a favorite hangout for old Yankee sailors and fishermen; immigrants tend to favor Penn's Billiard Hall over in Hill Town. Strangers are eyed warily by the regulars, but not made to feel unwelcome. The Rope & Anchor is open from 7 A.M. to midnight and

serves warm beer, hard liquor, coffee, and sandwiches. Its atmosphere is smoky, dingy, dark, and fairly quiet.

The owner and operator is Jonas Rigg, a dark-haired, bearded, surly 40-year-old. Rigg, a big man, dresses like his working-class clientele despite the considerable wealth the tavern has brought him over the years. He frequently serves as bartender and bouncer.

Rigg is also the distributor of most of the illegal liquor consumed in Kingsport. Once a week, one of Rigg's lesser employees drives down to the docks near the fish-packing houses, where he meets a motorboat piloted by one of the henchmen of Arkham crime kingpin Danny O'Bannion. A consignment of booze is loaded into Rigg's truck and then brought back to The Rope & Anchor. Rigg's largest customer is Penn's Billiard Hall (whose owner pays dearly), but there are also deliveries made to the Stratton Yacht Club, the Harbor Place Hotel, and several restaurants in Hill Town. Rigg is humorless, ruthless, and quiet — not a good man to mess with. He keeps a loaded .45 revolver behind the bar.

Jonas Rigg, Taverner

STR 13	**CON** 13	**SIZ** 15	**INT** 13	**POW** 12
DEX 11	**APP** 09	**EDU** 11	**SAN** 53	**HP** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 85%, damage 1D3
Head Butt 75%, damage 1D4
.45 Revolver 70%, damage 1D10+2
Bottle 70%, damage 1D4 plus impale when broken
Grapple 60%, damage special
Club 60%, damage 1D6
Kick 50%, damage 1D6

Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 35%, Dodge 35%, Hide 30%, Listen 45%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 45%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #4.]

114

Tattoos, Rory Blackmon

303 Abbott St.

This small seedy-looking establishment is operated by Rory Blackmon. He's a gruff, hairy, dirty, short man with an eagle tattooed on his right shoulder and a dagger impaling a snake on his left forearm. Rory doesn't do anything too fancy or intricate, usually anchors, snakes, naked women, eagles, skulls, and names in banners.

115

Nelson Foster, Carpenter

102 Gold St.

"Nets" Foster lives in a small ancient house at the end of Gold St. Over 80 years old, he is bent, white-haired, and missing two fingers from his right hand. Back in his youth, Nets was a ship's carpenter working for the Pickering family. He still occasionally carves an exquisite wooden figurehead, a number of which ornament his front yard and the inside of his house. For a living, he makes toys and simple furniture.

Skills: Carpentry 70%, Wood Sculpture 80%. **[d20 Skills:** Craft (wood) +9]

116

F.W. Illsley & Sons

near Bluff Road.

This shipyard has been in business for over 150 years, spanning nearly six generations of the Illsley family. It is currently operated by Jeremiah Illsley, a spry 60-year-old who can still work harder than his son Owen, or his grandsons Stephen, David, and Ben. The Illsleys turn out anywhere from six to ten high-quality sailboats and small yachts per year. They also repair boats and, as a sideline, sell lumber.

The shipyard is in a large hollow south of Bluff Road between Mariner's St. and the shore. The office is located on the Bluff Road side, but is rarely occupied. The yard itself is continually filled with the sounds of hammer and saw, as well as occasional loud cursing. Everywhere are tarp-covered piles of lumber, curved hull frames, spars, and busy workers going about their business.

Skills: Bargain 60%, Carpentry 75%, Shipbuilding 95%. **[d20 Skills:** Craft (wood) +8, Diplomacy +7]

117

Fish-Packing Houses

101-104 Bluff Road.

Brandon Turner and John Pickering own this cluster of squat, square buildings wedged between the cliffs and shore. At the end of the day, fishermen bring their catch to the docks to be weighed and sold. The purchased fish, mollusks, and lobster are then processed and shipped via truck throughout New England. Needless to say, there is quite an overwhelming odor of fish in this area.

118

Old Warehouses

various sites along Water and Ship Streets.

These old buildings are seldom used anymore and have fallen into decay. A couple of the more intact ones, however, have recently been converted into loft apartments. Those warehouses closer to the harbor are newer structures, built of brick, while those farther back are of rotting clapboard. Most have two or three floors and are equipped with hoists once used to move cargo between levels. Although mostly empty, the warehouses are sealed with heavy chains and padlocks to discourage vandalism. Among the owners' names still found on some of these buildings are Pickering, Derby, Hoag, and Cabot. This area is quite rundown — a breeding ground for rats, and a sanctuary for winos and hobos.

119

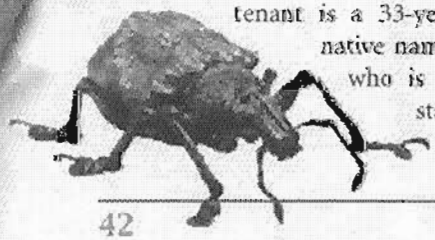
Donald Linderman

215 King St.

The upper level of this tottering wooden warehouse has been converted into a shabby loft apartment. The place smells horrible — a disconcerting combination of sweat, decay, excrement, and (most of all) fish. The lone tenant is a 33-year-old former Indiana native named Donald Linderman, who is in the painful middle stages of transformation into a Deep One. To soothe his nerves — and his mutant genes — he has sought refuge near the sea, driven to come here by the strange dreams that haunt his sleep nightly. Linderman is surly, solitary, and nearly driven to insanity. He sleeps most of the day, spending his nights drinking heavily at the Rope & Anchor or dazedly wandering the Kingsport shoreline. He pays for his rent and meager nourishment with his life savings, withdrawn from the bank after deserting his family (a wife and two children) back in Indianapolis. Although Linderman is presently unsure of what is happening to him, by next spring he'll be ready to take to the sea permanently, dwelling amidst wonder and glory forever.



Donald Linderman



Donald Linderman, age 33, Former Accountant and Alcoholic Deep One Hybrid

STR 14	**CON** 11	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 14	**POW** 10
DEX 09	**APP** 05	**EDU** 16	**SAN** 0	**HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Small Club 30%, damage 1D6+1D4
.38 revolver 25%, damage 1D10

Skills: Accounting 85%, Bargain 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Dodge 35%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 40%, Hide 40%, History 50%, Jump 70%, Law 35%, Library Use 35%, Listen 35%, Pharmacy 15%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 70%.

Sanity Loss: Anyone surprised by the sudden appearance of the ichthyic Donald Linderman loses **0/1 SAN.** Anyone who sees Linderman and succeeds in a **Cthulhu Mythos roll** recognizes the taint of the Deep Ones and loses an additional **1/1D3 points of SAN.**

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #5.]

Linderman is over six feet tall, but his posture is now stooped, making him appear shorter. He walks with a queer hopping and lurching gait. He is balding, but irregular clumps of hair can still be seen. His eyes are bulging, and he rarely blinks; his mouth is abnormally wide and thick-lipped. There are thick inflamed ridges on either side of his neck (rudimentary gills), and his body is spotted with scaly, peeling patches of skin. The webbing between his fingers now extends to nearly his first knuckle. Linderman habitually wears a shabby gray overcoat, with the collar turned up to hide his features.

Linderman avoids contact with other people as much as possible. He becomes violent if pressed, pur-

sued, or questioned. His revolver is normally kept in his apartment, but if he expects trouble, he carries it in his overcoat.

120

Granny Orne

219 Ship St.

Granny (Agatha) Orne lives in a small early eighteenth century gambrel-roofed house clad in ancient moss and thick ivy. Granny is 72 years old, small and bent, and always happy to have visitors. She is a treasure trove of information regarding New England weirdness, particularly events in Kingsport.

In her croaking voice, she tells curious visitors tales of the dark, winged shapes that used to occasionally flap about the upper reaches of Kingsport Head, and how some of those shapes used to fly in and out of the cliff-facing door of the Strange High House perched atop Kingsport Head. She can also tell of how the House's unseen owner is rumored to have lived up there all alone for as long as the town has nestled below the crag. Granny knows of only one man who has ever visited the house, a tourist named Thomas Olney, who went up there in 1925. He never revealed what he found there, but he returned forever changed. Granny also knows a little about the Terrible Old Man and of the burrows rumored to lie beneath Central Hill.

For those of a marine bent, Granny Orne sadly relates the adventure of her brother, the late Captain James P. Orne of Gloucester. Captain Orne died in the summer of 1922 under mysterious circumstances, shortly after capturing and killing a monstrous sea creature off the coast of Gloucester. Captain Orne displayed the fifty-foot long beast — declared by some scientists to be an infant specimen — along the Massachusetts coast for a number of months before his tragic death. While visiting Martin's



Granny Orne

Two Important Spells

Create Self-Ward

Slows the advance of age as well as protecting its user from physical damage, at a variable cost of POW, magic points, and Sanity points. This is a rare and powerful enchantment. The caster must gather together personal effects, hair, nail clippings, etc., and place them within a small leather or cloth bag. The caster then spends one or several days in close contact with the bag, each day uttering ritual chants while expending a chosen number of magic points.

The subsequent rate of aging depends on the days spent in creating the Self-ward. If 3 days, 3 magic points per day are spent, and the caster thereafter ages one year for every three. If 6 days, 6 magic points per day are spent, and the caster thereafter ages one year for every six, and so on. On the final day of the ritual, the user must endow the bag with POW points equal to the number of days spent creating the Self-Ward, and 1D6 Sanity points for every point of POW.

Besides the benefit of longer life, the ward-bag if held or worn deflects damage equal to the number of POW points sacrificed in creating it. If the bag is not in the possession of the caster but has not been destroyed, he or she receives half of such protection (round up fractions).

If the bag is destroyed or emptied, or the caster is killed, this spell is broken. If the spell is broken, the caster rapidly ages until physical age agrees with chronological age. He or she also loses a number of CON points equal to the POW placed in the Self-ward.

The Soul-Trap

Allows the caster to trap the soul of a victim within a specially prepared talisman. Creating the talisman costs the caster 1 POW and 1D4 SAN points. The victim must be wearing it at his or her time of death, or the spell fails. If wearing the talisman, capture of the soul is automatic. Thereafter the victim's soul can be called forth by the caster with a few simple words.



The summoned soul takes the physical form it possessed in life, including clothes and accessories like rings or watches. The spirit can be questioned or called upon to perform tasks, but if it refuses or is hostile, the caster needs a successful POW vs. POW roll on the Resistance Table to compel it. A failing roll frees the soul, which quickly disappears.

Summoned, the soul remains apparent for the caster's POW in rounds, and may be summoned again following the same interval.

Beach, a small village just a few miles northeast of Kingsport, the monster-corpse mysteriously disappeared. Later, an unseen oceanic entity dragged the paralyzed Captain Orne and a number of spectators into the sea. No bodies were ever found. (See the H. P. Lovecraft/Sonia H. Greene story "The Horror at Martin's Beach," a.k.a. "The Invisible Monster".)

Skills: Kingsport Cult 40%, Kingsport History 73%, Recount Bizarre New England Legends 75% [**d20 Skills:** Knowledge (local [New England]) +9, Knowledge (local [Kingsport]) +9, Knowledge (occult) +3

The Wharves

located between Water St. and the ocean.

Only a few of the many wharves that once clogged the north shore of Kingsport Harbor remain today. Most have long since decayed into disuse or been torn down. Though these docks once saw the regular unloading of exotic goods from many foreign lands, only the fishing fleet and the occasional pleasure craft use them now. The existing wharves still bear the names of the old Kingsport families who first built them: Hall, Pickering, Cabot, Hoag, Derby, Tuttle, and Talbot.

THE FISHING FLEET

Kingsport's fishing fleet consists of several dozen small boats, each manned by one or two men. Each morning before dawn, the fishermen leave their homes in Harborside and Hill Town and head down to the shore to ready their boats. Sailing out a few miles beyond the Jersey Reef, they cast their nets or draw up their lobster pots, returning late in the day when their boats are full or they lose the daylight. Catches are sold at docks near the fish-packing house. Most evenings, and on Saturday afternoon, an impromptu fishermen's market is held on the wharves, where the public can buy seafood caught fresh that day.

A little over a third of the fishermen are Portuguese, while another third are Italian. The remainder are Yankees, with a few Poles, Irish, and Dutch thrown in for good measure. A fisherman's life is a hard one, but few of them know any other trade. Most own their own boats, usually powered by sail. Someone wanting to hire one of the shallops for transportation will have to pay from $10 to $15 a day, plus $5 a day if the investigators want to hire the owner as a pilot. The shallops can carry as many as six passengers with reasonable comfort and safety.

Typical Kingsport Fisherman

STR 13	**CON** 13	**SIZ** 13	**INT** 12	**POW** 11
DEX 12	**APP** 10	**EDU** 07	**SAN** 55	**HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 70%, damage 1D3+1D4
Boathook/Gaff 65%, damage 1D8+1D4
Bowie Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
Marlinespike 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 50%, damage special
Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4

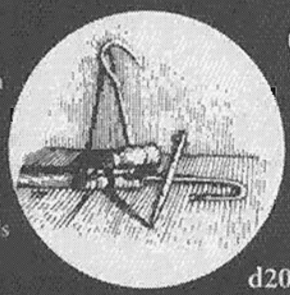
Skills: Bargain 35%, Dodge 35%, First Aid 40%, Listen 30%, Navigate 60%, Occult 15%, Pilot Boat 75%, Spot Hidden 55%, Survival 40%, Swim 65%, Throw 55%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #6.]

NEW WEAPONS

Boathook

Six to twelve feet long, this pole has a pointed tip and hook used to push or pull boats into place. If used as a weapon, it can be used as a club or a spear; the spear is capable of impaling. Either use requires both hands. Damage is 1D8. Base starting skill is 20%.



Marlinespike

This iron spike is a few inches long; it sometimes has a wooden bulb for a handle. Normally, it is used for splicing lines. If used as a weapon, the base percentage chance to hit is equal to the wielder's Knife skill. Base damage is 1D3, and the marlinespike can impale.

Gaff

A short iron hook on a handle, used to lift aboard fish and other objects. Used as a weapon, it causes 1D4 points of damage, and it can impale. Base starting skill is 20%.

d20 Weapons Data: New Melee Weapons

Weapon	*Damage*	*Critical*	*R. Increment*	*Type*
Boathook	1d6	20/x3	20	bludgeoning/piercing
Gaff	1d4	20/x2	10	piercing
Marlinespike	1d3	19-20/x2	10	slashing/piercing

Neighborhood 2

The Hollow

ANOTHER OLDER SECTION of Kingsport is named the Hollow because it lies in a low area between three hills: Central Hill on the south, and two lesser rises known as Providence Hill and Blake's Hill. Blake's Creek bisects The Hollow, carrying run-off water from the Head down to the sea. Many small wooden bridges of antique design span the creek. The Hollow is a residential neighborhood, primarily middle class, but with a few nicer homes. Most of Kingsport's smaller shop owners and merchants live here.

The Hollow's older buildings date back to the early eighteenth century, but a few to the east and around the foot of Central Hill are of late seventeenth century construction. North and west of here, newer Georgian-styled homes decorate the higher parts of the hills. Set at all angles and levels, they create a veritable sea of gambrel, gable, and hipped roofs, many of them topped by railed widow's walks.

The streets of The Hollow are paved, with only a few cobblestone exceptions to be found. Bluff Road, Orne, Howard, High, Adams, and Summit Streets are wide, well maintained, and lit by streetlamps. Sidewalks are common.

201

Joe Kunz, Blacksmithy & Metalwork

102 Bluff Spur

Joe Kunz lives in a small house next to the large shed he uses as his workshop. Joe is a burly, closemouthed Pole in his early 40's with a wife and two young daughters. Joe does metalworking out in the shed, everything from shoeing horses to welding. He owns all types of equipment, including an oxy-acetylene welding torch, an anvil, and a small forge. Scrap metal, used pipes, and corrugated tin litters the yard behind the house and the interior of the shed. Kunz is capable of fabricating items from a sketch or from a customer's rough description.

Skills: Metalworking 80% [**d20 Skills:** Craft (metal) +9.]

202

Teagarden Apartments

108 Mason St.

The Teagarden Apartment building is a two-story eighteenth century house containing two apartments on the ground floor and two above. Each unit has a bedroom, tiny bathroom, and small kitchen. The lodgings are not expansive, but clean and well maintained. Rent is $55 a month, plus the Teagarden brothers require an additional month's rent as a security deposit. A man who makes his living as a tailor occupies one of the upstairs apartments. The apartment below his is currently for rent.

Robert Carlton, Tenant and Tailor

Carlton is a nondescript, shy man in his mid-40's with balding brown hair and deep, intelligent eyes. He does custom tailoring work in his small apartment using a foot-powered sewing machine and his own hands.

Since coming to Kingsport several years ago, Carlton has become an experienced dreamer. He has visited many parts of the Six Kingdoms of Earth's Dreamlands, including Ulthar, Nir, and even fearful Dylath-Leen. If someone mentions a part of the Dreamlands familiar to Carlton, he is intrigued and anxious to compare stories with them. Until now, Carlton has believed the land to be simply a product of his imagination. Likewise, if Carlton meets a "waking worlder" in the Dreamlands, upon awakening he tries to seek him or her out. While in the Dreamlands, the tailor is known as Carlton the Traveler. His main dream activities involve peaceful exploration and relaxation.

Robert Carlton, Dreaming Tailor

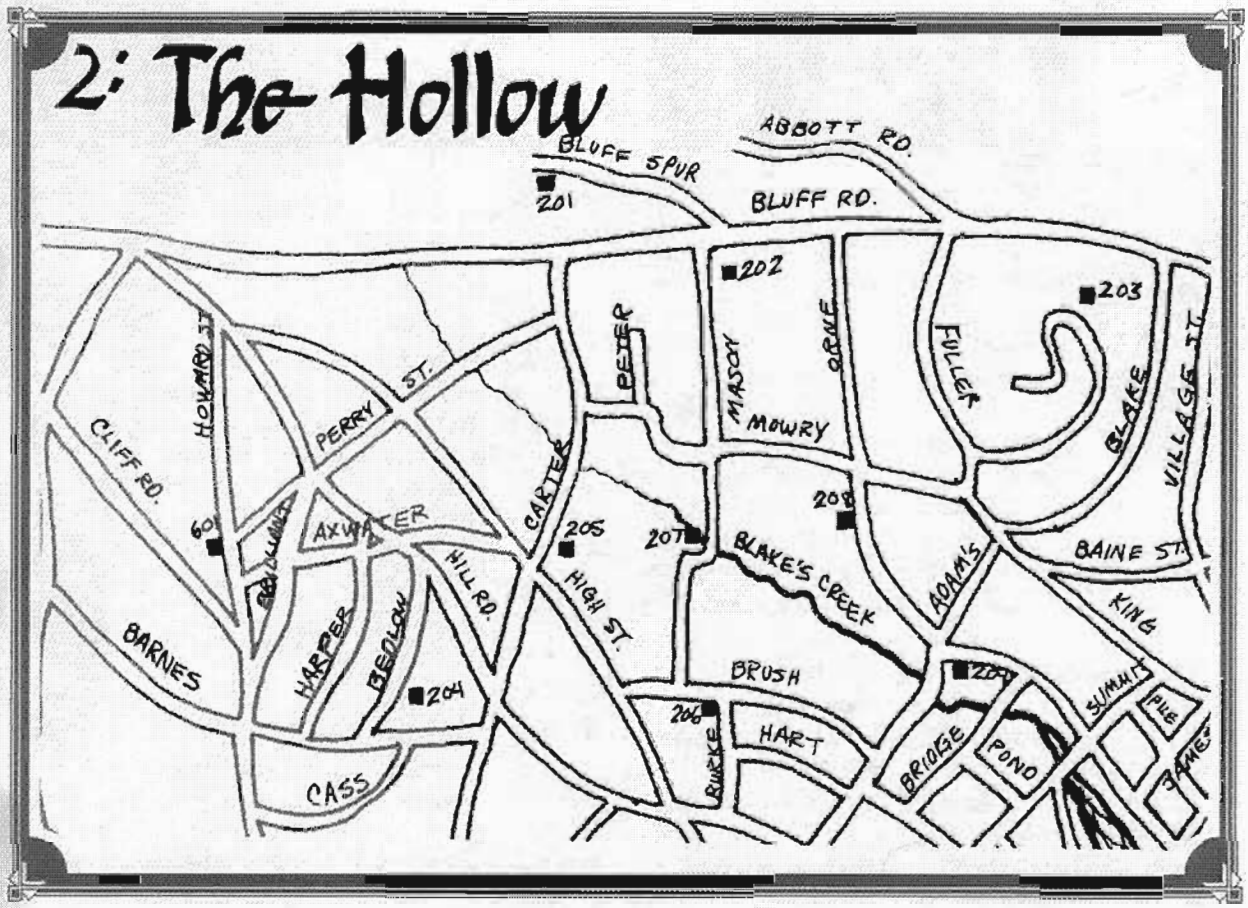
STR 10	**CON** 11	**SIZ** 13	**INT** 14	**POW** 16
DEX 14	**APP** 11	**EDU** 13	**SAN** 69	**HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Needle or Pin 75%, damage 1 point plus impale.

Skills: Bargain 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 07%, Dodge 35%, Dreaming 25%, Dream Lore 30%, Listen 40%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 40%, Tailoring/Sewing 90%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #7.]



203

Ezra Caldwell

108 Fuller Road

Ezra is an eccentric 62-year-old bachelor living in a plain house within a quiet residential neighborhood. He is a nut for local history, and he keeps a 15-by-20-foot model of the town in his garage. Every building, hill, wharf, and warehouse of his beloved Kingsport is represented on the bumpy clay, cardboard, wood, and felt model surface. Ezra has replacement buildings with which he can recreate Kingsport at any period in its history, something he does every couple of weeks just for the fun of it. Ezra's knowledge of the town layout — both past and present — is uncanny. With this knowledge, he has also attained a considerable store of details concerning Kingsport's history, though chiefly from a geographical and architectural perspective. Ezra claims that some of the obscure details he has uncovered about the town first came to him in dreams. His research later proved these visions to be accurate in every detail. Caldwell does not tell people that he often experiences daytime visions of a historical Kingsport, visions he enjoys, but worries about nonetheless.

Skills: Architecture 65%, Dream of Kingsport 30%, Kingsport Geography 90%, Kingsport History 65% [See the d20 Appendix, Entry #8.]

204

The Kingsport Rest Home

108 Bedlow St.

This well-kept two-story rest home exists for the care and treatment of invalids and senility cases. The facility is privately owned, and most of its residents come from middle- and upper-class families. At any given time, there are as many as ten residents maintained within the home.

205

Kingsport Historical Society Museum

210 Carter St.

Kingsport's privately funded Historical Society and Museum is housed in a two-story Georgian manse, open to the public from noon to 5 P.M., Monday through Saturday. Admission is free. The museum takes up all of the ground floor and part of the second level. The rest of the second floor is given over to the Society's library, while the partially finished attic contains Society records and the living quarters of the museum's curator.



Curator Hart

The curator is Aaron Hart, a balding, sickly bachelor. Old Aaron is hard of hearing, arthritic, and moves slowly due to a hip broken two years ago. (The stairs up to his third floor apartment are murder on him.) He's also forgetful, frequently shows signs of senility, and spends more time watering his plants (found in every room in the building) than on society business. Lately he has taken to carrying a pistol, with which he takes potshots at the pigeons roosting on the museum roof. This behavior has led to several warnings from the police — warnings Hart chooses to ignore.

The society is under pressure to replace the old man. Its first step is finding a capable assistant — someone who could gradually take over Hart's position. This is an excellent employment opportunity for a historically knowledgeable investigator. The position pays only $2000 per year, but comes with a rent-free apartment atop the museum and control of the modest acquisitions budget.

Aaron Hart, age 73, Hysterical Historian

STR 07	CON 05	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 12
DEX 08	APP 10	EDU 21	SAN 52	HP 09

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: .22 Automatic Pistol 15%, damage 1D6.

Skills: Botany 35%, Fast Talk 50%, History 85%, Kingsport History 90%, Library Use 60%, Listen 15%, Persuade 60%.

Languages: English 98%, French 45%.

Note: To account for old Aaron's senility, roll against Hart's current SAN whenever he is approached or asked to do something. If the roll fails, the dotty old historian doesn't hear the investigators, or answers a different question, or misses the gist of the question altogether.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #9.]

The museum displays countless paintings and sketches of famous past personages, ships, and shipyards, while ship models, windlasses, compasses, carved wooden figureheads, sailors' effects, and other maritime memorabilia are housed in cases. Maps depict the major trade routes used by Kingsport ships. Visiting the museum for the first time adds **1D6 points to a character's Kingsport History skill.** [Anyone wanting to use Research to study Kingsport's past gains a +2 equipment bonus if they can consult a related resource in the museum.]

The Society's library is found on the second floor. Among other things, it contains a complete collection of

AN ANCIENT TEXT

The Ponape Scripture: A Brief History



This book contains transcriptions of verbal accounts and testimonies of Ponape Islanders collected and edited by a Kingsport sea captain named Abner Ezekiel Hoag. The Islanders interviewed by Hoag claimed that their intermingling with an alien race spawned of the sea had brought them eternal life. These blasphemies provoked condemnation when Hoag first attempted to publish the accounts. Perhaps most disturbing to the religious leaders of the time were the islanders' worship of a deity they called Dagon — a name all too familiar to the Bible-educated clergy. A slightly amended form of the manuscript was finally published (posthumously) around the end of the eighteenth century. Unadulterated copies of the manuscript are rumored to have circulated among some of Hoag's descendants and correspondents, although none of these tomes have yet been brought to light.

The ***Ponape Scripture*** describes in great detail the cult of the Deep Ones on the island of Ponape, including their matings with the creatures of the sea. The book also indicates that visitors (from North America and other places) might have exported this religion to other corners of the world. It includes sketchy information regarding such figures as Cthulhu, Ghatanothoa, and Zoth-Ommog. The spells Contact Deep Ones, Contact Father Dagon, and Contact Mother Hydra are contained within the pages of this book.

the Kingsport *Chronicle* newspaper and copies of the *Ponape Scripture*, Ward Phillips' *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, and *Studies of the Indians of the Miskatonic Valley*, this last by Morris Wheaton. [The first two tomes are detailed in the Magic chapter of the core rulebook; the last one is in the d20 Appendix.]

The *Ponape Scripture* is an early, much annotated draft of Captain Abner Ezekiel Hoag's original manuscript, more complete and informative than the versions usually found by investigators. It requires a successful English roll to read and increases an investigator's Cthulhu Mythos score by 7 percentiles, while reducing his SAN by 1D8 points. The text contains the following spells: Contact Deep Ones, Contact Father Dagon, Contact Mother Hydra.

Studies of the Indians of the Miskatonic Valley is written in English, **increases Cthulhu Mythos by 3 percentiles**, costs **1D3 points of SAN**, and contains no spells. Morris Wheaton, a learned amateur anthropologist from Kingsport, wrote this book in 1883. It discusses many topics that hint at unnatural forces at work throughout the valley. [See the d20 Appendix for more details.]

The attic level of the Society holds the records and archives room, as well as the curator's living quarters. The archives contain file cabinets and boxes full of ship's logs, charts, and other nautical papers, along with old deeds and some early town records.

Associate Membership in the Historical Society costs $1.5 a year and entitles a member to full use of the Society's museum and library. The dotty old museum curator has lately become a stickler for checking visitors' membership cards.

206

Robbin's Apartments

104 Burke St.

This three-story eighteenth century brick building has fourteen apartments — four on each of the upper floors and two in the basement. These apartments are much larger than the Teagarden building, and each comes with a bedroom, bath, kitchen, and living room. Robbin's building isn't as well maintained as the Teagarden, but the place is decent. Rent is $70 a month. One of the building's tenants is Hubert Davis, a 29-year-old photographer and all-around shutterbug.

HUBERT DAVIS

Davis is youthful, enthusiastic, and chubby, possessed of a huge appetite for sweets. He works as a professional photographer, using parts of his apartment as a studio and developing lab. Davis does weddings, parties, and similar gatherings. He recently purchased an 8mm motion picture camera, which he experiments with in his spare time. (Motion picture cameras of this time were tripod-mounted things weighing several pounds and costing anywhere from $80 to $100.)

Skills: Motion Picture Photography 45%, Still Photography 80% [**d20 Skills:** Craft (motion picture photography) +4, Craft (still photography) +9].

207

Mother Gamble's Boarding House

205 Mason St.

Mother Gamble's is a plain three-story 18th century house owned by Martha ("Mother") Gamble. A 55-year-old widow, she's a habitual cleaner who expects her tenants to help by at least picking up after themselves. There are nine apartments — four on each of the upper floors and one on the ground floor — each renting for $60 a month. Full bathrooms are on the first and third floors. Mother Gamble furnishes three meals a day for her boarders: breakfast at 7:30 A.M., lunch at noon, and supper at 6 P.M. The old girl doesn't like to hold meals or save them, and grumbles if asked to do so.

A warning: Mother Gamble cleans each tenant's room every Thursday. Any suspicious materials had better be well-hidden to avoid her discovering them and possibly evicting the offending tenant. One of Mother Gamble's boarders is Malcolm Veidt, a teacher at the Hall School.

MALCOLM VEIDT

Veidt is a 27-year-old soft-spoken schoolteacher. He is tall, lithe, fair-haired, and fair-skinned. His wire-rimmed glasses add to his scholarly appearance, but there is always a sardonic expression lurking on his face. Veidt has been teaching accounting and business classes at the Hall School for a little over a year now, having moved here after graduating from college in Maine.

Veidt is a dangerous young man. His varied studies have included various occult subjects and the Cthulhu Mythos. Years ago, Veidt learned of the awesome occult holdings of Miskatonic University. For this reason, he sought employment in the area. So far he's been unable to gain access to any of Dr. Armitage's

restricted volumes, but he's sure he'll soon figure a way. If Veidt thinks the investigators have information worth learning, either Mythos or occult, he insinuates himself into their group. Having learned what they know, and possibly stealing anything of interest, Veidt then gradually loses touch with them and continues to pursue his own studies. Veidt knows much about the dark aspects of Kingsport history, but won't share this knowledge unless he stands to gain something.



Mr. Veidt

In Veidt's room are his outré holdings: several books on Egyptology (mostly E.A. Wallis Budge), a copy of the *Sussex Manuscript*, statuettes of several Egyptian deities, and an enchanted Egyptian sacrificial dagger, which is capable of wounding creatures only harmed by magic weapons. Veidt also owns a 9mm automatic pistol, but does not usually carry it with him. He keeps a switchblade knife in his coat pocket when walking the streets late at night. To avoid discovery by Mother Gamble, Veidt packs his weapons in his briefcase on cleaning day and takes them with him to class.

Malcolm Veidt, age 27, Teacher of English / Student of the Occult

STR 12	CON 11	SIZ 14	INT 16	POW 16
DEX 14	APP 12	EDU 16	SAN 0	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Kick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4
Dagger 45%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
Switchblade Knife 45%, damage 1D4+1D4
9mm Automatic Pistol 40%, damage 1D10

Spells: Chant of Thoth, Implant Fear.

Skills: Accounting 80%, Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Egyptology 40%, Fast Talk 50%, History 55%, Kingsport History 40%, Kingsport Cult 45%, Law 25%, Library Use 55%, Linguistics 30%, Listen 45%, Occult 70%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Languages: English 90%, German 35%, Greek 40%, Latin 50%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #10.]

208

Daughters of the American Revolution

204 Orne St.

This is a fiercely patriotic women's organization open only to those who can trace their ancestry back to a veteran of the Revolutionary War. Kingsport's chapter is chaired by the aged grand dame May Talbot, a blue-haired 74-year-old widow and town matriarch. She can (and often does) trace her lineage back to the first Kingsport settlers. Old May is very selective of applicants. Acceptable members pay $4 in annual dues and receive a **10% bonus to their Credit Rating.** [They gain a +2 circumstance bonus when making Diplomacy checks against locals who care about breeding and lineage.] Members must watch their step. May is quick to expel those who tarnish the DAR's reputation.

209

Curios & Gifts

401 Orne St.

This quaint little shop is nestled on the bank of Blake's Creek. An antique-styled sign swings above the door, and numerous knick-knacks and souvenirs crowd the windows. Inside are tables and shelves holding more of the same: Kingsport postcards, plates, pennants, spoons, model ships in bottles, yachting caps, scrimshaw sculptures and jewelry, calendars, a few paintings and sculptures by local artists, crystal and ceramic figurines and statuettes, vases, pots, bowls, and a multitude of similar small gift items. A few of the items are imported from sites around the globe, sold to the shop by visiting sailors. The owner is Stephen Whitmarsh, 52 years old, whose wife sometimes works in the shop.

The Statue of Seven Dreams: This small wooden statuette from New Guinea depicts an anthropomorphic/octopoidal entity. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies it as Cthulhu or one of his spawn. If the piece is purchased ($9), there is a cumulative 5% chance per night that the new owner will begin to suffer a series of seven increasingly unsettling nightmares about dark oceanic vistas and sunken weedy spires. The nightmares gradually reveal more and more of the cyclopean sunken city, until finally the hapless dreamer psychically confronts Great Cthulhu in his tomb. The

seven nightmares cost the dreamer, in order, **0/1 SAN**, then **0/1D2, 0/1D3, 1/1D4, 1/1D6, 1/1D8,** and finally **1/1D10**. The statuette was made by a New Guinea witch doctor who used it to aid his Contact Deity / Cthulhu spell. Casting that spell in conjunction with the statue ensures 100% success.

Neighborhood 3

Central Hill

CENTRAL HILL IS THE LARGEST of Kingsport's many hills. It was for many years the site of the old Congregational Church, a hoary structure torn down nearly twenty years ago to make way for the Congregational Hospital. At the same time, many of the older, more decrepit buildings that stood near the church were also demolished, and the top of the hill was leveled to create Hill Circle Road.

The western and southwestern slopes of Central Hill are taken up by the vast, ancient Central Hill Burying Ground containing tombstones dating back to the mid-seventeenth century. On the east and northeast slopes are a few stately old houses, most Georgian-styled, the oldest of which dates back to the early eighteenth century. The residents of these houses are mostly older folk, a few of them wealthy, but most too poor to move out of these ancient crumbling homes. The steep sidewalks on Central Hill often become stairways. Most areas, with the exception of the cemetery, are lit by streetlamps.

Stories, some reported in the Kingsport *Chronicle*, have long-circulated that strange burrows or tunnels were discovered when the old Congregational Church was torn down. Frightened workmen reported that these burrows contained bones — both human and animal — and unnatural numbers of disgusting worms and insects of all kinds. Reporters were unwilling to investigate their discovery further, so the burrows were filled in as quickly as possible, and the hospital foundations laid atop them. Hospital staff and Central Hill residents still occasionally complain of infestations of fat, unsightly worms and other crawling pests.



301

Congregational Hospital

401 Summit St.

An impressive new structure finished in 1912, the Congregational Hospital has a capacity of fifty beds. Especially serious cases, or those requiring specialized facilities, are sometimes referred to Arkham or Boston hospitals as seems best. Many local physicians and surgeons make use of the hospital facilities.

The ground floor includes emergency/surgical facilities, a small lab, an admitting office, examination rooms, and a kitchen and cafeteria. The two upper floors are given over to patient wards and a few semi-private and private rooms. The basement includes a boiler room, a laundry, storage facilities for maintenance and housekeeping, and a second (locked) storage room occasionally used as a temporary morgue.



Central Hill Cemetery

A chronically troublesome elevator connects all levels of the hospital.

Dr. Matthew Harris, a capable surgeon and longtime Kingsport resident, is Chief of Staff. Margo Stanfield and Annie Gates are in charge of the nursing staff, which is supplemented by volunteers and part-time help. Nick Carson, a stocky young man, is the head orderly, while the wily pair of Manuel Capaldi and Jimmy Marks take care of housekeeping, maintenance, and laundry. Kingsport physicians Enoch Warren and John Neuberg both put in part-time hours at the Congregational Hospital.

Medical Examiner chores in Kingsport are handled by one of the following people (roll 1D100): 01-40, Dr. Harris; 41-65, Dr. Warren (507); 66-80, Dr. Neuberg (607), 81-95 Dr. Ephraim Sprague (Arkham Medical Examiner); 96-00, Dr. Whitby Lodge (Essex County Coroner from Salem).

302

Central Hill Cemetery

503 Summit St.

This is Kingsport's oldest cemetery, dating from the mid-1600's. The oldest graves (the earliest legible date is 1640-something) are found at the top of the hill in the southern one-third of the cemetery. The northern portion of the graveyard is more recent, and stones found here date from 1700 on. Dates after 1850 are relatively rare due to the opening of Underwood Park Cemetery at about this time.

Overgrown willows shade the old graveyard. Many of the ancient gravestones are crumbling and broken away, although many still display elaborate scrollwork and creepy death's-heads. In places, twining vines and ivy have smothered even the taller grave markers. The

stony ground rings hollow under the investigators' footsteps, reminding one of the legends about burrows beneath the hill.

An eight-foot-high fence of iron bars surrounds the cemetery, and the police make nightly checks to discourage mischief. Someone searching for the rumored burrows under Central Hill might try breaking open one of the crypts. With **a Luck roll of POW x1 or less** [Wisdom check, DC 20; can't take 10], the right crypt has been chosen and the investigator has found an entrance to the burrows. Exactly what is found in the burrows is left to the keeper, though fat grave worms and bloated, crawling insects should be the least horrific of the investigators' discoveries. An encounter with Israel Soames (303) is a good possibility.

It should be noted that there are no ghouls in this graveyard. Although the burrows under Central Hill may well connect with the ghoul-tunnels in and around Arkham, the ghouls avoid Kingsport's burial grounds. They fear the lingering essence of the awful necromantic forces once worshipped here. [If Soames and Cerberus are too powerful for your investigators, however, a single ghoul would make for an excellent CR 2 encounter.]

303

Israel Soames

306 Summit St.

This large, crumbling Georgian house is perched on the eastern slope of Central Hill amongst a number of similarly ancient houses. Recently reoccupied after standing empty for nearly two decades, the house is inhabited by an old man calling himself Israel Soames. Soames is a recent arrival in Kingsport, coming here two years ago and soon after proving himself the legal heir to the long-abandoned Soames estate. Soames is actually an ancient Kingsport cultist, the original owner of the house he now resides in. In actuality nothing more than a writhing mass of worms, he presently occupies the animated corpse of an elderly man, magically preserved by the presence of ensorcelled worms.

After a long absence, Soames has returned to Kingsport hoping to renew the rites of the Green Flame in the nighted burrows beneath Central Hill. In the near future, he will attempt this feat, aided by summoned creatures and other cultists drawn here. The event will be timed to coincide with an equinox or solstice. A secret opening within the basement of Soames' dust-caked house leads to the nethermost pits beneath Central Hill.

The worms that contain Israel Soames' soul must be regularly fed. Unless provided with food, the worms quickly consume the corpse they inhabit, destroying the body that serves as Israel Soames' public person. To prevent this, Soames orders regular supplies of fresh meat from various local markets, and occasionally supplements this diet with a careless hobo. After Enthralling and kidnapping his victim [by casting *dominate person*], Soames brings him back to the basement of the house. The helpless victim must then watch as bloated worms crawl out of the corpse they inhabit and creep toward their prey before burrowing into the living flesh of their victim. When finally sated, they leave a bloody corpse riddled with uncountable wormholes. Seeing such a corpse costs a viewer 1/1D6 points of SAN.



Israel Soames

Soames appears as a gnarled old man, tall, thin, and slightly stooped. A few wisps of white hair top his balding pate, and his eyes burn with a barely concealed malevolence. He is often seen walking around town and spends much of his time visiting old burial grounds and other historical sites. Soames keeps in his house a "guardian" named Cerberus, a thing created by Soames using the Resurrection spell [a variant of *dark resurrection*] and three different corpses. Soames has several times visited the seventh house on the left on Green Lane, searching for something he believes was hidden in the house.

Israel Soames, age 70, Hoary Cultist

STR 05	CON 16	SIZ 13	INT 16	POW 21
DEX 06	APP 08	EDU 27	SAN 0	HP 15

MOV: In host body, 8; as mass of worms, 2

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Cane 35%, damage 1D6
Knife 60%, damage 1D3

Note: Both the host corpse and the worms within have 15 hit points each. Damage to the host body accumulates as normal. When the body is reduced to 0 h.p., the corpse is useless and must be abandoned. The mass of worms within suffer only 1 point of damage for each successful attack, and they are capable of regenerating 1 hit point per hour. To ensure destruction of all the worms, the host body should be burned. Even a single escaped worm means the cultist will survive.

Spells: Enthrall Victim, Summon/Bind Amorphous Flautist (Servitor of Outer Gods), Spectral Razor, Resurrection, Contact Whirring Visitor (Fungi from Yuggoth), Call the Green Flame, Mindblast, and one or two others of the keeper's choosing.

Skills: Astronomy 55%, Biology 25%, Chemistry 20%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 55%, Dodge 10%, Kingsport History 85%, Law 25%, Library Use 60%, Listen 30%, Occult 75%, Persuade 45%, Pharmacy 15%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Sanity Loss: Seeing the roiling mass of worms that is the true form of Israel Soames costs 1/1D6+1 points of SAN. Seeing a single worm poke out of a mouth, nostril or ear cost 1/1D4 points of SAN.

Languages: English 96%, French 30%, German 40%, Greek 75%, Latin 70%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #11]

AN IMPORTANT SPELL

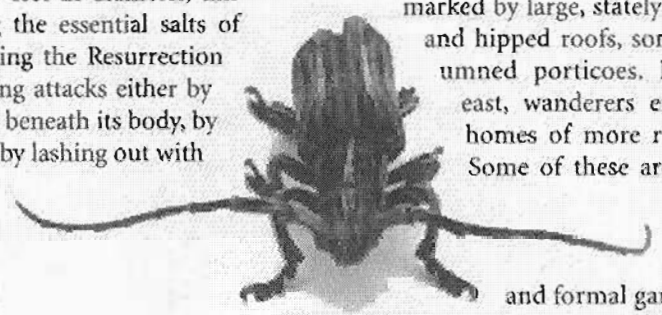
Spectral Razor

Creates the effect of an invisible blade which can be used to cut and slash victims. This immaterial weapon can be used at a range in yards equal to the caster's POW x3. Damage is 1D6 per round. The spell takes 2 rounds to cast and costs 2 Sanity points and 2 magic points. For each additional round of effect, the caster must pay another 2 magic points.

A Spectral Razor target must be visible. If concealed or half hidden behind obstacles or obstructions, the damage is done to intervening objects until the keeper believes enough damage has been done that the target is visible and vulnerable.

CERBERUS

Soames has created a creature he has dubbed "Cerberus," a huge worm-like creature with a spiked and spiny body and three slack-jawed, drooling human heads. Eight feet long and three feet in diameter, this monster was created by mixing the essential salts of three different people, then casting the Resurrection spell [*dark resurrection*]. The thing attacks either by rearing up and crushing a victim beneath its body, by biting with one of its mouths, or by lashing out with its spined tail. It moves like a caterpillar, pulling itself along on numerous tiny legs.



Cerberus, Wormlike Watchdog

STR 19 **CON** 20 **SIZ** 24 **INT** 09 **POW** 12
DEX 06 **HP** 22 **Move** 05

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Tail Lash 50%, damage 1D4+2D6
Smash 40%, damage 1D8+2D6
Bite 30%, damage 2D3

Armor: 2 points of rubbery, slimy hide.

Skills: Listen 55%, Spot Hidden 75%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8+1 sanity points to see Cerberus.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #12.]

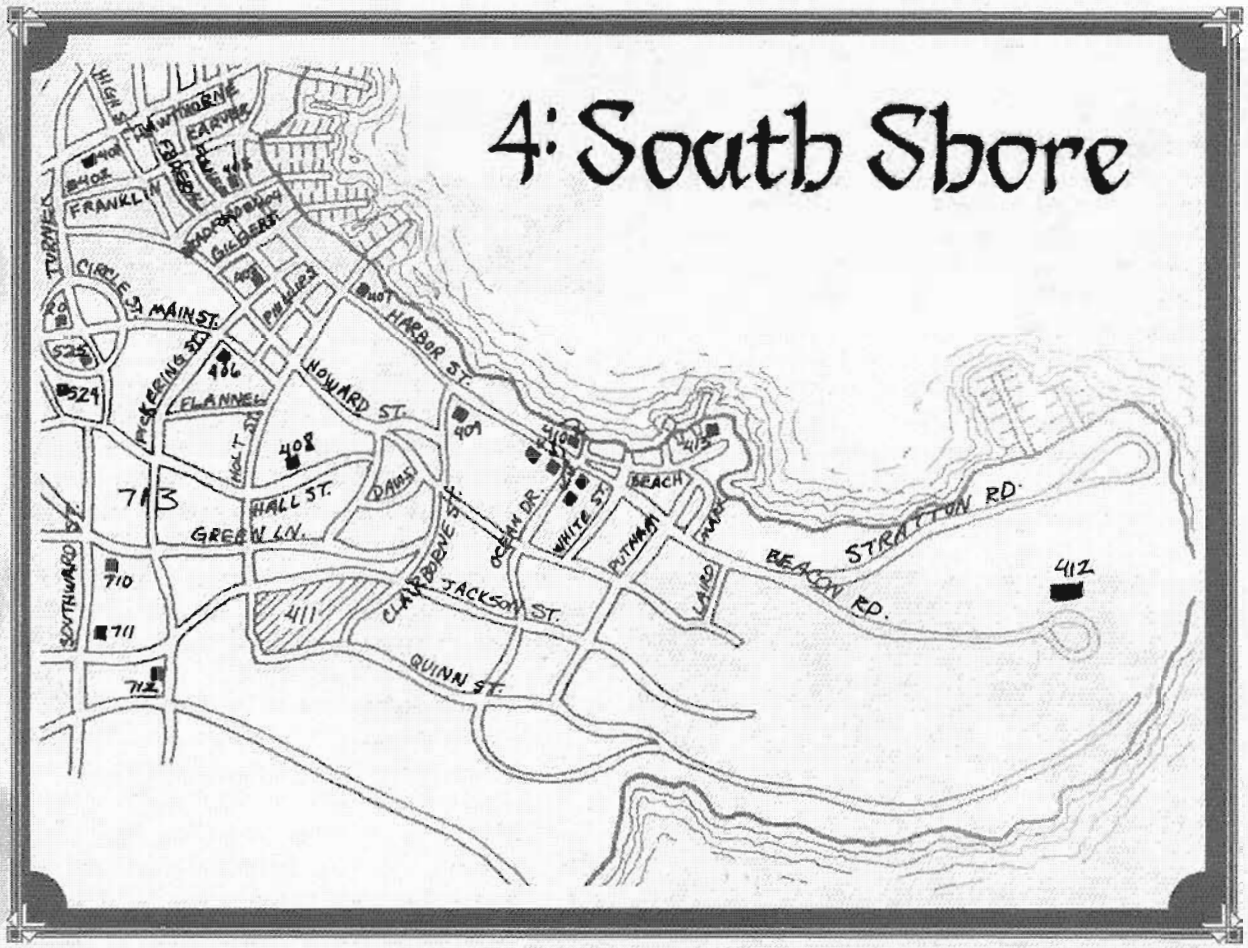
Neighborhood 4
South Shore

KINGSPORT'S SOUTH SHORE is a largely residential neighborhood dotted here and there by small, tourist-oriented businesses. Physically, it is marked by a series of three hills centered on the Hartford Funeral Home (406), Howland Street, and South Point. South Shore is also hemmed in by the steeply sloping ground south of town. At the top of this rise stands the Underwood Park Cemetery. The shoreline is more level than Harborside's rocky, steep accesses, and its mostly flat beach consists of gravel and small stones. South Shore's portion of the harbor is the site of the public marinas and their numerous sailboats and yachts. Kingsport's small Coast Guard lifesaving station is also found in this area, along with the impressive private marina of the Stratton Yacht Club. Signs posted along the shore warn of dangerous currents and state that swimmers proceed at their own risk.

The residents of South Shore are mostly middle class and above. Businesses range from necessities, such as the First National Grocery Store, to oddities, such as Neil's Curiosity Shop. To the southeast, along Putnam Street and Beacon Road, is an area of small bungalows and rental houses tenanted by summer tourists.

Most of the South Shore's architecture consists of early eighteenth-century Federal styles, Gothic edifices, and later Greek Revival buildings. The area is marked by large, stately homes with gabled and hipped roofs, some with stately columned porticoes. Farther south and east, wanderers encounter Victorian homes of more recent construction. Some of these are quite large, completely enclosed by walls and landscaped with trees and formal gardens.

The streets of the South Shore area are paved and in good repair, especially Harbor, Hall, and Howard Streets. Notable exceptions are Quinn Street and Dark Lane, dirt and cobblestone respectively. Due to the tourist colony, there are more automobiles found in South Shore than in any other part of Kingsport. Parking is also easier. With the exception of



the fringes to the south, this neighborhood is fully lit by streetlamps. The only area lacking modern sidewalks is in the extreme northwest, near the labyrinthine downtown business district.

401

Benton Public School

204 Hawthorne St.

Grades 1–8 meet here from September through May.

402

First National Grocery Store

309 Turner St.

Part of a national chain, this large store is managed by 31-year-old Kingsporter Rudy Knight. District manager Arthur Anderson, based out of the National store in Arkham, visits this place at least once a week.

403

The Sea's Harvest

309 Harbor St.

The Sea's Harvest is a popular restaurant catering to the tourist trade. It is a very clean, upscale sort of place with tables covered by white tablecloths. Some of the best food in town is served at the Sea's Harvest, which specializes in shrimp, lobster, crab, oysters, scallops, perch, herring, and chowders. A meal runs from $1 to $1.50. Owned by Joseph Dyall, 48.

404

Kingsport Baptist Church

102 Bradford Ave.

The Reverend John Wesley Webber leads this smallish congregation, one of Kingsport's oldest. The early nineteenth century building is quite modest, and the congregation has steadily dwindled in the last few decades. Some of the older church records have disappeared, lost in transit when the congregation moved to its present location.

405

The Hall School

107 Pickering Ave.

The Hall School is housed in a large two-story brick structure built in 1824. The institution was founded by the descendants of Eben Hall, a prominent town official of the early 1700's. Beginning its existence as a private high school for the children of Kingsport's wealthy, it later grew into a preparatory school focusing on business-related courses, a curriculum still emphasized today.



Mr. Miles

Today the Hall School numbers among its students not only those from Kingsport, but from Arkham, Boston, Salem, Lynn, and Marblehead as well. Its curriculum is at the junior college level, with courses teaching advanced mathematics, accounting, bookkeeping, business law, typing, and so forth. The principal, John Miles, is a hardworking 49-year-old graduate of Miskatonic University. Miles teaches a couple of upper level classes himself, and he's considered by his students to be a bit of a taskmaster. He is tall, broad, and tends to talk over his classes rather than to them. Another Hall instructor of note is Malcolm Veidt, a resident of The Hollow (207).

Seven years ago, a young girl named Asenath Waite attended the Hall School. Miss Waite had been left a ward of principal Miles after the death of her father, Ephraim Waite of Innsmouth. Miles recalls that Asenath was a peculiar girl, but an exceptional student, graduating ahead of her class and with high marks. (For additional details about Asenath Waite, see HPL's story "The Thing on the Doorstep," and Chaosium's *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham.*)

When the heirs to the Hall name founded the school, they donated to its library many of Eben Hall's papers and belongings. A few of the more public of these documents (proclamations, early descriptions and maps of the town, etc.) are displayed throughout the building. The rest are stored in the cramped, dark basement. Access to these is best gained by making a reasonable request of Principal Miles.

Many old books and school records are also kept in the basement, stored in aisles of narrow shelves. In one particularly dark and cobwebbed corner, a **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 15] turns up a crumpled test paper shoved under a shelf. The paper is signed by Asenath Waite, and the grade is an "A." Next to the teacher's name (J. Miles), the words "toad" and "dolt" are written in the student's crabbed hand.

Nearby are the old Eben Hall holdings. Among these are a pair of leathery tomes: a Latin copy of *De Vermiis Mysteriis* and a handwritten volume of excerpts from the *Necronomicon* (the latter in English, +9% Cthulhu Mythos, -1D10 SAN, with four spells of the keeper's choosing from the *Call of Cthulhu* rules). [See the d20 Appendix for details on this tome and fragment.] Also stored here is a sheaf of papers containing a vague account of the 1722 raid on the Congregational Church (see "The Kingsport Cult"). This includes the pre-1722 records missing from the Congregational Church (605) and a letter signed by Eben Hall ordering his executor, Jonathan Fisher, to see that these documents and books are destroyed upon his death. Each of these items requires a **Library Use roll** [Research, DC 15] and 1D3 hours' searching to find. Principal Miles will allow investigators to borrow them if a successful **Credit Rating or Oratory roll** is made [Bluff or Diplomacy, DC 20].

406

The Hartford Memorial Chapel

114 Main St.

Kingsport's most popular

funeral home is owned and operated by Paul Hartford, 56, son of the founder. The tall, white-haired Hartford is a consummate professional: solemn during business hours, but a jovial, outgoing chap when off-duty.

407

The White Pier Café

606 Harbor St.

This small eatery and coffee shop is located right on the shore and is a favorite hangout with the artist crowd. Coffee, breakfasts, sandwiches, soft drinks, pastries, and other simple foods are served here. Inside is a long curved counter and a few booths. Outside is a deck (the "White Pier") with several tables. The place is owned and operated by the 40-ish Manny and Francine Oakley.

408

Mercer Art Gallery

111 Hall St.

The Mercer Art Gallery is located in an impressive two-story Federal mansion. Hours are 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Monday through Saturday, during the summer season. From October through April, Saturday hours are 1 P.M. to 5 P.M.



Evelyn Mercer

Evelyn Mercer, curator and administrator, is a shrewd 54-year-old woman of old money. Very intelligent, she has an eye for artistic genius. Her husband died not long after their son was lost in the Great War. Since then, Evelyn has made the gallery her life. She buys many works from local artists for display and resale, and occasionally stages special showings of artists of exceptional merit. There are hundreds of paintings on display throughout the gallery's two stories, and some effort has been made to group pieces together by topic or by particular artist.

In one of the second-story rooms hangs a horrifically dark painting of a city rising from the depths of the sea. It is a night scene with dark clouds roiling in sinister shapes above lichen-encrusted, weirdly angled buildings. Viewing this terrible landscape costs 0/1D3 SAN. (A **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos check, DC 15] identifies it as R'lyeh.) The painting is not signed. Evelyn Mercer recalls that she bought it back in 1925 from an unknown artist who stayed in Kingsport for only three weeks before moving on. The asking price for the piece is $275 due to its obvious power and quality.

The gallery also sponsors other artistic events: poetry readings, music recitals, concerts, film showings, painting seminars (a hit with the tourists), plays, and so forth.

409

Neil's Curiosity Shop

709 Harbor St.

A large handpainted sign outside this slightly rundown private home promises "Bizare Creatures," "Ancient Reliques," and "Mysteries from Around the World." A knock on the door rouses the proprietor, sprightly 64-year-old Neil Hazlitt, a smiling red-cheeked, fast-talking little man. His admission price is "only 15 cents . . . and I'll give ya a nickel back if ya not sat'sfied!"



Neil Hazlitt

Once inside, Hazlitt leads the visitors on a tour through the house, sucking on a thin clay pipe the whole time. Hazlitt's simpler exhibits range from drawings of sea monsters and wonders like the Sphinx of Giza to photographs of human freaks, wrecked ships, and trains. Nearby, he proudly displays a collection of stuffed reptiles, birds, insects, and small mammals — many deformed or two-headed. Also on display are a few interesting but unspectacular primitive items from Africa, Australia, Polynesia, and the Orient. Neil's tour is made more entertaining by his non-stop informative patter about his collection. A visitor is hard-pressed to honestly ask for a refund.

If someone does claim dissatisfaction, Neil has a final deal: if his last exhibits don't change the doubter's mind he'll give back a dime instead of a nickel. Leading

them to a small back room, Neil first shows his visitors the displayed dried corpse of a bizarre creature he claims was caught by a local fisherman (now dead) near the northern end of the Jersey Reef. The dried-out thing is about the size of a cat and is fixed to the wall by several nails. It appears to be part fish, part grasshopper, part lizard, part rooster, and part something unidentifiable. The thing looks genuine, and there are no discernible stitches or seams. Neil's second "special piece" is a small white grub/spider/worm thing (one of the Brood of Eihort) floating in a jar full of liquid. Hazlitt claims it was found in Independence Square over in Arkham.

His final "bizare creature" was also found in Arkham, discovered by a sewer worker friend of his. Floating in a jar of alcohol is a gray, warty, humanoid creature with suction-pad toes and fingers, about a foot tall with scrunched-up evil features. Hazlitt doesn't know it, but if the specimen is ever removed from the alcohol, it turns invisible to anyone who is not drunk. Each of these three final exhibits costs 0/1 SAN to view. If someone fails a **SAN roll**, Neil cackles merrily, and thereafter refuses to refund that viewer's money.

410

Rental Homes and Bungalows

along Putnam St. and Beacon Road
(only a few of these sites are shown on the map)

Many larger rental homes are found along Harbor Street overlooking the sea, while smaller homes and bungalows reside in the blocks along Ocean Drive. These buildings are noticeably newer than most of their neighbors to the west and northwest and were built to capitalize on the growing summer tourist trade. They range from small one- or two-bedroom single-story bungalows to larger and fancier two-story houses complete with patios and decks. Almost all are furnished. Rents range from $95 a month for the tiniest bungalow (one bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, dining/living room) to $300 a month or more for one of the mansions along the shore. Stephen Cabot, Martin Cabot, John Pickering, and Norton Fisher own the majority of these properties.

411

Underwood Park Cemetery

501 Holt St.

The newest of Kingsport's cemeteries, the Underwood, dates back to the 1850's. The cemetery is unfenced, but well-maintained by stonecutter/watchman/groundskeeper George Cotton. Old George, who lives nearby, keeps the place trimmed and free of garbage.

Again, there are no ghouls in any of Kingsport's cemeteries. Even those loathsome creatures fear that the evil presences summoned by the old Kingsport cult still linger in the burrows under the ancient sea-town. [Keepers playing the d20 version of the game may decide otherwise, since a single ghoul makes for an excellent CR 2 encounter.]

412

The Stratton Yacht Club

1 Beacon Road

The Stratton Club is located on a narrow drive off Beacon Road, a huge Gothic Revival manse set on the hill overlooking the harbor. A private marina at the foot of the hill harbors the yachts and sailboats owned by the club's wealthy members. The clubhouse has several opulent dining rooms and meeting halls, while a long screened-in veranda facing the harbor stretches the length of the building. The club's bar is kept stocked by an arrangement with Jonas Rigg, owner of the Rope & Anchor Tavern.

The membership of this country club is made up of a majority of Kingsport's richer inhabitants, as well as a fair number of well-to-do Arkhamites. The club frequently organizes races, including the gala Pickering Regatta held annually the first Saturday of July. The club's non-sailing members — and there are many — socialize, play cards, drink, do business, and so on. Members-only balls are held throughout the year celebrating various holidays.

Gaining membership in the Stratton isn't easy. Prospective members must be sponsored by a current member and must be interviewed by the Stratton's stringent membership review board before gaining acceptance. Successfully standing for membership usually requires a successful roll of **Credit Rating or**

Persuade [Diplomacy or Bluff, DC 25]. Successful rolls of **History** [Knowledge (history), DC 20] **or Speak Other Language** [DC 15], or proof of relation to a prominent New England family may help impress the snootier members of the board [+2 circumstance bonus for each of these]. Membership dues are $75 a year, plus an additional $60 a year docking fee if the member keeps a boat in the marina. Members receive a bonus of 15 percentiles added to their Credit Rating [+4 bonus to Diplomacy] when doing business in either Kingsport or Arkham. Members also have access to Kingsport's sailing crowd, perhaps allowing them a chance to learn the Pilot Boat skill [Pilot (boat)]. Note that the review board deals quickly and harshly with members who exhibit miscreant behavior.

Generally speaking, the Stratton's membership consists of wealthier merchants and prominent townspeople of the lower-upper class or higher. Merchants of the kind found in Harborside or Hill Town aren't likely to be Strattonites. Those from Downtown, the West Side, or South Shore area are much more likely candidates.

413

The U.S. Coast Guard Station

northeast of Beacon Road

Kingsport's small Coast Guard Lifesaving Station is located right on the harbor. The building is a long rectangular structure set back from the shore. It has one story, with a small, open observation tower on the roof. A tall antenna mast nearby rises 35 feet into the sky. A veranda runs along the north and west sides of the building; it's connected to a nearby boathouse and dock by short flights of stairs. The boathouse holds various types of lifesaving equipment, including line-projecting guns, hawsers, buoys, signal flares, life jackets, small lifeboats, and the station's two large motor launches. Anchored at the dock is the station's powered 40-foot-long sailing sloop, Martha.

The main building contains a reception room, a radio room, file and storage areas, a dormitory large enough to house more than a dozen men, and the offices of the Executive and Commanding Officers.

Formed in 1915 by combining the Revenue Cutter Service and the U.S. Lifesaving Service, the Coast Guard is under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department during peacetime, but reassigned to the Navy during times of war. The Coast Guard's usual duties include the clearing or destroying of derelicts and other marine obstacles, enforcing maritime laws and regulations (including the apprehension of bootleggers and smugglers), protection of property, and most importantly, the saving of lives at sea. The Kingsport guardsmen regularly patrol the nearby coast, even in the very worst of weather, and conduct intensive searches whenever necessary. The station is in constant contact with larger stations in Boston and Gloucester and with those stations' patrolling cutters.

NEW WEAPON

Flare Pistol

The most common flare pistol available is the 1915 Remington version. It is available as war surplus, and is often used by fishermen, yachtsmen, the Coast Guard, and other mariners. The flare pistol is a break-open weapon that holds only one round at a time; it can fire 10-gauge shotgun rounds in addition to signal flares. Flares illuminate a 200 yard radius for 1D3+1 minutes, and each one can be fired upward to a height of 100 yards. Costs are $20 for the pistol itself, 4 cents for each shotgun round, and fifty cents for each flare round. If used as a weapon, use the Handgun skill. [Using this weapon requires Weapon Proficiency (pistol). Regardless of ammunition used, reloading a flare pistol is a full-round action.]

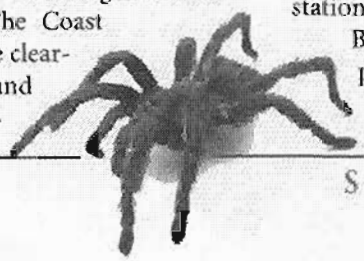




A variation on the basic flare pistol is the M-12 "Billy," patented in 1925 by Federal Laboratories of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In addition to flares and 10-gauge shotgun rounds, the weapon was also capable of firing a M-12 tear gas cartridge. Used as a club, it is capable of doing 1D6 points of damage.

Shotgun Round: Rate of fire 1 shot/2 rounds; damage is 4D6+2/1D8 within 5 feet/10 feet; malfunctions on 00. [One shot; 3d8 damage within 5 feet, 2d8 damage with 10 feet. Used this way, the weapon has a 5 foot range increment, and cannot fire further than 10 feet. The threat range is 20, scoring x3 damage on a critical hit.]

Flare Round: Rate of fire 1 shot/2 rounds; damage is 1D10+2 within 10 feet; malfunctions on 96-00. May ignite flammable materials. [One shot. A successful ranged touch attack inflicts 1d10+1d3 fire damage. If the target fails his Reflex save (DC 15), he takes an additional 1d6 fire damage each round until the flames are extinguished. The weapon only has a 10-foot range, so it doesn't have a range increment. The threat range is 20, with a x2 critical modifier. At the keeper's discretion, a critical hit with a flare round may actually damage a target up to 100 feet away.]



Its personnel includes Lt. Commander Charles Maddern, Lieutenant Daniel Barkley, Chief Petty Officer Warren Hayes, and Seaman 1st Class Henry Koch. Over two dozen additional enlisted men are assigned to the station, most of them residents of Kingsport. (More information on the station and its personnel is found in the adventure "Dead in the Water.")

Public Marinas

along the southern shore
from Blake's Creek to Putnam St.

As opposed to the fishermen's wharves, these docks harbor all sizes and types of private pleasure craft. Most of these are owned by Kingsport's wealthier folk or by visiting vacationers. Many of the locally owned craft are available for rent during the summer months. There are usually dockside signs advertising these craft at rates of $10 to $25 a day, without pilot. If a pilot is required, add $5 to $10 to the rate. (Note that a deposit equal to the daily rate is almost always required. It is refunded upon the return of the vessel.) Cheaper rates indicate smaller boats (four-man capacity), while the upper ranges are for larger sailboats, sloops, or small yachts (capacities of up to ten). Those with boats to rent are usually willing to teach sailing at rates equal to the above. One day of lessons gives a beginning sailor a starting skill of 2D20%. Each additional day of lessons adds 1D3 to the investigator's Pilot Boat skill, up to a maximum of 50%. [At the keeper's discretion, one day of training may give a character a +2 competency bonus to Pilot (boat) skills for the next month, justifying the eventual purchase of ranks in the skill.]

Neighborhood 5

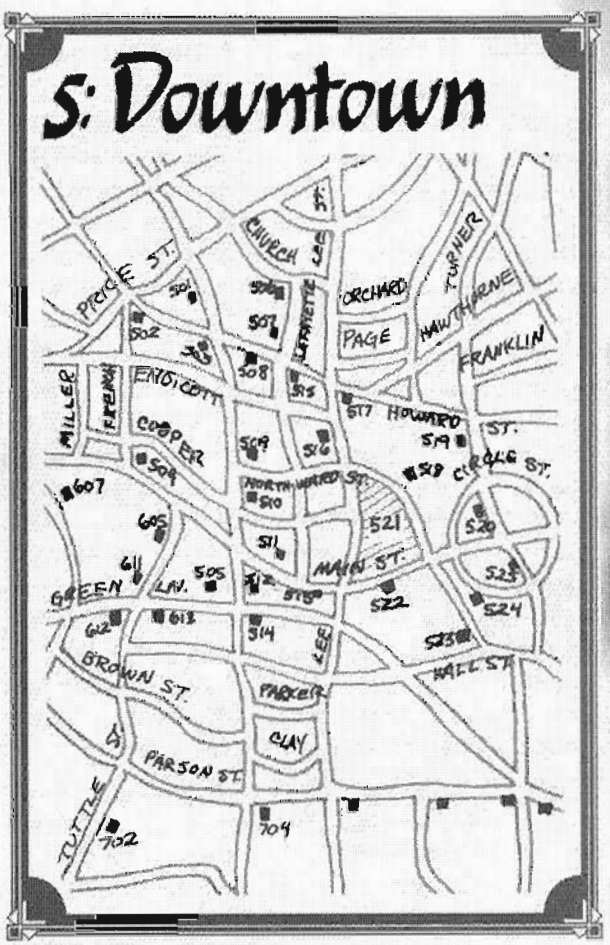
Downtown

NOT SURPRISINGLY, Kingsport's business district is the city's most crowded neighborhood. Although fairly level, the area around the foot of Central Hill is slightly higher, and there is another, smaller hill centered on the block south of the Chamber of Commerce offices (514).

There are a few residences in the Downtown district, mostly boarding houses or apartments located above storefronts. In some instances, a small private home is surrounded by several businesses (512). Farther from the heart of the district, especially to the south and west, private residences are more common. The predictably heavy traffic in this area, combined with the narrow, tangled streets, keeps the neighborhood crowded and busy on weekdays. Weekends are a little quieter.

The majority of the buildings found here are brick storefronts built in the last century. The few private residences are usually of modest Victorian style. A couple of older buildings are found here as well, including the ancient house at 403 Green Lane dating back to the mid-seventeenth century.

The streets of Downtown are quite narrow, in some places barely wide enough to allow two cars to pass. This leaves the Downtown area without street parking, a sore spot with many of the merchants. Alleys and courtyards are found everywhere, but many are too narrow for safe use by autos or delivery trucks. Another quirk is the lack of sidewalks in much of this area. Buildings and houses are built right on the edge of the street. Sometimes a homeowner has to be careful opening his front door, lest it be knocked off its hinges by a passing motor vehicle. Despite this, the streets are nicely paved and lit with streetlamps.



501

Dennehy's

305 Caldecott St.

Dennehy's diner is a popular spot for downtown lunches. Owned and operated by Sean Dennehy, the small, frequently crowded diner specializes in simple foods: soups, chicken, mashed potatoes, stews, etc. A good meal can be had for from 25 to 50 cents.

502

Office of the Kingsport *Chronicle*

704 Howard St.

In 1829, industrialist Kirby Spencer founded Kingsport's first and only newspaper. Graham Blaine, who served as the paper's first editor, later purchased the paper from Spencer and maintained control of it until his death. Since then it has changed owners several times. The *Chronicle* is now and has always been a small, twice-weekly paper.

Today, the Kingsport *Chronicle* is edited by Kingsport resident Stanley Carter. The owner/publisher is old Jabez Pickering, a former Kingsporter now living in Boston. Pickering left town to be closer to his more important business interests. This irked some Kingsport residents, who resent the fact that someone from out of town controls their newspaper.

Pickering doesn't always see eye-to-eye with Editor Carter, but the old man lets him get away with an occasional editorial that conflicts with Pickering's staunch political opinions. Nevertheless, Carter and his boss get along fine. Carter spends ten or more hours a day at the paper. He thankfully accepts submissions from numerous semi-professional stringers living in Arkham, Boston, and Kingsport. At the keeper's option, an investigator might find employment working as Carter's apprentice, doing everything from sweeping up to running the presses, or actually writing stories. These jobs are presently handled by Carter, and he would be understandably grateful for some competent help.

The 4-page, 2-cent Kingsport *Chronicle* is published on Wednesdays and Saturdays, appearing on the streets about 5 P.M. The *Chronicle* is fairly conservative and carries mostly local news, along with a few stories from Arkham and other locations up and down the Miskatonic Valley. Carter prefers to publish human interest stories and editorials. There are a few local ads, birth and death notices, police and fire reports, but no comics. Occasionally, big news stories have prompted special editions, usually one-sheets, but only rarely. (America's entry into the World War was the last to warrant such an edition.)



Stanley Carter

The *Chronicle* 's offices are officially open from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., but Carter is usually there 1D4 hours earlier or later. Whenever someone stops by the office, the visitor must make a **Luck roll** [Charisma check, DC 15; can't take 10] in order to catch the on-the-go editor in his office. Kept in the basement, along with the archaic printing press, is a complete collection of *Chronicle* editions from 1829 to the present. Carter is always willing to let browsers look through the old *Chronicles*, but there is a 15 % chance every hour that he will have to leave (and thus close) the office.

Stanley Carter, age 43, Editor of the Kingsport *Chronicle*

STR 11	**CON** 10	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 14	**POW** 12
DEX 09	**APP** 11	**EDU** 16	**SAN** 69	**HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: None

Skills: Accounting 30%, English Literature 55%, Bargain 25%, Credit Rating 40%, Fast Talk 45%, History 55%, Kingsport History 55%, Law 20%, Library Use 55%, Listen 40%, Miskatonic Valley Lore 45%, Persuade 20%, Photography 30%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 50%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #13.]

Stanley Carter is a harried and hurried man with graying hair. Of medium height and build, he wears pince-nez spectacles and almost always has a pencil stuck behind one ear. His mind is usually on the next edition of the paper, and his conversation often seems distracted. He is very knowledgeable about Kingsport and the Miskatonic Valley area, but his detailed information only goes back a century or so.

503

The First Marine Bank of Kingsport

405 Caldecott St.

An early nineteenth century financial institution, the First Marine welcomes new businesses and home buyers with competitive loan rates. The bank is also somewhat lenient in extending payment arrangements with customers who try, but cannot quite keep up with their payment schedules. The bank offers only savings accounts; checking accounts are not available. The base chance of being granted a particular type of loan are as follows: auto, 25%; personal, 10%; commercial, 35%; home, 35%. Hours are 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., Monday through Friday.

Getting a Loan in Kingsport

Interest rates are 1D3+2% per year, and loans can be arranged for auto, personal, home, or commercial purposes. Collateral is always required. Maximum loan limits are as follows: auto, no more than 30% of the investigator's annual income; personal, no more than 25% of annual income; home, no more than 50% of the home's assessed value; and commercial, no more than the lender thinks advisable, or 50% of the collateral's value. [Annual income is determined during character creation.]

Add the base chance for the particular loan type to the borrower's Credit Rating and apply the appropriate modifiers (see below). Roll against this number on a D100. If the number is less than or equal to the final total, then the loan is granted. Once granted, loans of up to $1000 are expected to be paid within one year; up to $4000 in two years; more than $4000 in three years. [The Character Creation chapter in the core rulebook has rules for starting wealth. Roll a d6, add a "profession modifier" (from Table 1-14 of the core book), and multiply the result by 10. Use this result as a temporary "Credit Rating." This number applies to all attempts to get loans using this system; many Credit Rating rolls in the d100 System are actually Diplomacy checks in the d20 System.]

> ***Example:*** *Joe is playing an artist. He rolls 1d6, gets a 5, and then adds an occupation modifier of –2. The result is 3, so his temporary Credit Rating (for purposes of getting a loan) is 30%. The campaign is set in 1923, so according to the core rulebook, his character begins play with $6000 in savings.*

Loan Modifiers

[These modifiers apply to 1920's Kingsport.]

Residency: A resident of Kingsport for two years or less, minus 25%; lifelong resident, plus 25%.

Real Estate Holdings: Own a house, plus 15%; own a house plus property, plus 40%.

Room and Board Level: Spend 25% or less of income on room and board, plus 15%; spend 26% to 35% on room and board, plus 5%; spend 36% to 50% on room and board, minus 15%; spend more than 50% on room and board, minus 30%.

Current Employment: Less than two years, minus 10%; more than five years at the same job, plus 15%.

Annual Income: Divide annual income by 1000, round down any fraction and multiply by 2: add the final figure as a percentile to the score.

Savings: As Annual Income (see above).

Marital Status: Married, plus 10%; single male, plus 0%; single female, minus 15 %.

Co-Signer: A co-signer must be either a lifelong resident of Kingsport or a prominent citizen of Arkham or Boston. Add the co-signer's Credit Rating to the final score.

504

Moreno's

512 Main St.

A small men's clothing store offering inexpensive, medium quality suits, shirts, ties, and shoes. Suits can be custom-tailored through an arrangement with Robert Carlton (202). Owned by Bob Drake, age 32.

505

Eric Olson Fine Furnishings

303 Green Lane

A furniture store owned by Samuel Olson, 49, grandson of the store's founder and namesake.

506

First Unitarian Church of Kingsport

102 Lafayette St.

Dr. Curtis Newman presides over the Unitarian congregation. The modest Unitarian Church dates back to the 1830's. It possesses an impressive library, but no Mythos tomes.

507



Dr. Warren

Enoch Warren, General Practitioner

809 Howard St.

Enoch Warren is responsible for bringing a good many of Kingsport's residents into this world. Unfortunately, old Enoch is beginning to show his age and is starting to make mistakes. Nothing serious has as yet come of this, but it is inevitable that sooner or later someone will suffer from one of his misdiagnoses. Old Enoch still helps out at the Congregational Hospital, particularly with his own patients. His office consists of a waiting room, a desk for his nurse/receptionist Mabel Hawkins, and a pair of examination rooms.

Enoch Warren, age 71, General Practitioner

STR 08	CON 10	SIZ 14	INT 15	POW 12
DEX 07	APP 10	EDU 21	SAN 47	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: First Aid 90%, Medicine 85%, Persuade 80%, Pharmacy 55%, Psychology 55%.

Note: Anytime Dr. Warren makes a diagnosis or treatment, the keeper should roll against the doctor's SAN of 47. If Warren fails, his actual skill level is halved. The severity of such mishandled diagnoses and treatments are left to the keeper's discretion. Warren is a kindly old bumbler. He would give up his practice if convinced he was no longer competent.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #14.]

508

Richard Court, Attorney at Law

802 Howard St.

This 38-year-old attorney runs a modest little law office. He is on good terms with Kingsport Judge Norton Bedlow, but isn't quite as lucky when in front of Arkham's Judge Keezar Randall. Court's family is one of Kingsport's oldest. He lives in an impressive home on Clay's Lane on the West Side.

Skills: Fast Talk 65%, Law 80%, Oratory 75% **[d20 Skills:** Bluff +8, Diplomacy +8, Knowledge (law) +9.]



509

Dumars' Jewelers

103 North Ward St.

A modest new jewelry store owned by young Kevin Dumars, 28, a native of Boston. The store is protected by a noisy alarm capable of attracting the police in 2D3 minutes.

510

Smith's Pharmacy

500 Caldecott St.

Smith's is a small drugstore selling prescription drugs, toiletries, cosmetics, and similar items. Owned by Gary Smith, a stuffy 41-year-old bachelor.

511

Lady Quinn's

401 Main St.



Lady Quinn's is a women's clothing store owned by Lillian Turner, matriarch of one of Kingsport's oldest and wealthiest families. This store caters to a much more fashionable clientele than Kingsport's other stores. Most customers are tourists or personal friends of Mrs. Turner.

512

The Seventh House on the Left

403 Green Lane

This small private home, like a few others in the Downtown area, is nestled among several commercial buildings and businesses. It is believed to be one of the oldest buildings in the city and dates back to before 1650. The house has no sidewalk in front, only a step to the front door. The second story juts out a few feet over the street, and the house's roof is steeply peaked. The present occupant is 89-year-old Gladys Pickman, who has lived here for over thirty years. Over the years, she has received strange visitors on more than one occasion.



Gladys Pickman

If politely asked about these visitors, Gladys relates her experiences while serving tea and cookies. The odd visitors usually claimed to be former occupants of the house, or relatives of former occupants. They asked if they could tour the place while reminiscing. Gladys actually thinks they were looking for something, but doesn't know what. Something else about these visitors always bothered her: she thinks it was the emotionless way they spoke of their old home. In any case, they never took tea or ate Gladys' cookies, and after they left, were never seen again. The last such visitor was an old man named Israel Soames, who is supposed to live somewhere over on Central Hill.

If the investigators ask Gladys if they can search the house, she acquiesces only if one of the investigators makes a **Fast Talk or Persuade roll** [Bluff or Diplomacy, DC 15]. Each of the searchers who then makes a **halved Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 20] discovers an old book carefully hidden away somewhere. The investigator with the **lowest Luck roll** [highest result over 15 on a Charisma check; can't take 10] finds a book written in Latin called *The Outer Ones* (+8 Cthulhu Mythos, -1D8+1 SAN). [See the d20 Appendix for more information on this tome.] *The Outer Ones* is all about the Outer Gods and contains references to Azathoth, Tulzscha, the seeds of Azathoth, and similar cosmically horrible subjects.

Other successful searchers each discover one of three different grimoires written in either Latin or English (50/50 chance [flip a coin]). Each of these grimoires **adds 1D3-1 points to Cthulhu Mythos, adds 1D4 points to Occult, and subtracts 1D4 points from SAN.** Each contains one spell (keeper's choice). [Minor Tome, in English or Latin. Examination Period: 1 week (DC 15). Contains 1 spell. Sanity Loss: 1 initial and 1d4 upon completion. Cthulhu Mythos: +1 ranks.]

Gladys honestly claims no knowledge of these books and lets the investigators borrow them if they make a successful **Fast Talk or Persuade roll** [Bluff or Diplomacy, DC 20] — and promise to visit her again. This house was originally owned by a powerful member of the Kingsport cult. Obviously, the visitors had knowledge of the cult — or perhaps were the deathless cultists themselves. (See HPL's story "The Festival" for further details.)

513

Van Hessen's Dutch Baked Goods

402 Main St.

An old Kingsport family business that makes

cookies, pastries, pies, cakes, breads, rolls, and other baked goods fresh everyday.

514

Kingsport Chamber of Commerce

402 Green Lane

Kingsport's Chamber of Commerce is an organization of local businessmen banded together to promote the town's financial interests. The enticement of tourism, trade, and new industry is their main objective. The Chamber also provides newcomers with information on lodgings, restaurants, and other local services and businesses. A copy of the Chamber's tourist brochure is provided in the Player Handouts section.

Investigators who operate a business in Kingsport can pay $40 a year to become members. Becoming a member adds 1D6 to his or her Credit Rating [+2 circumstance bonus to Diplomacy when dealing with merchants], but there is a 15% chance each month that the member will be called upon to serve on a committee, host a charitable function, or perform some similar public service. Failure to do so negates the Credit Rating addition [the circumstance bonus to Diplomacy].

Martin Cabot is the Chamber's 39-year-old Executive Director. Cabot is a member of one of the oldest families in Kingsport and has an inflated ego to prove it. Whenever possible, Martin tries to finagle it so that newcomers buy or rent housing from him or his father. His father is the former mayor, Captain Stephen Cabot.

515

Kingsport Bell Telephone Office

902 Howard St.

This is where Kingsporters pay their bills and arrange for new service. It is also where Kingsport's operators transfer calls. One of these operators, the 49-year-old spinster Andrea Gannon, has an annoying habit of listening in on calls. Furthermore, she has the even nastier habit of carelessly repeating the juicier things she hears. This can work both ways for the investigators, who can question her about suspicious calls made by others, but must themselves be careful what they discuss over the phone.

516

U.S. Post Office

304 Lee St.

The windows and postal boxes in the lobby are open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Monday through Friday. The Post Office is closed on the following days: Saturdays, Sundays, New Years' Day, July 4th, and Christmas. Will Phelps is Kingsport's 54-year-old Postmaster.

517

Kingsport Public Library

906 Howard St.

A fairly small building of two stories and no basement, Kingsport's Public Library is unspectacular. Letitia Comstock, the elderly librarian, is stern and vigilant in her duties, but helpful when needed. She is distrustful of children in the library, almost to the point of paranoia. ("That whelp's just in here to steal books!")

Among the more interesting volumes in the library are copies of the *Ponape Scripture*, Dr. Margaret Murray's *Witch-Cult in Western Europe*, and Justin Geoffrey's decadent poetry anthology, *The People of the Monolith*. [A general search for questionable tomes should at least require a Research check, DC 20.] There are also considerable collections of Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, and other early New England religious leaders.

518

Braxton Hardware

205 North Ward St.

A fairly small place, Braxton deals primarily in hand tools, paints, nails and screws, concrete mix, and general around-the-house supplies. Dynamite and blasting caps are not available here, but Braxton stocks ammunition for most common calibers of firearms. He also sells hunting and fishing licenses. Eli Coyne is the store's 33-year-old manager.

519

Kingsport Police & Fire Departments

601 Turner St.

Both of Kingsport's protective agencies are housed within this building. The northern two-thirds of the station is given over to the police; the remainder houses the firemen and their engine. The town jail (three cells) is in the basement of the police station; above it the station's offices and file rooms. The fire station consists of a second-floor firemen's dormitory located directly above the town's single piece of equipment: a hose engine. A brass pole connects the two floors.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

The fire department consists of the Chief, six regular fire fighters, and numerous volunteers. The Kingsport company is often called upon by neighboring towns to help with larger fires, a service reciprocated by the other communities. The Fire Chief is a gray-bearded, grizzled 54-year-old fire fighting veteran named Nolan "Smoke" Paxson.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT

The police force consists of four full-time men: Chief Tristram Crane, Captain James Blair, and Officers Stephen Lord and Otis White, plus a half-dozen other full-time and part-time officers. There are two police cars at the station, but they are only occasionally used due to the small size of the town and the narrow street conditions. More often than not, the officers use bicycles or walk a beat. Officers work alone, but report to the station frequently via police call boxes scattered throughout the city. They also carry whistles, with which they can summon other officers or raise an alarm. The easygoing Chief Crane has let each officer choose his own sidearm, not wishing to force an uncomfortable weapon on his men. Most have opted for .38 or .45 caliber revolvers. A locked cabinet in the Chief's office holds a half-dozen pump shotguns for use in an extreme emergency.

POLICE CHIEF TRISTRAM "TRIS" CRANE

Crane is married with three kids, and lives in a middle-class house in the Hollow. Tris is soft-spoken, but forceful when he needs to be. He is honest and dogged in his duty to uphold the law, though he tends toward leniency when dealing with such first-time offenses as drunk and disorderly conduct or disturbing the peace. He knows about the taverns in Harborside and Hill Town, but simply looks the other way.

Chief Tristram "Tris" Crane, age 48

STR 13	**CON** 13	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 15	**POW** 13
DEX 12	**APP** 12	**EDU** 14	**SAN** 62	**HP** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Shotgun 65%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
Fist 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 60%, damage special
Nightstick 60%, damage 1D6+1D4
.38 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10



Chief Crane

Skills: Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 40%, First Aid 45%, Hide 40%, Law 65%, Listen 50%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 65%, Throw 55%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #15.]

CAPTAIN JAMES BLAIR

Overweight, pale, and flabby, Jim Blair is a frequent target of verbal abuse from no-good kids, who call him "Fatty Blair" and worse. Blair is a bachelor and usually in a grouchy mood. Jealous of Tris Crane, he feels he would make the better chief. Blair can often be found in Kingsport's cafes, shops, and diners, mooching coffee and doughnuts.

Captain James Blair, age 42, Moody Moocher

STR 11	**CON** 10	**SIZ** 15	**INT** 13	**POW** 11
DEX 08	**APP** 09	**EDU** 11	**SAN** 51	**HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Nightstick 65%, damage 1D6+1D4
Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4
.45 Revolver 45%, damage 1D10+2
Shotgun 50%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Drive Automobile 30%, Fast Talk 50%, Law 25%, Listen 35%, Spot Hidden 40%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #16.]



Captain Blair

OFFICER STEPHEN LORD

Smiling, athletic, handsome, Steve Lord is the youngest man on the force. He makes a habit of playfully flirting with the lady-folk around town, and he is probably the most eligible bachelor in Kingsport. He's not really the playboy type, however. Despite his small size, he is a good, tough cop.

Officer Stephen Lord

STR 15	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 08	**INT** 13	**POW** 11
DEX 13	**APP** 15	**EDU** 10	**SAN** 55	**HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Shotgun 70%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
.38 Automatic 65%, damage 1D10
Fist 65%, damage 1D3
Grapple 60%, dmg. special
Kick 50%, damage 1D6
Nightstick 45%, dmg. 1D6

Skills: Climb 55%, Dodge 50%, First Aid 35%, Hide 55%, Jump 50%, Law 25%. Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Photography 40%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 55%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #17.]



Officer Lord

OFFICER OTIS WHITE

A 39 year-old dullard, Officer White is uneducated, dim, and decidedly the worst cop on the force. Perpetually half-asleep, he pays little attention to his surroundings while he walks his beat.

Officer Otis White, age 39

STR 12	**CON** 11	**SIZ** 13	**INT** 12	**POW** 10
DEX 10	**APP** 10	**EDU** 08	**SAN** 50	**HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 55%, damage 1D3
Shotgun 45%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
Nightstick 35%, damage 1D6
.38 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10
Grapple 30%, damage special

Skills: Hide 15%, Law 15%. Listen 30%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 30%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #18.]



Officer White

520

Talbot Hall

607 Turner St.

Kingsport's administrative offices are housed in this impressive late nineteenth-century two-story brick building. Of Gothic design, the building has a small third-story tower sporting a clock face on each of its four sides. On the southeast corner of the building is a bronze plaque commemorating the heroic Kingsport men killed in the Great War.

Talbot Hall is open from 8 A.M. to noon, and 1 P.M. to 5 P.M., Monday through Friday. In addition to records rooms and offices for lesser city employees and officials, a large meeting chamber is used for City Council meetings and other public assemblies. The three most important offices are discussed below.

Mayor's Office: John Jacob Hoag is Kingsport's 64-year-old mayor. A wealthy real estate owner, Hoag is one of the oldest family names in town. Hoag is a tough but likeable old bird, a charismatic politician who is looking out for his own best interests. He lives with his wife in one of the nicer estates over on the West Side. He's in his office about 20% of the time, but doesn't have time for exaggerated reports of minor disturbances or silly ghost stories.



Mayor Hoag

City Manager's Office: Ron Bascomb is the man who makes things work in Kingsport, putting the ideas of the Council and the Mayor into practice. Bascomb is in his early 40s, balding, and always harried. He's in his office 60% of the time, but can only be reached on a roll of 30 or less, and only to discuss matters of importance.

City Clerk's Office: The City Clerk, Wanda Drake, is 43 years old. Married to Bob Drake, of Moreno's clothing store (504), Wanda is the person to approach for access to civic records of any kind, be it birth or death certificates, building permits, tax records, or deeds and deed transfers. If it's accessible to the public, Wanda will track it down. She is an amateur antiquarian and ready to

become involved in any mystery the investigators may be trying to unravel.

Skills: History 55%, Kingsport History 65%, Library Use 95%.

[**d20 Skills and Feats:** Knowledge (history) +6, Knowledge (local) +8, Research +10; Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [local]), Skill Emphasis (Research). Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 11.]

521

New Town Common

391 Main St.

Smaller than the Old Town Square, New Town Common is merely a grassy lawn crossed by brick walks. A few green-painted park benches are scattered about.

522

McCarty's Newsstand

304 Main St.

The newsstand sells magazines, newspapers, tobacco, and candy. The owner is Wilson McCarty, a friendly, balding man of 55.

523

Reyneaux's Antique Emporium

665 Hall St.

Paul Reyneaux runs this relic-crowded store. A slightly built 45-year-old Frenchman with slicked-back hair and a pencil-thin moustache, Reyneaux asks top prices for his wares. Reyneaux's goods range from seventeenth-century household items and furniture to delicate Oriental glassware, finely crafted grandfather clocks, and other large antiques.

Crowded against a back wall is a full-length hanging mirror with odd red-and black-flecked stones set irregularly around its frame. With a close look and a successful **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 15], an investigator notices strange lines and figures etched below the surface of the glass. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos check, DC 20; or Spellcraft, DC 15 (must know the *create gate* or *view gate* spell)] tells the viewer that this object embodies some form of Gate spell. [A *detect magic* spell reveals it was crafted with Moderate-level magic.] The destination to which the Gate leads and the means by which the investigators learn how to use this extraordinary portable portal are left for the keeper to decide. Doubtless the mirror-gate offers possibilities for fantastic otherworldly adventure. Reyneaux is asking $250 for this unique piece.



Paul Reyneaux

524

New & Used Books

308 North Ward St.

This business is found in a large, ugly brick building. It is owned by Jim Heath, a tall, lanky, good-natured man in his mid-30's with curly black hair and a penchant for Turkish cigarettes. Heath lives in a tiny apartment above the store. He goes out of town one weekend a month, obtaining new stock from nearby shops up and down the Massachusetts coast. The store is dark (Heath has been known to hand out candlesticks to browsers), musty, and crowded. Shelves and tables are loaded with displayed books, while more merchandise resides in boxes shoved underneath the tables.

Unfortunately, Heath's books are barely categorized, so **Library Use searches are at half normal.** [Increase the DC for any Research check by 5.] The Occult section is at best rudimentary, but there are two thin folio-sized volumes of a pirated 1865 edition of *The Revelations of Glaaki*, in English translation. [Again, a general search for occult tomes should at least require a Research check, DC 20.] Each volume adds 1D2 points to Cthulhu Mythos, and subtracts 1D3 SAN, with 1D2



Jim Heath

spells of the keeper's choice. [See the d20 Appendix for more details about this tome.] Internal references imply that these two books are part of a nine-volume set.

In the poetry section, there is a slim booklet entitled *Visions from Yaddith*, by Ariel Prescott. This 1927 Charnel House (London) publication is a collection of weird poetry, some of it Mythos-inspired, but of little interest to investigators. It adds 1 point to Cthulhu Mythos, costs 1 point of SAN, and contains no spells. [See the d20 Appendix.] Heath's more common books are priced at 2D10 x1D10 cents each.

525

Edison Electric Office of Kingsport
703 Turner St.

Here accounts are paid, services opened, and complaints filed.

Neighborhood 6

The West Side

THE NEIGHBORHOOD KNOWN as the West Side is centered on the western slope of Central Hill. The peak of a lesser hill rises a block south of the high school (604). The West Side is primarily residential, although a few businesses and public buildings can be found along Back Street. The homes found here are mostly middle-class and upper-class residences.

Many of Kingsport's finest homes are found here, including great early nineteenth-century mansions and estates built by merchants and sea captains long before the coming of the Industrial Revolution. Many of the earlier houses feature classical elements, including columns, front-facing gables, and corner pilasters. Later structures are Victorian era homes with bay windows, eve-brackets, and patterned roof-slates. A few of the homes farther west are more accurately termed estates: walled grounds, topiary gardens and orchards, separate servants' quarters, and so forth. This area is where Kingsport's oldest money lives.

Obviously in a newer part of town, most of the streets on the West Side are wider, paved, and lit by streetlamps. A few of the lesser streets to the southwest are still only brick or cobbles. Sidewalks are found west of Back Street.

601

Kingsport Bus Station, Trolley Station, and Western Union
207 Howard St.

This weathered building is the terminal for buses to and from Arkham, as well as the local trolleys circulating Kingsport. Telegrams can be sent via the Western Union office.

Arkham Bus Line: It's a bumpy ride, but it's the only way out of town other than walking, bicycling, or driving a car. A one-way fare to Arkham cost 25 cents, with departures at 9:55 A.M., 12:15 P.M., 3:15 P.M., and 7:15 P.M., Monday through Saturday. The trip takes less than 20 minutes. Buses from Arkham arrive in Kingsport at 9:35 A.M., 12:35 P.M., 3:35 P.M., and 7:35 P.M.

Local Trolleys: These electric-powered coaches run on rails set in the streets, and they are powered by lines suspended overhead. They are in service from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M., Monday through Saturday. It costs 1 cent to board and an additional penny for every neighborhood crossed. A trolley passes by any given stop every 3D6 minutes.

Western Union: Western Union can send a stateside telegram for 3 cents a word, while international rates run five to six times that amount. Telegrams sent stateside usually arrive the same day, while international telegrams may take a day or more to deliver. Incoming telegrams are delivered by bicycle messengers.

602

Crawford Public School
105 Pleasant St.

Grades 1-8 meet here from September through May.

603

Kingsport Fuel & Coal
102 Division St.

Owned by Arkham Fuel & Coal Co., this business sells and delivers heating fuels to businesses and residences

throughout Kingsport. Offices are open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Monday through Saturday.

604

Kingsport High School

806 Summit St.

Kingsport's only high school is attended by children of many different ethnic types, including Irish, Italian, and Portuguese. With this diverse student body, Principal James Wheaton often has his hands full. The school's team name is the "Mariners." Grades 9–12 hold classes here from September through May.

605

Congregational Church of Kingsport

107 Tuttle St.

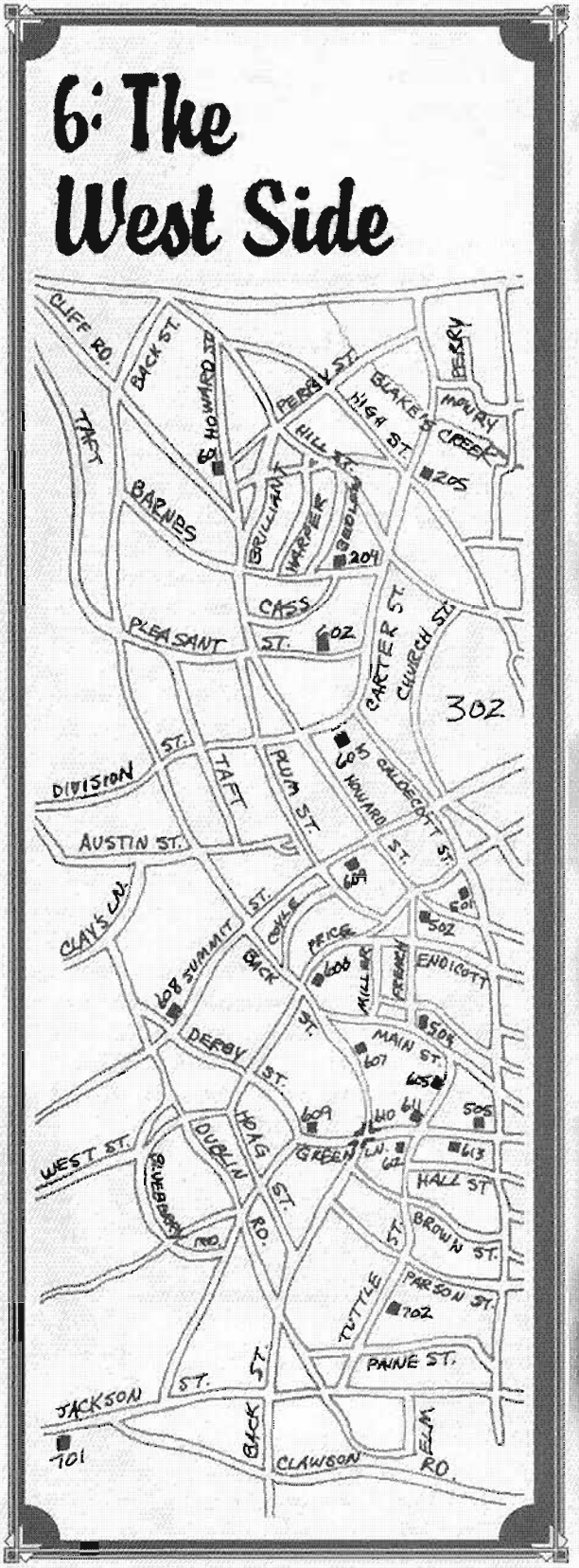
The congregation for Kingsport's oldest church dates back to 1639, the year the town was first settled. The church building presently in use opened in 1856, when the congregation abandoned the decaying original building on Central Hill. The new building is quite impressive, but not nearly so much as the large Georgian structure that was its former home.

The new church has a set of bells that toll every half hour, in addition to announcing Sunday morning services promptly at 8 AM. The congregation is led by the smiling, knowledgeable Rev. Noah Ashton, age 49.



Reverend Ashton

Ashton is well aware of the evil reputation of the old Congregational Church. If approached by a historically curious person (not a scandalmonger), he can reveal some of its rumored history. Ashton even knows that church records prior to 1722 are missing because they were seized by town officials (including the city's mayor, Eben Hall) following the 1722 raid. Ashton suspects that some lingering form of witchcraft hysteria led to that raid and that many historically valuable records might be moldering away in a Kingsport attic somewhere. He recalls that seven years ago, he spoke with a young girl interested in this same subject. If shown a photograph of Asenath Waite, he identifies her as the person in question.



Skills: Kingsport History 65%, Kingsport Cult 10%
[d20 Skills: Knowledge (history [Kingsport]) +7, Knowledge (local) +7.]

606

Masonic Lodge
602 Price Road

This small, nondescript late nineteenth century building houses Kingsport's Masonic Lodge. The Masons (or Freemasons) maintain a fraternal organization steeped in secrecy and ritual, although by this time the rituals have lost most of their magical and spiritual significance. Membership is by invitation only, and dues are $60 a year. Lucas Orne is Kingsport's highest-ranking Mason, a nasty and crotchety 76-year-old retiree who takes the Masonic ceremonies and pledges with deadly seriousness. Unfortunately, only 15% of Kingsport's businessmen are Masons, so a 25% Credit Rating bonus [+4 bonus to Diplomacy] for performing a Masonic handshake rarely comes into play. [It doesn't help an investigator get a loan, either.]



Lucas Orne

607

John Neuberg, General Practitioner
904 Back St.

Unlike his colleague, old Doc Warren (507), John Neuberg is both young and fully competent. A 29-year-old Jew from New York, Dr. Neuberg just opened his Kingsport practice last March, and his practice has grown slowly. John spends a lot of time working at the Congregational Hospital to supplement his so-far meager income. His small home on Back Street also serves as his office. It has a tiny waiting room (with a part-time receptionist) and a single exam room.

Dr. John Neuberg, age 29, General Practitioner

STR 12	CON 13	SIZ 13	INT 16
POW 12	DEX 15	APP 13	EDU 18
SAN 60	HP 13		

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Chemistry 50%, First Aid 85%, Library Use 75%, Medicine 75%, Persuade 50%, Pharmacy 50%, Psychology 65%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Languages: English 93%, Greek 35%, Hebrew 70%, Latin 65%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #19.]

John Neuberg is good-looking, athletic, and extremely affable. He knows Doc Warren is senile, but he's too insecure and too much of a gentleman to say anything. Dr. Neuberg is also rather lonely. He would welcome the investigators' companionship — especially if they should join his patient list. He gladly offers them medical advice should a consultation become necessary. Dr. Neuberg is a little naïve, though. He will not condone illegal activities without a very good reason.



Dr. Neuberg

608

Captain Stephen Cabot
1005 Summit St.

The sumptuous Cabot mansion is the finest home in all of Kingsport, a vast stonewalled estate complete with a guest house, garage, and topiary gardens. Herein dwells the patriarch of one of Kingsport's oldest and most powerful families.

Stephen Cabot, age 69, is a descendant of the last of Kingsport's successful merchant-captains and a popular former mayor. It was Cabot who quickly cultivated Kingsport's small tourist trade during his tenure as mayor from 1906 to 1912. Captain Cabot is a garrulous old salt and usually

willing to talk, although a successful **Fast Talk or Persuade roll** [Bluff or Diplomacy, DC 15] is needed to get past his wily servant staff. If a prospective guest has good reason to approach him, Captain Cabot can be a wealth of information about Kingsport's past, present, and possible future. Captain Cabot knows about many of the frightening finds found below the old Congregational Church torn down in 1910: worms, bones, burrows, and so on. If a guest comes across as a person of knowledge and taste, Captain Cabot begins to treat him or her as a friend.

Cabot and his son, Martin, own a great deal of real estate in town. Chamber of Commerce Executive Director Martin does his best to see their holdings are kept tenanted as steadily as possible. The older Cabot doesn't need the capital as badly as his son, but allows the young man to control the reins.

Skills: History 60%, Kingsport History 60%, Persuade 90% [**d20 Skills and Feats:** Knowledge (history) +7, Knowledge (local) +7, Diplomacy +11; Trustworthy, Skill Emphasis (Diplomacy).]

609

The Shoremist Inn

175 Green Lane.

Sitting just off Circle Court, this three-story Federal-style house is now an inn owned by Dave and Caroline Weeden, a cheerful couple in their mid-40's. Rooms are $6.50 a night, three meals a day included. The inn has five rooms on each floor, each containing a large bed and dresser. Each floor has a single bathroom with a tub, shared by the tenants of that floor. Meals include a light breakfast (served between 7 and 8 A.M.), lunch (noon to 1 P.M.), and a good dinner (5 to 7 P.M.). Meal times are rigid; there are no substitutions or late meals.

610

Circle Court

intersection of Back St. and Green Lane.

Circle Court was one of the first fully paved streets in town. In the center of the court is a small round traffic island upon which is mounted a tall bronze plaque. The plaque commemorates the Battle of Kingsport Harbor during the Revolutionary War and the heroic role played in that battle by the young Argus Blaine

611

Market House

201 Green Lane

This once-stately eighteenth-century home was converted to an alms house in 1920. It now houses two or three dozen hoboes and destitutes, including more than one down-on-his-luck sailor or fisherman. Rooms are 5 cents a night and are usually shared with at least one other tenant. Meals are priced the same: mostly soups, gruels, and stews, served with bread, milk, and coffee.

One of the most frequent residents of the Market House is 79-year-old Ben James, a grizzled old seadog storyteller who wears a battered fisherman's cap. Old Ben is chubby, gravel-voiced, and a heavy drinker — when he can afford it. Ben used to be a sailor and saw many a peculiar sight in his travels to the Orient and the South Seas. He's a crafty old salt who sells his seafaring stories to tourists along the waterfront, in the tavems, or anywhere he can find an audience or get a drink. The more money he's offered, the better the story he tells. Most of his yarns contain supernatural elements, and some even hint of the Cthulhu Mythos. Ben knows few specifics, only mysteries upon mysteries — all relating to the sea.



Old Ben

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 5%, History 55%, Kingsport History 35%, Occult 15%, Tell Rousing & Chilling Sea-Story 95% [**d20 Skills:** Cthulhu Mythos +1, Knowledge (local) +3, Knowledge (occult) +1, Performance (chilling sea story) +11 (includes Skill Emphasis).]

612

Courthouse

106 Green Lane.

Kingsport's courthouse is located in this modest late-nineteenth century Greek Revival stone building. A large clock face is set above the front steps. Courthouse hours are 10 A.M. to noon and 1 to 4 P.M., Monday

through Friday. Inside are a courtroom and a handful of offices and file rooms containing court records dating back to the middle of the eighteenth century.

Kingsport's courts handle only misdemeanors; serious crimes are tried in the Essex County courts in Salem. Kingsport's Municipal Judge is 49-year-old Norton Bedlow, a creepy, pale-skinned, soft-voiced, balding, dark-eyed man. Not wanting to upset the town's livelihood, Judge Bedlow tends to go easy on tourists who are brought before him. However, serious breaches of the peace are not subject to such leniency. Locals, including residents of Arkham and Martin's Beach, are treated more harshly, and the judge has a reputation for harsh sentencing. The pallid Judge Bedlow is a chilling presence in court.

Indigent defendants are usually represented by appointed attorneys from Arkham. The city of Kingsport is usually represented by Richard Court, a lawyer with whom Bedlow often sides.

613

Julia's Beauty Parlour
202 Green Lane.

This small tree-shaded business just off Circle Court is only a couple of years old, but already frequented by many of the more fashionable and well-to-do women of Kingsport. The proprietor, 29-year-old Julia Glenn, is very attractive, but married to a fiercely jealous husband.

Neighborhood 7
Hill Town

DESPITE HAVING ONCE BEEN given the promising name of Prospect Hill, stench and smoke from the nearby factories conspire with the grubby crowded buildings clustered on the hill to make this Kingsport's least desirable neighborhood. Hill Town, as it is most often called, is made up of smaller, lower class businesses and residences — mainly tenements — as well as a few factories and utility sites. Residents are mainly from Kingsport's least advantaged classes — primarily Italian and Portuguese immigrants, but sprinkled with a very few of the poorest Yankees. The Italians have congregated in the area between Wilkes and Holt Streets, bordered on the north by Parson Street and stretching south to Clauson Road. The Portuguese reside mainly in the area bounded by Tuttle, Lee, Parson, and Jackson Streets. Kingsport's artist population is centered just north of the Italian section.

Most of Hill Town's residences are mid-nineteenth century brick tenements in various states of disrepair and squalor. Parts of the artist colony were once respectable homes, but are now old and rundown, victims of neglect. Many of the Hill Town rental properties are owned by the Fisher, Pickering, and Turner families, representing a major portion of these families' income. Although these buildings are among the newest in Kingsport, they were cheaply built and have shown their age much sooner than many of the older buildings in town.

Hill Town's streets are paved and a little wider than those in other parts of town, but in a worse state of repair. Otherwise the shabbiest part of town, this area benefits from a good number of sidewalks and streetlamps; even its alleys are straight, and not as foreboding as the worst areas of town.

701

Water Tower & Pump House
West Jackson St.

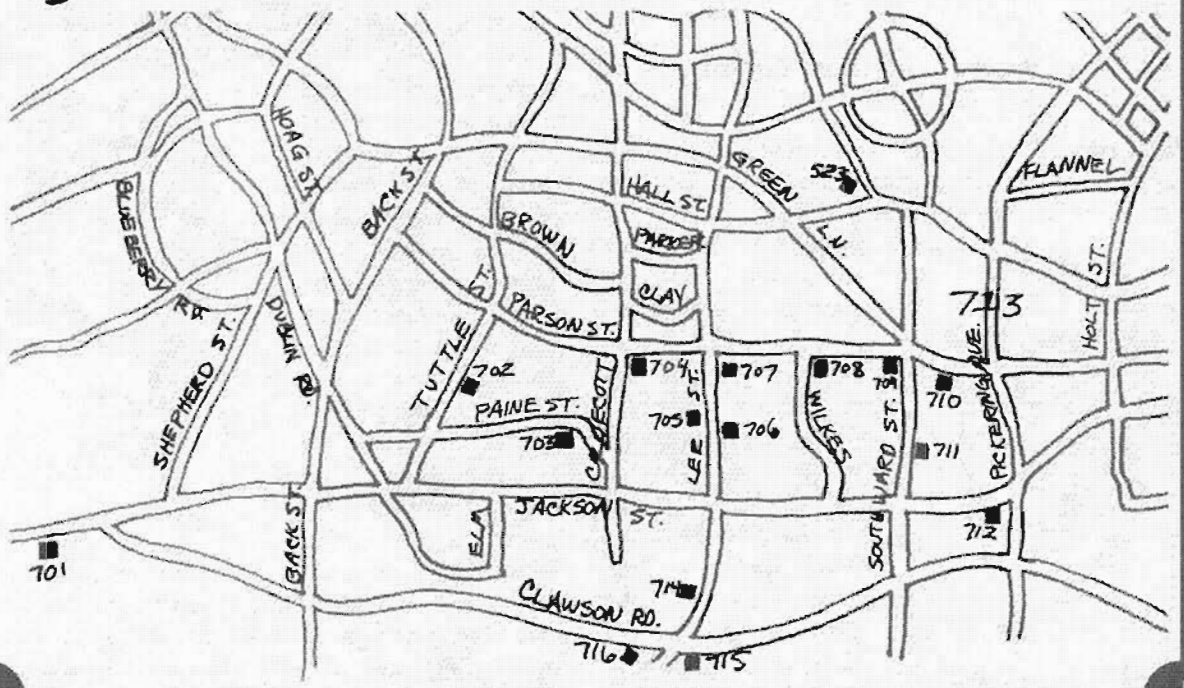
Kingsport's water supply is pumped here from a small stream southwest of town. The water is filtered and stored in the tower, but shortages occasionally occur when water can't be pumped fast enough to keep the tower full. Kingsport engineers hope to use the planned Arkham reservoir to supplement their own meager sources. The water tower is fifty feet high, with metal rungs on one leg leading to a railed catwalk around the storage tank. A second set of rungs climbs to the top of the tank.

702

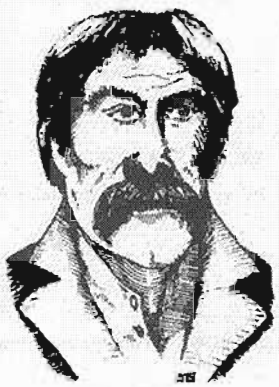
Alan Zevin, Locksmith
804 Tuttle St.

For the last few years, Alan Zevin has lived in Kingsport. Lately he has been operating a small business repairing locks and making keys. He is a very fast worker with incredibly nimble fingers. Little wonder, since Zevin's real name is Stuart "Keys" Rakatanski, a noted thief wanted by the police in New York and several other cities.

7: Hilltown



Zevin originally came to Kingsport looking for a hideout, a place to live while the heat over a New York bank heist died down. Eventually, he came to invest his ill-gotten gains in his own business doing what he does best: working with locks and keys. Zevin has joined the Chamber of Commerce and is now a respected member of the business community. He has just about made up his mind to settle down here and live out the rest of his life honestly and quietly, but fate may intervene.



Alan Zevin

Any investigator involved in the law enforcement business who visits the shop and makes a **Know roll of EDU x1 or less** [Knowledge (streetwise), DC 20, if familiar with New York's underworld] recognizes Zevin as the notorious "Keys" Rakatanski. If the investigator does anything to let the criminal know he has been uncovered, Rakatanski panics and prepares to leave town sometime in the next few days. He will be gone by morning, but not before using his collection of local keys to burgle three or four of the richest residences in town, including the home of the mayor.

Zevin might be blackmailed into using his talents to help the investigators, though he will not do this willingly. He is a small quiet man with dark brown hair and a moustache. He lives in a small apartment above his workshop, where he sleeps with a loaded 9 mm automatic pistol under his pillow. A satchel in the back of his closet holds several hundred dollars in cash.

Stuart Rakatanski, age 32, Inveterate Criminal

STR 09	CON 12	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 13
DEX 17	APP 12	EDU 11	SAN 65	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist 65%, damage 1D3
Blackjack 65%, damage 1D8 (knockout only)
9 mm Automatic Pistol 35%, damage 1D10

Skills: Accounting 20%, Bargain 20%, Climb 80%, Dodge 70%, Electrical Repair 55%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 70%, Listen 55%. Mechanical Repair 55%, Pick Locks 90%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 55%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #20.]

703

The Church of Our Lady of Fatima

108 Paine St.

This modest Catholic church was established in 1917 (under the name St. Cecelia) and accommodates the many Portuguese immigrants who had come to America to escape the revolutions plaguing their own country. The church was renamed in 1921, four years after the miraculous Lady of Fatima appeared in the village of Fatima, Portugal. The church will later be renamed "Our Lady of the Rosary" when the Catholic Church officially gives "the Lady" that title in 1932.



Father Rapoza

Father Raymond Rapoza leads the primarily Portuguese congregation. In his 60's, of average build but somewhat weak with age, Rapoza is a firm believer in the supernatural in both its good and evil aspects. Rapoza and Father Alighiero of the Italian St. Francis' Catholic Church have an ongoing rivalry as to who will perform the annual blessing of the fishing fleet. As it now stands, each performs a separate ceremony usually attended by members of his own ethnic congregation.

Skills: Occult 60%. [**d20 Skills:** Knowledge (occult) +7.]

704

Tenement

1004 Caldecott St.

This is only one of many such buildings in the neighborhood, most of them two stories high and built of brick. Several poorer families, mostly Portuguese, occupy these apartments. A typical tenement in this part of town runs anywhere from $15 to $30 a month. They are usually drafty, two-room affairs in dirty, noisy buildings. Bathrooms are shared and usually provide only cold water. Rats and other vermin are prevalent. This particular building is home to a lovely young fortune teller named Elena Arcuri.

ELENA ARCURI, TENEMENT TENANT

Miss Arcuri is a dark-haired, dusky-skinned woman of Spanish ancestry. She makes her living performing tarot card readings and gazing into a crystal ball. As a young girl, Elena ran away from a band of gypsies (and an arranged marriage), later emigrating to America. She knows a great deal about the occult and has some faculty when reading a person's past or future. At the keeper's option, her readings may offer the investigators clues or warnings about upcoming or current adventures. Elena is very beautiful, but completely uninterested in men. Her tiny apartment is crowded with various occult trappings: palmistry charts, candies, jars and boxes of herbs, and so forth.



Miss Acuri

Elena Arcuri, age 29, Fortune Teller

STR 08	**CON** 11	**SIZ** 11	**INT** 13	**POW** 16
DEX 13	**APP** 16	**EDU** 11	**SAN** 77	**HP** 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Kick 65%, damage 1D6
Claw (x2) 50%, damage 1D4

Skills: Astronomy 15%, Botany 25%, Divine (using crystal ball) 45%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 40%, History 40%, Listen 45%, Occult 65%, Psychology 45%, Read Tarot Cards 70%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Languages: English 55%, Romany 45%, Spanish 65%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #21.]

705

Arruda's Original Portuguese Cuisine

907 Lee St.

Small and modestly decorated, Arruda's is a favorite of Kingsport's Portuguese population. Here are served many strange and odorous dishes, including squid, jellyfish, and anemones. Arruda's is frequented by the Portuguese, a few adventurous Yankees, and the occasional unwary tourist. Meals run anywhere from 50 to 75 cents. Your host is Fernando Arruda, age 48.

706

Penn's Billiard Hall

908 Lee St.

One of the seediest places in Kingsport, Penn's Billiard Hall (and tavern) is frequented by Portuguese, Italians, and a few of the rougher Yankees. Inside are numerous tables and booths, four billiard tables, a dartboard, and an irregularly stocked bar. Harry Penn, a portly, sweaty fellow in his 50's, is the proprietor and often the bartender. He is close-mouthed and suspicious, perpetually worried that the fickle Kingsport cops will someday bust him. Penn's is open from 4 P.M. to 2 A.M. (or later), Monday through Saturday.



Harry Penn

If an investigator mentions the Terrible Old Man or Captain Richard Holt while visiting Penn's, the speaker should make a **Luck roll** [Charisma check, DC 15; can't take 10]. If successful, there is no encounter. If the roll is failed, 1D4+1 rough-looking customers approach the party and question the speaker about his or her interest in the Terrible Old Man. If the investigator fails to make a **Fast Talk or Oratory roll** [Bluff or Diplomacy, DC 15], the entire party of investigators will be caught up in a brawl. (Use the stats for the Kingsport fishermen found in entry 120.) [One fisherman is CR 1; two make for a CR 3 encounter.] If the roll succeeds, the immigrant toughs relate the tale of their comrades — Angelo Ricci, Joe Czanek, and Manuel Silva — who died trying to rob the old graybeard back in 1918. The hoodlum's bodies were found washed up on the beach — hacked by cutlasses and trampled by booted feet. Despite this, two or three of these thugs are still willing to take a chance of robbing the old man of his stash of gold doubloons.



707

Phillip's 66 Gas & Service

906 Lee St.

Kingsport's only gas station is run by the fortyish grease monkey Merle Payton. Service is slow, but Payton and his 19-year-old Portuguese assistant, Bobby Texceira, are the best mechanics in Kingsport. The station consists of a single pump, an office, and a service stall where Payton and Texceira are usually found.

Skills: Mechanical Repair 85%. [**d20 Skills:** Repair +9.]

708

Sang Tze's Chinese Laundry

108 Parson St.

Owned and operated by little old Sang Tze and his wife. Expect quality and very inexpensive cleaning. Sang Tze is also an expert in acupuncture. Successful treatment at the hands of the wizened fellow allows an investigator to regain lost hit points at double the normal rate. [At the keeper's discretion, a character who receives treatment from Sang Tze regains hit points at double the normal rate while getting "complete rest"; this effect lasts for one week.]

Skills: Acupuncture 88%. [d20 Skills: Heal +9.]

709

Mama E's Restaurant

102 Parson St.

This fine Italian restaurant serves a variety of different pasta dishes with excellent sauces. Mama E's is fairly expensive (a meal with wine can run $1.50 or more), but the food is well worth the price. Lots of tables, good service, and a fair wine list make this a favorite among those who can afford it. Owned by Italian immigrant Oliveri Escalante and named for his mother.

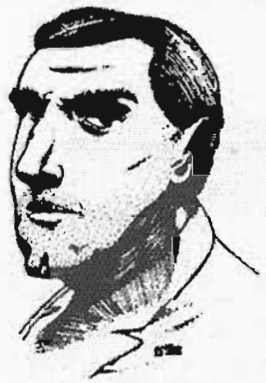


710

Pawnshop

702 Green Lane.

The small pawnshop is crowded with dusty items, everything from jewelry to musical instruments. It is owned by Janos Raglann, a dark-haired, taciturn 34-year-old man with an unidentifiable East European accent. As a general rule, Raglann buys items at 25% of their estimated value (his estimate) and sells them back to the ticket holder at twice that amount. After a month or so, the items go up for sale, usually at 75% of their value or more. The shifty Raglann keeps a loaded 9mm automatic pistol under the cash register at all times, just in case someone disputes his evaluation capabilities too heatedly. If the keeper desires, there is a 5% chance each time the investigators visit the shop that some intriguing item (like a book bound in skin or small blasphemous statuette) is up for sale.



Janos Raglann

711

St. Francis' Church

510 Ward St.

St. Francis' church is a large building, spartan in its accoutrements. The congregation is primarily Italian Catholic, presided over by Father Dario Alighiero. Father Alighiero is a thin, soft-spoken, prematurely bald man in his late 30s. He is humble, kind, and speaks with a thick Italian accent. Father Alighiero has for years performed the traditional spring blessing of the fishing fleet, but in the last few years, he has been challenged by the pastor of the Portuguese church. The humble Father Alighiero has said very little about it and continues to perform his own annual blessing. A few of the older Italians resent the fact that their young priest has allowed the upstart "Poor-to-ge-zee" to usurp the privilege of the blessing.



Father Alighiero

712

George Cotton, Stonecutter

401 Jackson St.

George is almost sixty and quite nearly deaf. He lives in a tiny house next to the Underwood Park Cemetery, where he fashions grave markers in addition to his position as cemetery groundskeeper. He's supposed to keep an eye on the cemetery after dark, but usually retires before 9 P.M.

713

Artist's Colony

see map for general location

This area is an old residential neighborhood now housing the bulk of Kingsport's bohemian artist-folk. A good number of these tenements and apartment buildings are owned by Norton Fisher, John Pickering, and Brandon Turner. Most are rundown and many overcrowded, but a few found along White Road are in nicer shape. There are also a number of small, once-respectable houses in this area that are also rented out to the artist-folk.

Kingsport's artist community is seasonal, growing larger in the spring and summer and dwindling with the coming of winter. The wiser itinerant artists show up early in April to grab the choicer lodgings. The artists arrive just before the tourists, who form the major market for their sketches, paintings, sculptures, and pottery. The yearly artist population ranges from more than fifty or sixty during the summer to a mere handful in the winter months.

The artists are a disparate, bohemian lot, most barely able to make enough money to pay rent, buy art supplies, and feed themselves. They are a long-haired, dreamy bunch of intellectuals, most of them visual artists, but counting among their number several poets, musicians, and writers. (Some of the local artists are discussed more

AN EXPANDED OCCUPATION

Artist

Skills: Art [Draw, Painting, Sculpt], Bargain, Fast Talk, History, Library Use, Persuade, Photography, any one other skill as a specialty or hobby. [d20 Skills: Bluff, Craft (any one), Diplomacy, Innuendo, Knowledge (art), Listen, Performance, Sense Motive, Spot, plus three more of the player's choice]



Income: $1000 x1D4 (re-roll every year). [Income modifier –2.]

Saving (optional rule): When first creating the artist character, roll against his or her occupational skill (Craft or Art). [Make a skill check, DC 15, against the character's best Craft skill.] If the roll is failed, the struggling, starving artist investigator receives only half the amount of savings he or she would normally receive. If the roll succeeds, savings are determined as normal.

[Optional Addition: If the check result exceeds 20, begin the character with the maximum amount, as though he rolled a 6 on his d6 roll for income.]

Masterpieces (optional): Once a year, the artist should roll against his occupational skill. If the roll is 20% or less of the appropriate skill [a check result over 20], the artist has created a work of considerable merit and adds 1D6 to the proper occupational skill [gains a +2 morale bonus to checks with that Craft skill for the next month]. He or she may then elect to either:

(1) keep the work and add 1D6 to his or her SAN [add 1d6 SAN]; or

(2) sell the work for 1D6 x$100, adding 1D6 to Credit Rating to reflect the artist's increased renown [gaining a +2 bonus to Diplomacy rolls for the next year].

fully in the scenario "Dreams & Fancies.")

In the summer, the artists congregate near the waterfront with their chairs and easels, sketching seascapes and landscapes, or doing portraits for vacationers. Prices for their works range from a few cents for a sketch to a few dollars for a watercolor or simple sculpture. A fine oil painting or larger sculpture may sell for ten dollars or more. Evelyn Mercer, of Kingsport's Mercer Art Gallery, purchases works from some of the promising artists.

714

Transformer Station

1005 Lee St.

The source of electrical power for the entire town, this unmanned station is surrounded by a 10-foot-tall chain link fence. A person could cut off all power in town with a successful **Electrical Repair roll** [Craft (electronics) or Disable Device, DC 20], but a failed roll of 96-00 indicates the saboteur has been fried with enough volts to suffer 8D6 damage. [At the keeper's discretion, a roll of a natural 1 results in 8d6 electrical damage.]

715

Farnsworth Paints

1102 Lee St.

Kingsport's first step into the Industrial Age, this paint works was started by Kirby Spencer in 1819. It has since changed hands several times, but is still locally owned. The big smelly factory employs several dozen people making paints for a variety of applications.



716

Spencer's Glue Works

1103 Lee St.

The glue works was Kirby Spencer's second foray into industry and was founded in 1823. The concern is going strong and still bears Spencer's name, although the family sold their interest in the place more than thirty years ago. Not as big as the Farnsworth Paints, the glue works

employs about two dozen people producing several different kinds of adhesives. Although fish by-products are an essential ingredient of their product, trucks bearing aged horses ready to be rendered down arrive here at least twice a week. The glue works will survive the Depression while Farnsworth Paints goes under.

NEIGHBORHOOD 8

Kingsport Outskirts

801

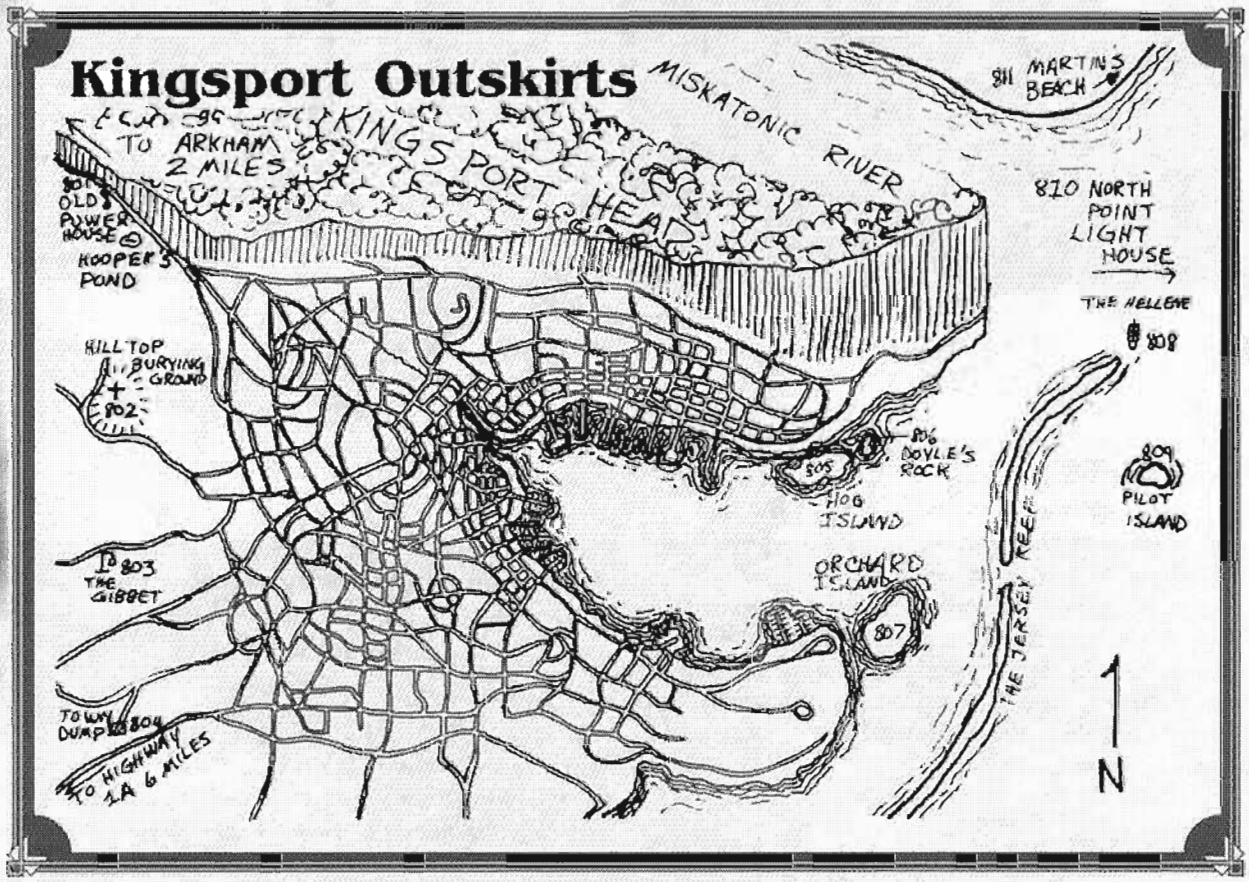
The Old Powderhouse

Outside of town, along the river road to Arkham, is the old round brick powderhouse used for storing gunpowder and shot during the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. Accidental explosions in other towns' powder stores led the wary Kingsporters to locate this one far from people and dwellings, where damage would be minimized should such an accident occur. The building is crumbling, but locked nonetheless. Inside are a few rotted powder kegs (empty), some rusty cannonballs, and a couple of badly corroded cannons. Two more rusted cannons lie outside the powder house, hidden in the tall grass. An old stone wall about three feet high once surrounded the place, but it has fallen into ruin.

802

The Hilltop Burying Ground

On a high hilltop overlooking Kingsport, near the Hill Road, stands this small, neglected graveyard. The graveyard was used for only a short period during the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, when some of Kingsport's families declined to inter their dead in the churchyard on Central Hill. Rumors of that time had it that the dead were not safe buried in Central Hill. After the Kingsport cult was exposed and punished, and the burying ground atop Central Hill was deemed safe once more, this old cemetery was abandoned. There are fewer than fifty graves here, marked with worn and



blackened headstones leaning this way and that. The earliest date of death that can be made out is 1682; the latest is 1734. The most common names encountered are Tuttle, Talbot, Green, Fuller, and Allen.

As elsewhere in Kingsport, there are no ghouls present in this burying ground. The ghouls fear the necromantic forces that once haunted Kingsport and which still linger beneath it. [However, for the d20 version of this book, the keeper may want to consider ghouls as an excellent low-level encounter for 1st-3rd level investigators.]

803

The Site of the Old Gibbet

Not quite a mile out of town, beside the lonely track aptly called Hangman's Road, stands a small marble obelisk that has become something of a morbid tourist attr[illegible] bronze plaque mounted on the stone tells the [illegible] witch-scare in Kingsport in 1692, [illegible] nging of thirteen suspected witches [illegible] d. None of the slain are named. The [illegible] marizes that the Salem witch hysteria [illegible] Kingsport, and that those executed were [illegible] Salem witches — innocent of the charges. [illegible] g to this tale, the witches were left hanging from the gibbet for days on end, and a nearby path allegedly leads to where the witches were later buried in unmarked graves.

The well-worn path does indeed lead off to a hidden dale where thirteen ancient unmarked graves are huddled together, encircled by a six-foot-high fence of iron bars. Anyone so bold as to dig up one of these graves finds no traces of bones or bodies. The Kingsport cultists of old removed these bodies long ago and secretly reburied them in the Central Hill graveyard.

Some superstitious souls say that on certain windy nights, the creaking of a gibbet can be heard, sometimes from as far away as Hill Road or even the west side of Kingsport. Hangman's Road is a favorite place to take a date for a walk in the night air. There's nothing like a good horror story to get two people to huddle closer together.

804

Town Dump

Kingsport's town dump is a little over two miles southwest of town, located in a long winding glen tucked among the hills. A road runs along the top, and from here, Kingsporters dump their trash and junk down into the deep ravine. The smell is understandably awful, and the place attracts all manner of birds (particularly gulls), huge rats, and raccoons.

805

Hog Island

Named for the pigs that were once kept here by early Kingsporters, this low island is covered with scrub and brush.

806

Doyle's Rock

One hundred years ago, this sharp outcropping of rock was the scene of a terrible tragedy. During a winter gale, a barque named *Doxie* bound for Boston was forced to seek refuge in Kingsport Harbor. Unable to secure a pilot, the captain tried to bring the ship round the north end of Jersey reef, but was driven hard onto the rocks. Wedged tightly, battered by the storm and waves, the ship was helplessly trapped not more than three hundred yards from shore. The people of Kingsport attempted to aid the panicked victims, but their small boats were all turned back by the brutal storm. The Kingsporters watched helplessly as the savage waves washed the stricken passengers from the deck. Those who tried to save themselves by climbing into the rigging froze to death in the wind. The morning broke clear, and what remained of the wreck could be seen clearly from shore. Dozens of frozen corpses decorated the spars and riggings, while more littered the beach. Of the forty-two people aboard the *Doxie*, only three survived.

807

Orchard Island

This scenic locale was named for the many cherry and apple trees that once grew here, planted by the early Kingsporters. The fruit trees are gone, but the name remains.

808

The Wreck of the *Hellene*

Off the coast of Kingsport, near the Jersey Reef, the wreck of Captain Douglas Corben's ship, the *Hellene*, rests under eighty feet of water. The ship, a late seventeenth-century brigantine, is surprisingly intact, as are the long-dead corpses of Corben and his crew. The unnatural preservation is due to the influence of the *Hellene's* mysterious cargo. On especially clear nights, observers on the cliffs or in boats outside the harbor claim to see an unearthly yellow-green light glowing in the waters off the reef where the ship is said to lie. Some of the old-timers in Kingsport recall the legend of the *Hellene*, but no one can say for sure what illicit cargo she carried with her to the bottom. (More information about the *Hellene* can be found in the scenario "Dead in the Water.")

809

Pilot Island

This small, unspectacular island is located out past the Jersey Reef. Its name is derived from its use in the glory days of Kingsport's sea trade: a place where ships anchored to await the arrival of the local Customs Inspector and the harbor pilot. It is now unused and unvisited — although Basil Elton, the keeper of the North Point lighthouse, disagrees (810). He claims to have seen mysterious ships sailing to and from this island on nights when the mists or fogs are exceptionally heavy.

The actual nature of such mystery ships is left for the keeper to determine, but the following suggestions are offered: a ship from one of Earth's Dreamlands that can transport interested characters to another world; a ghost ship of some kind; smugglers or bootleggers; or a sinister supernatural lure used to trap and carry off inquisitive investigators.

810

North Point Lighthouse

This small rocky island is located about three miles east-northeast of Kingsport. It is the site of the North Point lighthouse, in continual operation now for over a century. Its present keeper, Basil Elton, has manned the lighthouse since the 1890's. Before him, his father tended the light, and before that his grandfather. Old Basil is over sixty now, slightly built, with white wisps of hair poking out from under his knit sailor's cap. Elton mans the lighthouse nearly round the clock, except for those clear days when he gets a break and spends his time at the St. Erasmus' Mariners' Home reminiscing with the other old salts.

Basil Elton was once a great dreamer, often envisioning a fabulous White Ship that sailed out of the south on certain nights. In dreams, he sailed on this ship, viewing from afar the Fantastic Realms in the south of Earth's Dreamlands. But he yearned for splendid Cathuria, and when the White Ship sailed beyond the Basalt Pillars of the West in search of that fabled land, it plunged off the edge of the world, killing Elton's dream form. He no longer dreams, and no more does the White Ship return.

Basil sees other strange ships plying the heavy mists, though. Old ships, ships oddly designed and rigged, ships that come no closer to shore than Pilot's Island. No one else in town has ever seen them, but Elton recently admitted he's known of them since he was a little boy. Most Kingsport folk don't believe him,



Basil Elton

but some of the older sailors look the other way when Elton tells one of his ghost-ship tales. They know.

The lighthouse itself is a round gray 130-foot-tall granite tower, forty feet in diameter at the base and fifteen feet in diameter near the top. A circular iron staircase ascends to the top of the tower, giving access to the large electric motor that turns the kerosene beacon-lamp and its reflecting lenses. To distinguish it from other nearby lighthouses, North Point flashes at regular intervals of three seconds each. A tiny house attached to the lighthouse base is the keeper's quarters: bedroom, bathroom, kitchen, and living room.

Basil Elton, age 63, Lighthouse Keeper

STR 11	CON 13	SIZ 13	INT 16	POW 20
DEX 13	APP 15	EDU 14	SAN 22	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Boathook 65%, damage 1D8
Knife 60%, damage 1D6

Skills: Bargain 25%, Botany 41%, Chemistry 23%, Climb 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 33%, Dreaming 51%, Dream Lore 78%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 60%, Geology 24%, Jump 57%, Navigate 36%, Occult 21%, Persuade 52%, Psychology 28%, Pilot Boat 40%, Sneak 69%, Swim 80%, Throw 56%, Zoology 19%.

811

Martin's Beach

Martin's Beach is a small fishing village (pop. 867) located a few miles northeast of Kingsport, on the other side of the Miskatonic River. Martin's Beach relies mainly on fishing and a little tourism for the bulk of its income. Martin's Beach fishermen often sell their catches at Kingsport's fish-packing houses. There is a good-sized hotel here, which offers a splendid view of the sea. Martin's Beach is the site of the events described in "The Invisible Monster" (*a.k.a.* "The Horror at Martin's Beach") by Sonia Greene and H. P. Lovecraft. Granny Orne also knows this tale (120). If the keeper desires, the creature described in the story may still lurk in the waters off Martin's Beach.

Martin's Beach is described in a little more detail in the "Dust to Dust" adventure in Chaosium's *Dead Reckonings*.

THE MARTIN'S BEACH MONSTER

> *"The object was some fifty feet in length, of roughly cylindrical shape, and about ten feet in diameter. It was unmistakably a gilled fish in its major affiliations; but with forelegs and six-toed feet in place of pectoral fins, which prompted the widest speculation. Its extraordinary mouth, its thick and scaly hide, and its single, deep-set eye were wonders scarcely less remarkable than its colossal dimension . . . the naturalists pronounced it an infant organism . . . ."*
>
> — "The Invisible Monster," by H. P. Lovecraft and Sonia Greene.

These enormous sea serpents have the unusual ability to paralyze victims from a distance before dragging them down into the murky depths to drown and be devoured. The creatures paralyze their victims by matching their POW against their victim's POW and expending 3 magic points. Multiple victims may be attacked and paralyzed simultaneously. Potential victims must be within 30 yards of the creature for the paralyzation to have effect. Moving a paralyzed victim beyond this range quickly restores his mobility.

SEA SERPENT

Characteristics		*Average*
STR	1D100 x5	252-253
CON	1D100 +50	100-101
SIZ	STR +100	352-353
INT	4D6	15
POW	12D6	39
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP	—	226-227
MOV	9	—

Weapons: Engulf 60%, automatically swallows victim.

Sanity Loss: 1D4/1D20

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #23.]

Kingsport Head

KINGSPORT HEAD is a towering outcrop of rock rising to a height of more than a thousand feet above the water. From its northern edge, one can look down on the broad expanse of the Miskatonic River flowing into the sea. On the southern side, Kingsport can be seen lying far below. The cliffs of Kingsport Head are nearly sheer in most places. A person in Kingsport must walk almost halfway to Arkham before reaching a spot where he is able to climb up on the Head and turn back east. Walking up the Head is a difficult climb, steep and overgrown with briars, tall grass, ancient trees, brush, and wild blueberry bushes.

The Head has remained nearly untouched by man; the only human intrusions are the Arkham *Advertiser* wireless station presently under construction and that

mysterious old dwelling known as the Strange High House in the Mist. A recently cleared access road is used to haul materials to the wireless site and makes for an easier walk, but one sees no other sign of human occupation. There are no paths, pastures, stone walls, houses, barns, or anything else.

Father Neptune

Suspended forty feet above the Illsley shipyard, this stony outcrop resembles a crowned and bearded face gazing calmly out over the sea. Adventurous souls can climb the face of this outcropping, reaching the top with **two successful Climb rolls** [Climb checks are DC 15]. The view of Kingsport and the sea from Neptune's crown is quite spectacular. Easy access to the upper reaches of the Causeway can be had from the top of the crown requiring only **one Climb roll** [One Climb check, DC 13].

The Causeway

A series of low cliffs rise up from the base of the Head. Resembling a giant staircase that marches high into the mists, the "steps" of the cliff are sometimes nearly ten feet high and anywhere from a few feet to several yards wide. The easiest access to this rising series of cliffs is from the area behind the Fairgate Shoe factory (101). A shortcut up the face of Father Neptune requires **three Climb rolls.** [By a strict intepretation, a Climb check (DC 20) is required every 15 feet. A merciful keeper may choose to abstract that system into three Climb checks, thus preventing a tiresome evening of die rolls and rock climbing.]

Orange Point: The causeway ends at the edge of a precipice that overlooks the sea. Called Orange Point, it is named after the large outcropping of rust-colored stone found here. A wooden railing was installed in 1923, intended to provide a measure of safety for tourists who climb up here for the view. The installation was the result of an accident involving a young man who blundered over the edge and fell into the freezing harbor. The man survived, but suffered emotional damage that has kept him confined in Arkham's sanitarium ever since. (See HPL's story "The Festival," as well as *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham.*) Climbing the causeway up to Orange Point from town is fairly easy, requiring only **one successful Climb roll.** [Climb checks are DC 13.]

The causeway continues past Orange Point, but the going is difficult. **Two additional Climb rolls** are needed to reach the very highest "step" [DC 13]. It is possible to climb even higher than the highest Causeway step, but this is more hazardous; **a successful Climb roll is needed for every 1D20+10 feet** [a Climb check, DC 20, for every 15 feet].

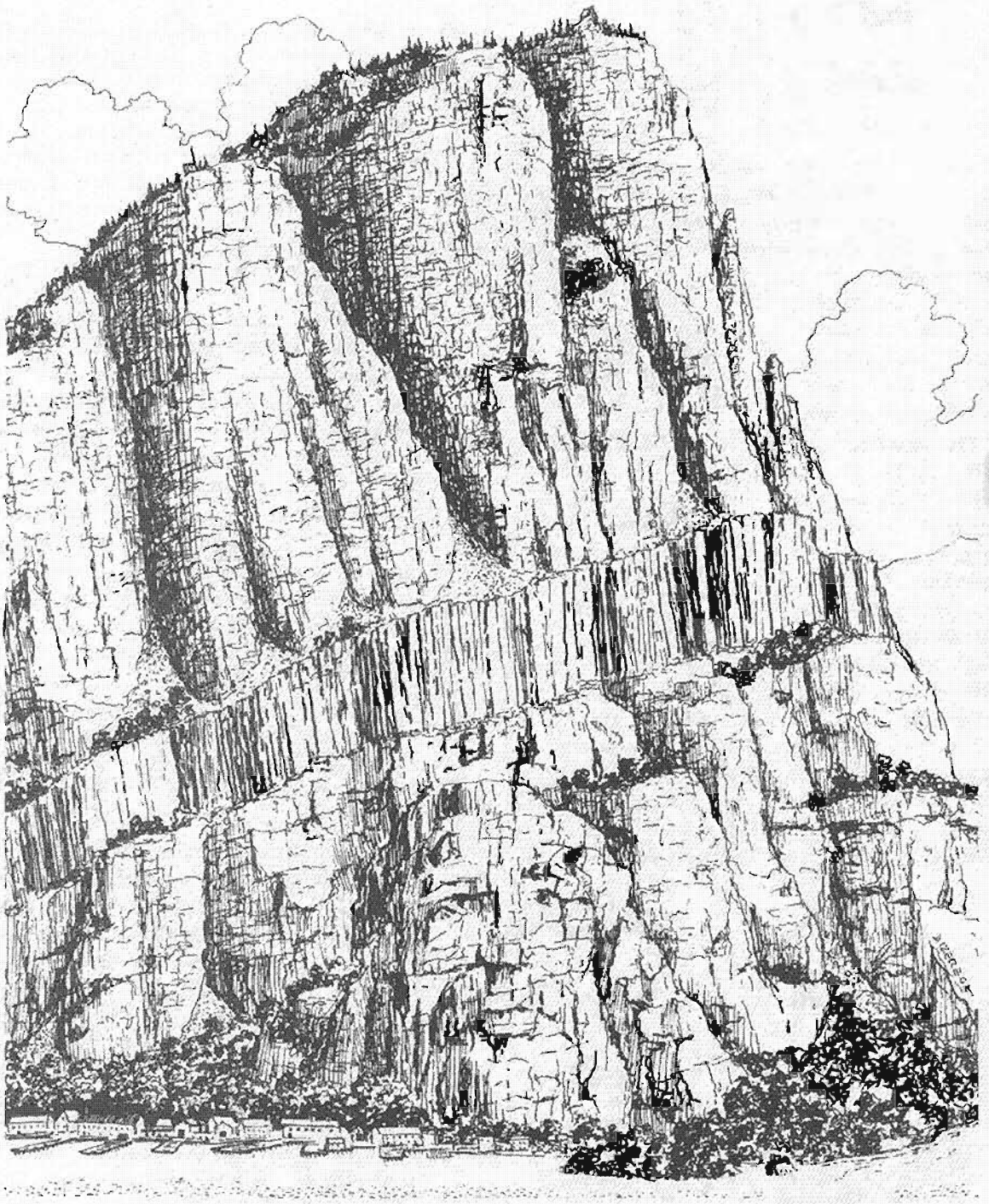
The Cliffside Grave: Hidden away on the causeway's highest step, wedged in a crevice, are the bones of a nightgaunt. This mythos creature was killed when it was slammed against the cliff face during the terrible storm of 1888. Most of the weirdly flexible bones are still intact, although the faceless horned skull is shattered almost beyond recognition. Discovery of the bones costs 0/1 SAN. Anyone making a successful **Zoology roll** [Knowledge (biology), DC 15; or Wilderness Lore, DC 20] realizes they belong to no known species. A **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos check, DC 15] identifies the skeletal remains as those of a nightgaunt. At the keeper's option, investigators may also find some small artifact or magic item that was carried by the creature. Granny Orne knows of the dark, winged shapes that used to flap around the Head on certain nights; she won't be surprised by this find.

The Arkham Advertiser Wireless Station

Kingsport Head is also the site of the new shortwave wireless telegraph station for the Arkham *Advertiser.* Construction is just beginning, made possible by the newly cleared access road leading up the previously untouched head. This road runs off the old river road to Arkham, and is used to haul materials up to the site. Signs posted along the access road warn of heavy equipment in the area. The site itself is on a rise near the southern edge of the cliffs and overlooks the city below. The Strange High House is another several hundred yards up the Head. Neither road nor path leads there.

When completed, the station will consist of a generator/maintenance shed and a concrete building containing the control booth, living quarters, and storage. The station's antenna wires will be strung across six 150-foot-tall steel masts set about 150 feet apart, each with cross-arms over 40 feet long. The whole array will be set at a northeast-to-southwest angle. Wires running back down the Head to Arkham will supply the station with power and communications. The station will require only a single individual to keep the equipment maintained and running, and will be capable of sending and receiving wireless telegraph messages almost anywhere in the world, carried on wavelengths of up to fifty meters. The *Advertiser's* wireless station will serve as the major communication link with the upcoming Miskatonic University expedition to Antarctica.

Right now the site is little more than a muddy clearing ringed by tarp-covered stacks of lumber and concrete blocks, huge steel girders, and construction equip-



Kingsport Head



Hiram Grumbacher

ment. The antenna masts are ready to be erected and a tall crane stands ready to lift the girders into place.

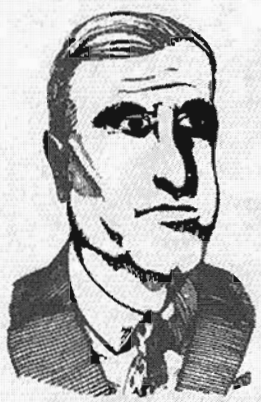
Construction is usually underway from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., five days a week (weather permitting).

Two workmen from the Edwards Construction Co. of Boston are usually present: the fifty-ish foreman, Hiram Grumbacher, and his 30-year-old assistant, Will Critchett. Grumbacher is a gruff, stout workhorse of a man, not appreciative of sightseeing gawkers or other interruptions. Critchett is powerful-looking, loudmouthed, and abusive, though a fine worker. These two typically supervise 1D6+1 laborers assigned to the job.



Will Critchett

The site is frequently visited by Dr. Hamlin Hayes, head of the Electrical Engineering Department at Miskatonic University. The young, white-haired Hayes helped design the station and supervises the construction in his own soft-spoken way. Miskatonic graduate student Donald Stoll is the University's hands-on consultant. Stoll is a bespectacled young man in his mid-20s who is very enthusiastic about electronics. Anyone who asks him about the workings of the wireless station is liable to find himself subjected to a much more thorough explanation than either anticipated or desired. Stoll is also rather "nerdy," a favored target of Will Critchett's abuse. Stoll will be the first to man the wireless station after its completion.



Dr. Hayes



Donald Stoll

Skills: (***Grumbacher***) Construction 85%, Operate Heavy Machinery 75%, Scowl 90%; (***Critchett***) Construction 70%, Operate Heavy Machinery 75%, Bully Others 75%, Fist 75%; (***Dr. Hayes***) Electrical Engineering 85%, Electronics 70%; (***Stoll***) Electrical Engineering 70%, Electronics 70%, Operate Wireless Telegraph 75%.

[The d20 skills and feats of the site's crew include the following: (***Grumbacher***) Craft (construction) +9, Operate Heavy Machinery +6, Intimidate +6; (***Critchett***) Craft (construction) +7, Operate Heavy Machinery +7, Initimidate +6; (***Dr. Hayes***) Craft (electronics) +7, Disable Device +6, Repair +6; (***Stoll***) Craft (electronics) +7, Knowledge (engineering) +6, Understand Language (Telegraphy) +6. For this last skill, see the d20 Appendix.]

The Strange High House in the Mist

The Strange High House has been perched atop this highest crag for almost as long as the town itself has existed. The house has windows on all four sides, but the only door faces east, opening directly over the sheer drop of the cliffs. Kingsporters have long seen the lights that burn in the house's tiny windows at night, but no one has ever seen its occupant, known only as "the One."

Kingsport abounds with legends and old wives' tales about the Strange High House. Long ago, the Terrible Old Man's father told him of how lightning was once seen shooting up from the Strange High House into the sky. The Terrible Old Man also knows about Thomas Olney's visit to the house a couple of years ago and of its profound effect upon the man. And Granny Orne's grandmother once told her that great winged shapes used to flap about the eastern face of the Head before entering the house through the door overlooking the cliff. Doubtless there are other stories if the investigators seek them out [while making Gather Info checks].

The nearly sheer face of the Head is almost impossible to climb; the only reasonable way to reach the house is by hiking back toward Arkham until the ground is gentle enough to allow an investigator to clamber up on the rising point of land. The first leg of the journey follows the steep access road that leads to the site of the Arkham *Advertiser* wireless station. From here, the going gets rougher as the undergrowth thickens and the Head narrows to a width of no more than forty feet. Before the house can be reached, a rough chasm, fifteen feet deep and sloping steeply to either side, must be crossed. **Two Climb rolls** are required [one Climb check, DC 15, across a 15-foot-long slope] and fumbling either roll (96-00) [failing the roll by more than 5] means

a long and fatal fall thousands of feet to either the Miskatonic River on the north side, or Kingsport on the south. Normal failure [failing by 5 or less] means only a minor fall resulting in 1D4 points of damage.

The house is incredibly ancient — shingles rotted, brick chimney crumbling, and gray wooden exterior pitted with age. The unnaturally tall, peaked roof has eaves that reach nearly to the ground. There is a single small lattice window on each of the three landward sides of the House, latched from inside. The eastern wall is set nearly flush with the cliff, and here are found two more windows, as well as a heavy, narrow door. The house can be safely entered via the windows (if the keeper decides they're unlatched) or through the door, if the investigators can inch out along the cliff. This requires a roll of **DEX x2 or less** [Dexterity check, DC 20]. Failure results in a thousand-foot fall to the cliffs and water below.

The house's single room contains only a few simple furnishings and personal items such as clothing. A **History roll** [Knowledge (history), DC 10] dates these things as typical of the late seventeenth century. Lighting is by candle, and heat is provided by the huge central fireplace. A bookshelf on one wall holds a few worm-eaten tomes, whose titles include: the *Book of Eibon*, the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, and an ancient English translation of the *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan*. This last book carries a different title: *The Seven Cryptical Books of Earth* (+7 to Cthulhu Mythos and to Dream Lore, lose 1D8 SAN, and three spells of the keeper's choice). [See the d20 Appendix for more details.]

Several old chests contain stores of salted meat and bottles of wine, odd sea shells, stones, pieces of scrimshaw, a knife with a wicked-looking blade, three rune-covered jugs of an unidentifiable metal (each filled with liquids), a goblet made from the skull of a horned humanoid, and a scroll showing a map of an unknown continent. Other arcane items of the keeper's design may also be found. The jugs hold excellent wines of unknown and unearthly vintages. Successful **Archaeology, Cthulhu Mythos, History,** or **Occult rolls** [Knowledge (archaeology), (history), or (occult)] can identify the other artifacts as belonging to cycles of myth involving ancient Greece, Atlantis, Hyperborea, Mu, and Poseidonis. [A Knowledge check for Ancient Greece is probably DC 10; the other locales require the Cthulhu Mythos skill (DC 15) or one of the aforementioned Knowledge skills (DC 20).]



William Bain

AN IMPORTANT SPELL

View Gate

Cast at a suspected Gate, this spell allows the caster and companions to see what, if anything, is on the other side of the Gate without going through it. The cost varies with the number of magic points needed to activate the Gate. It always costs 1 magic point and 1 Sanity point to cast the spell. Viewing is a variable cost, one tenth of the Gate cost (round up fractions). Thus a Gate costing 7 magic points to pass through requires 2 magic points and 2 Sanity points to view through. The view lasts 1D6+1 rounds. The spell may be cast as often as the caster's magic points and Sanity points allow.

If there is something horrific to see, additional Sanity charges are in line for each viewer. If important to play, viewers may attempt appropriate skill rolls to learn where or when or what they are viewing.

[Also described in the d20 Appendix.]

When the investigators, arrive there is a 20% chance the house's owner is at home. If the place is presently unoccupied, there is a cumulative 20% chance per hour the owner will return. If he arrives while the investigators are exploring, and he enters through the front door, each investigator has a chance equal to his **POW x1** [Spot check, DC 20] of catching a glimpse of the fantastic beast the man rode in on. Depending on the type of beast, SAN rolls may be required.

William Bain, "The One"

STR 15	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 16	**INT** 15	**POW** 19
DEX 12	**APP** 13	**EDU** 29	**SAN** 54	**HP** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Club 60%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special
Knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
Sword 50%, damage 1D8+1+1D4

Spells: Contact Deity / Nodens, Find Gate, Gate of Oneirology, Woeful Itch, View Gate.

Skills: Anthropology 35%, Archaeology 15%, Astronomy 45%, Botany 45%, Climb 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Dodge 35%, Dreaming 75%, Dream Lore 85%, History 60%, Jump 50%, Linguist 45%, Listen 65%, Navigate 55%, Occult 65%, Pilot Boat 75%, Spot Hidden 60%, Swim 70%, Throw 60%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #24.]

Bain appears to be in his forties, but is actually over three hundred years old. He is a big, black-bearded man with a soft voice and even temperament. His kind eyes

. . . *continued in two pages*

Kingsport

TOWN DIRECTORY

Of Matters Entered in the "Guide to Kingsport".

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- Clubs And Organizations
- Financial Services
- Food And Entertainment
- Funeral Homes And Cemeteries
- Hotels, Apartments, etc.
- Individual Statistics
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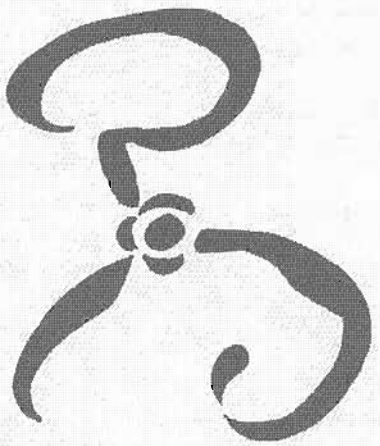
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speak of vast unearthly knowledge, and he dresses in clothes typical of the seventeenth century.

William Bain has spent most of his life exploring various realms of dream, including Hyperborea, Mu, Atlantis, and Earth's Dreamlands. He is gracious to visitors and eager to tell of his experiences. He has even been known to take interested parties along. He is aware of the danger of attracting too much attention to the Strange High House in the Mist, and he fears the intrusion of the Other Gods into this world, the "real world." Because he has spent so much time in the realms of dream, Bain is now nearly immortal. He remains this way as long as he does not venture too far into the real world. Too much contact with the world of the investigators causes Bain to age rapidly, crumbling to dust before their eyes.



IMPORTANT NOTES

Miscellaneous d100 Skills

DIVINE (00): Foretell the future, in Elena Arcurl's case with a crystal ball. [Consider the augury spell instead.]

EGYPTOLOGY (00): The study of Egyptian archaeology, myth, history, and so forth. [Knowledge (history); see Specializations in the d20 Appendix.]

FIND FISH (00): A combination of luck and knowing the movements of the fish. [This should be considered as an application of Wilderness Lore.]

KINGSPORT CULT (00): Knowledge of the old cult falls under this category; it's much rarer than Kingsport History. Someone with a high Kingsport History skill may know of the raid on the Congregational Church in 1722, and that arrests were made and the church crypt filled in, but without the Kingsport Cult skill, they won't know the whys and hows and names involved. [Knowledge (occult), or the next skill listed below. More precise knowledge raises the DC of the skill check.]

KINGSPORT HISTORY (00): The history does not include specific details of the cult's activities. [Knowledge (local), for Kingsport, of course.]

ART [painting/drawing] (00): Watercolors pencils, oils, etc. [Craft (painting) or Craft (drawing)]

ART [sculpture] (00): Clay, stone, wood, etc. May also include or substitute working with pottery. [These are variations on the Craft skill.]

SURVIVAL (10): Staying alive and/or foraging under harsh conditions: at sea, without water or food, in cold weather, etc. [Easily replaced by Wilderness Lore.

Plagued by Dreams

Concerning efficacious and proper applications of nocturnal phantasms. Using dreams and nightmares in Call of Cthulhu campaigns.

by Mark Morrison

On watch, Hans was suddenly aware that something was wrong. He didn't know what. He picked up his flashlight and moved away from the fire, cutting the dark with the sharp beam of light. He shivered as he was gnawed exploratively by the cold night air, which had been waiting beyond the fire's warmth. Still, he could see nothing. He could hear nothing. Nothing? But surely there must be — breathing?

Frantically, he rushed back to the sleeping-bagged figures sprawled about the fire, and only then did he notice the dark red stains flowing slowly outward from each of the rents and slashes in the fabric. That was when he noticed the blazing, lidless red eyes twenty feet above him. Fire-bright jaws yawned and flame spewed from the glowing throat, turning Hans into a shrieking, living torch. The others were awakened by the screaming, as Hans thrashed amid the searing coals of the campfire . . . .

Dreams can be unsettling, dangerous, terminal. They are a device no *Call of Cthulhu* keeper can pass up, an opportunity to give investigators distorted perceptions of warped reality and screaming nightmare. In the above example, Hans had actually fallen asleep on watch, and none of the events were real — Hans woke up when he toppled into the fire. The keeper didn't have to tell the player that Hans had fallen asleep; he just described the events. In this case, it is initially a relief to learn that Hans' comrades are not dead and that there is no monstrous fire-breathing horror. It is a relief to wake up — but the waking proves to be as bad as the nightmare.

Here are a few ideas on using investigators' dreams to their disadvantage. It's a device commonly featured in Mythos stories. The source that immediately comes to mind is, of course, Chaosium's *Dreamlands* supplement, but not all dreams need to be journeys to far-off Celephaïs. Keepers should not forget the ordinary dream, or the extraordinary nightmare.

Dreams offer so many opportunities, and in each case there are a number of decisions to be made. Do you want to give away a hint or insight into the

current scenario, or just give the investigators a rough time? Are you going to make it obvious to them that they are dreaming, or are you going to feign reality? Is a character going to have power of normal action and speech in the dream? Is he going to be in his body, or disembodied, or in someone else's body? Is he going to wake in his bed, or are you going to sleepwalk them somewhere else? There are so many options that you should easily be able to mix devices, keeping one lurch ahead of the players. The following ideas for dreams are a few I use; dip into the nighted depths of your imagination to come up with variants that suit you.

The most fiendish, and most successful device (not to mention the most lowdown mean and dirty) is not telling the players that they are dreaming. Sneak the dreams in while the characters are safely asleep in their beds, telling them that they "wake up" into the events of the dream. Better still, look for situations in which the character might fall asleep without the player knowing: while keeping a long watch; in the passenger seat of a long car journey; sprawled on a deck chair during a leisurely cruise; reading far into the night over an old tome, and so on. As long as the player doesn't know, this allows you to absolutely run wild. Players can find, or see, their comrades torn apart (as happened to poor old Hans). Normal things can suddenly become abnormal. ("That room-service waiter you just hesitantly let into your room? He pustulantly explodes into a writhing mess of leprous tentacles.") Characters can "wake up" to be "killed" — perhaps by strange knife-wielding figures in their room — or they can "wake up" on mortuary slabs, preferably with a few bits opened out to give them a grip on the situation.

Consider the following example:

> ***Keeper:*** *There's a glistening ropy mass of intestines on your stomach.*
> ***Harold:*** *Eurrgghhh! I push them off. Yuk!*
> ***Keeper:*** *Actually, that hurts.*
> ***Harold:*** *Why?*
> ***Keeper:*** *Because they're yours. Roll Sanity.*
> ***Harold:*** *Eurrrrghhhhhgarglegargle . . . .*

In short, there's no end to what you can deviously arrange. You could say the investigators wake up in the morning, and ask them what they are doing. When they go out to get the milk and newspaper, have them find the slaughtered remains of the paperboy, the milkman, and their dog strewn across the front lawn. Then their next-door neighbor cheerily says hello, showing a big mouthful of fangs, and continues watering his red roses with blood. Get the picture?

All of these elements tend to move toward a climax, at which point the character will wake up. More options are available to keepers who are diabolical at heart (and sick of mind). An easy variant involves having a character "wake" from one dream into another. (Remember *American Werewolf in London*, when the nurse gets it?)

Here's another example:

> ***Keeper:*** *. . . and then you wake up.*
> ***Harold:*** *Arrrrghhh!*
> ***Julie:*** *Harold! What's wrong? You were screaming. Did you have a nightmare?\Harold: Urg, [gasp] it was — horrible, I was [gag] . . . dead on this slab. God!*
> ***Keeper:*** *As Julie gets closer, Harold, you notice something odd about her . . . or is it just that her face is sliding off? Roll SAN.*
> ***Harold:*** *Aaarrrghhh!*
> ***Keeper:*** *You wake up.*
> ***Julie:*** *Harold! What's wrong? You were screaming. Did you have a nightmare?*
> ***Harold:*** *Gibber, gibber.*

Alternatively, a character can awaken into a reality worse than the dream — suddenly staring up into a rotting face with dripping jaws poised just above her throat, for example. The character may not accept this event as real, which would be just as bad. Basically, the objective is to harass the characters until they can no longer safely tell reality from non-reality. At that point, they just sit in the corner and whimper.

All of the examples above are fairly grue; another option is to give the players vaguely disturbing dreams, with something just a little wrong. I have an evil fondness for the shock approach though, as it provides such an effective screaming full stop at which you can tell the character she wakes up. (I guarantee your players will stare at you in disbelief, then lunge for your throat. Have a steaming cup of coffee on hand as a deterrent.)

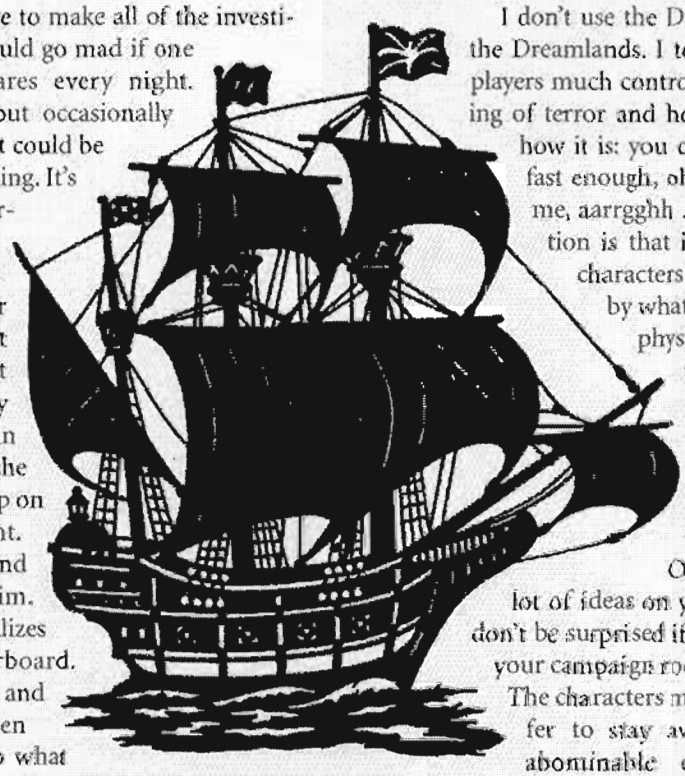
Consider other alternatives to this sort of dreaming, in which dreams closely follow reality (so much so that you don't bother to tell the player that this not really happening). Have things so strange that the players are fully aware they must be dreaming (as in, "Hell, this can't be real, can it?"). Use twisted scenery, leaping and gibbering figures, blasphemously wrong skylines, demonic noises, weird perspectives — pretty much anything you like.

In this case, you may be intending to show an investigator some ominous scene, perhaps as the result of some forbidding text she has foolishly read, or as a result of the unwanted attentions of some malevolent being. After the character has the vision, she could wake into a reassuring nightmare. ("You are thankfully awakened, but by a strange mumbling slopping noise at the window. You know those fleshless, elastic humanoids you saw near the altar? There's one climbing over your window sill.") And perhaps it really is.

Attendant with this vision, nowhere are dreams more terrifying and powerful than when they relate directly to the plot of the scenario, showing the dreamer(s) something they have met or will meet. As the characters are under a fair degree of stress during an investigation (an understatement), it is only logical that their dreams will reflect this anxiety. Dwell on the fears and hatreds of the characters.

For example, when I ran my *Fungi from Yuggoth* campaign, Francesca Le Monte developed a particularly virulent hatred of Baron Hauptmann (directly proportional to the amount he cost her in dental bills — think about it). Whilst in Egypt, she was "awakened" by a cloaked figure in her tent. A knife was drawn and plunged into her — a critical hit! Just before she "died," the cowl fell away, revealing the laughing face of Hauptmann. And then she woke up.

Of course, you don't have to make all of the investigators' dreams bad. One would go mad if one had nothing but nightmares every night. Perhaps this is desirable, but occasionally there should be a dream that could be helpful, or soothing, or relaxing. It's up to you whether the character is then rudely awakened by the house burning down around his ears. Or you could turn that pleasant dream sour by following it up with a nasty one. Let's say that Francesca is snoozing in a deck chair, dreaming that she sees Hauptmann sneaking up on her with malicious intent. Desperately, she leaps up and throws herself against him. When she wakes up, she realizes she's knocked him overboard. Gratefully she slumps back and sleeps once more, and then wakes for real, unsure as to what may or may not have happened. Except, that night in her cabin, she is "awakened" when she hears splashing at her porthole as a corpse tries to climb in, a bloated propellor-sliced fish-eaten horror which resembles Baron Hauptman.



There are countless other sorts of dreaming beyond the scope of this article. Many of Lovecraft's stories are based on dream episodes ("The Call of Cthulhu," "The Shadow Out of Time," "Dreams in the Witch House") and other authors have made good use of this device. Psychology texts may offer additional useful material, such as why people dream, and how the process can be used to elicit allegorical insights into people through their dreams. Delve, consider, and research for yourself. Tactics such as these are too valuable to pass up. A customary word of caution: Don't overdo these techniques, or they will lose their shock effect; once every few games should catch the players by surprise.

How does this work in specific game terms? I usually choose the character I want to pick on rather than relying on a random die roll. And the dreams should be based on the machinations of the plot — I usually select the most paranoid player or character, on whom I can use other existing phobias to play off of. You may prefer the highest POWered character. For each dream, I usually enforce a SAN roll upon waking (because people can't very well go insane while dreaming); if the roll fails, the character loses 1 point. This is low, but the investigators have precious little SAN, and you can get good mileage out of scaring the player anyway.

I don't use the Dreaming skill, except in the Dreamlands. I tend to avoid giving the players much control, as it adds to the feeling of terror and hopelessness. (You know how it is: you can't run/swim/fly away fast enough, oh, God, it's going to get me, aarrgghh . . . .) Another justification is that in the Dreamlands, the characters can really be affected by what happens to them, both physically and mentally. In that sense, the dream is real, so the Dreaming skill is needed. This article deals only with nightmares, not dream quests.

Once you unleash this lot of ideas on your screaming players, don't be surprised if coffee consumption in your campaign rockets up a hundredfold. The characters may understandably prefer to stay awake! The weird and abominable effects that can be achieved in the investigators' sleep — wherein you are not bound by any constraints of logic, fairness, or politeness — are tremendous. If a player complains, remind him that it's his character's subconscious that's bringing it upon himself — isn't it?

When I try to sleep at night
I can only dream in red
The outside world is black and white
We've only one colour dead

—"**Biko**," by Peter Gabriel.

The House on the Edge

In which one of Lovecraft's dreamier creations is destroyed in order to make way for one more modern.

"For there are strange objects in the great abyss, and the seeker of dreams must take care not to stir up or meet the wrong ones."

—"The Strange High House in the Mist," by H. P. Lovecraft.

THIS ADVENTURE SERVES as an introduction to the peculiar atmosphere surrounding Kingsport. Suited for any number of investigators of any level of experience, keepers may wish to add an adversary or two if playing with larger or more experienced groups. The adventure should require no more than a single evening's play.

The scenario assumes that one or more of the investigators has previously spent time in Kingsport and has a reason to be visiting there again. Investigators may be residents, sightseers, tourists, or other visitors, but above all, they must be aware of the existence of the remote Strange High House in the Mist perched atop Kingsport Head. If it is the investigators' first visit to the city, they should spend a day or two in town before the adventure begins. At some point during this time, the investigators should become aware of the existence of the Strange High House.

The keeper is strongly urged to read this scenario carefully, as reality is bent out of shape during the course of the adventure. It is also suggested that the keeper reread H. P. Lovecraft's story "The Strange High House in the Mist," a copy of which is included in this work.

Keeper's Information

For the last few days, abnormally powerful storms have racked the area around Kingsport — storms severe enough to prevent the local fishermen from setting

out to sea. The roads in the area have become muddy and treacherous. Local spirits are understandably low.

Last night came the granddaddy of all storms, a howling, rain-pelting, lightning-hurling, thunder-clapping nor'easter. This morning, the storms have passed on and, to the wonder of all, the odd little house just barely visible atop the highest northern crag on Kingsport Head is gone. Shocked locals and curious tourists train binoculars and telescopes on the spot, but smoking ruins reveal that the Strange High House is no more.

The mysterious house has long been a site of interest to various powers outside this world — including Nodens, an Elder God [a deity described in the core rulebook]. Nodens strives to prevent other forces from using the Strange High House to enter this world. With construction of the nearby Arkham *Advertiser* wireless station underway, Nodens fears that the curious and scholarly who have lately been visiting the Head have helped attract the attention of other, more malign forces with an interest in this place.

The activity of the construction site and the relative ease of travel on the recently constructed access road tempts scholars and tourists alike to climb the Head, explore, and wonder at the ancient house. Such activity has served to draw the attention of the Outer Gods, and late last night Nodens took drastic steps. He destroyed the real-world extension of the Strange High House, closing the gap between worlds. But the Strange High House and its deathless occupant are not gone forever. Both continue to exist in the lands of dream, where they are visible to the truly sensitive.

The current adventure assumes that one or more of the investigators, aware of the house's recent destruction, feels nostalgically guilty and decides to visit the site in search of some clue to its long and mysterious existence. Traveling up the Head, the investigators have an opportunity to meet and talk with the workers at the construction site, but they find nothing of the house but lightning-blasted, fire-blackened ruins.

Then things get strange. Returning to Kingsport, the investigators begin to dream — but they don't realize they're dreaming. Believing that they have slept the night, the investigators arise to find the house has returned to its familiar location atop Kingsport Head. The problem is, the investigators are the only ones in Kingsport who can see it. Hopefully, the party will choose to explore the site of the house again.

The second journey up Kingsport Head is vaguely hallucinatory. Peculiar flora and fauna abound, and the landscape seems even wilder and more unrecognizable than it did on the previous trip. Strange creatures shadow the party, and at least one of them is very dangerous. Discovering the house intact, the investigators meet its deathless owner and are offered the opportunity to meet Bain's prestigious and otherworldly guest. Departing, the investigators encounter supernatural resistance and must fight their way back to Kingsport. Waking, they realize that all the experiences they had since returning from their first trip up to the Head (perhaps encompassing several days) were all a dream.

Investigators' Information

It is a beautiful Saturday morning, the first clear day in some time. Last night's storm seems to have drained all the bad weather out of the sky. But as the investigators soon discover, Kingsport is abuzz about the disappearance of the Strange High House from its uppermost crag above the city. Through the mists, observers with binoculars or telescopes can make out the fire-blackened bricks of its chimney and a few charred timbers. Speculation is that the house was blasted by a great stroke of lightning seen in the sky around midnight.

If the investigators are new to town, or seek further information on the House or its inhabitant, few townspeople will be of much help. Most know that no one in Kingsport has ever seen the house's occupant, who is rumored to have lived alone up there for as long as Kingsport itself has existed. With a successful **Luck roll** [Gather Information, DC 13], investigators talk to a Kingsporter who suggests consulting Granny Orne (120) or the Terrible Old Man (110).

The First Journey

Eventually, the investigators should visit the site of the house, a trip requiring a long, strenuous hike up Kingsport Head. An **Idea roll** [Intelligence, DC 10; can't take 10] tells them that packing a light meal might be a good idea, considering the distance and the rough terrain. Before leaving on their hike, investigators will be informed that they should plan on hiking at least a mile inland, toward Arkham, before they will find terrain level enough to allow them to climb up on the rock that is the Head.

Making their way out of town on the Hill Road, the investigators pass the old hilltop burying ground (802) and follow a cliff-side path before taking the old River Road branch. Past Hooper's Pond and the red brick powderhouse (801), they arrive at the recently cleared access road leading to the Arkham *Advertiser* wireless station site. On foot, this part of the journey takes about an hour. If the investigators are in a car, this part of the journey takes fifteen minutes. If the car is driven up the access road, the investigators find the going slow, and the hopelessly muddy morass soon stops them. A failed **Drive Automobile roll** [Drive check, DC 15] indicates

the car is stuck and will have to be towed out by a helpful farmer or someone with a large truck.

From this point, it is a long, frequently muddy hike to the construction site. Make sure the investigators notice the wilderness that is the headland — birds, small mammals, berry bushes, brambles, thick woods, and so forth.

After a walk of about an hour and a half, the party reaches the wireless site. Despite the fact it's Saturday, a full contingent of workmen are here trying to keep construction on schedule by working overtime. Hiram Grumbacher, Will Critchett, and 2D3 immigrant workmen are present, as well as Donald Stoll and Dr. Hamlin Hayes of Miskatonic University. Allow the investigators a chance to meet and speak with these people as long as they like, so long as construction isn't slowed by the investigator's questions. Stoll blathers theory, while Critchett badgers his workers. In any case, none of these men have anything new to add regarding the Strange High House, though one or another will admit to having vainly sought some way of reaching it themselves.

About fifteen minutes after leaving the site, the investigators find their way blocked by prodigious amounts of brambles, which hinder their eastward trek. It will take a successful **Luck roll** [Search or Wilderness Lore, DC 13] (try every half-hour of searching) to find a path along a narrow bridge of rock that gives access to the crag where the Strange High House stood. Once they find the crag, they have to actually reach it. (See the "Guide to Kingsport" chapter for details.) Once at the spot, the investigators find little left of the house, only blackened timbers and scattered bricks.

The ruins appear to have been a single-room house about 20 feet square. The forward portion of the house was built flush with the edge of the eastward-facing cliffs. Aside from burnt timbers and blackened bricks, a few bits of charred wood and metal that might have been furniture or personal effects are found. An investigator who makes a successful **History, Architecture,** or **Know roll of EDU x1** [Knowledge (architecture) or Knowledge (history), DC 15] while examining the ruins determines the house dated back to the late seventeenth century or earlier. With a full hour's search and a successful **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 15], an investigator unearths some badly scorched but vaguely recognizable items. Books and perishables are ruined, while other artifacts are certainly damaged to one degree or another.

After a time, it begins to grow dark. The investigators may realize they should start the climb back down or face a night spent on the damp, chilly headland. [If they don't, use the rules for "Cold Dangers" (from the Combat chapter) to threaten a minimal amount of subdual damage each hour.] After crossing the gorge, the party finds the traveling easier going down. The entire trip, even on foot, should take no more than three hours. It is a weary and discouraged group of investigators who fall into their beds this night.

The House Returns

Run the remainder of this adventure normally, but keep careful track of the investigators' actions. Unknown to the investigators or players, the rest of this adventure takes place in a dream.

The first day after their visit to the Head, allow the investigators to do whatever they choose — but keep in mind that this is all part of a joint dream. The investigators will awaken only when they have returned from a second visit to the Strange High House. Purchases made, acquaintances met, or researches conducted will have not actually occurred. After the dream ends, the keeper may wish to have the investigators' relive some of these actions in the real world, just as they happened in their dream — in which case, it's deja vu all over again.

For instance, consider a painter who has returned from his first trip to the ruins. During the dream that begins that night, he arises the next morning and begins a new painting on a fresh canvas, only to be interrupted by an unexpected caller. Upon finally awakening from his dream experience at the House, he enters his studio to find a blank canvas awaiting him, and no trace of the painting he is sure that he started yesterday morning. Sitting down to work, he is shortly thereafter interrupted by a knock at the door. It is the person he is sure visited him yesterday morning, but the visitor is here again for the same reason (such as using the telephone, or borrowing a cup of sugar). It may take some time before the confused investigator (and player) sorts out which events were real and which were in a dream.

This section, the start of the dream, begins with the investigators "awakening" the morning after their journey to the ruins of the House. It is Sunday, meaning church services, little if any commerce, and a day of rest. Any of the investigators curious enough to train binoculars or a telescope on the mist-shrouded crag where the house once stood gets a shock. Though they themselves visited the house's ruins just yesterday, today the house stands intact. If they question other Kingsporters about this curiosity, the stolid townsfolk simply roll their eyes and accuse the investigators of seeing mirages or mistsnipes; they see no house on the crag. If the investigators don't discover the miraculous return of the house that day, by evening they are sure to notice the lighted windows on the tip of the headland. Again, no one save the investigators can see this light. Strangers claim the investigators were confused by a blinking star high in the northern clouds.

Hopefully, the strange return of the house draws the investigators to make a second visit to the Head. If not, the house continues to appear to them every day until they leave Kingsport or the keeper decides to allow these dull, unadventurous souls to wake up and discover that the reappearance of the house was all in their dreams. This should be enough to spur them on to the next night, when they again dream of the house. Another option is to introduce a non-player character into the dream who encourages the investigators to return and visit the site a second time.

A Second Journey

The beginning of the dreamers' second journey to the Strange High House is much the same as the first, but only until they reach the muddy, rutted access road. As before, automobiles become stuck, again requiring a long walk up Kingsport Head.

Strange Flora

As the party proceeds up the access road, allow each a **halved Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 20]. Anyone who succeeds notices that the way seems different, wilder and more overgrown than it was on their earlier trek. The road gradually becomes more and more overgrown, until it is finally nothing more than a wide grassy path. With a **second halved Spot Hidden roll** [Spot or Wilderness Lore check, DC 20], an investigator notices unfamiliar plants growing near the road. Space these rolls out so that the following two types of unusual fruit are not encountered simultaneously.

An Apple Tree (Apples of Morpheus): To all appearances, these are normal apples of average size and color with a slightly sour taste. These are Dreamland fruit, however, and have a special effect on dreamers who eat them. Each apple consumed allows a dreamer to remain asleep in the real world for an additional hour, allowing him more time to explore his dreams. The effect is cumulative and involuntary. A perennially tardy investigator could find himself in trouble with his employer.

A Pomegranate Tree (Panzagranates): These purplish golf-ball-sized fruits have a very sweet taste. Anyone eating of the fruit is afflicted with panzaism. An investigator suffering from panzaism is entirely unfazed by the supernatural; he is able to find a rational or logical explanation for even the most bizarre of creatures or occurrences. Because of this peculiar insanity, SAN loss for a sufferer of panzaism is always the minimum amount of loss possible. This fruit's effects last 1D4 hours, plus 1 hour per additional fruit eaten. Its effects are only felt within the dream and do not carry over to the waking world. Though seemingly beneficial, this fruit can be quite dangerous. Imagine a case where a victim of panzaism views a Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua as a gushing pool of tar.

As the journey continues, the investigators notice further oddities. A dusty-pale butterfly larger than a man's head, with wings marked similar to the eyes of an owl, flutters down into the tall grass, reappearing a moment later with a struggling mouse-like animal in its grasp. Oblivious to the party, it flies away. Sanity point loss is 0/1.

A Curious Creature

Allow each investigator another **Spot Hidden roll** [Listen check, DC 18; or Spot check, DC 20]. If anyone succeeds, he or she has noticed a strange-looking critter shadowing the investigators in the tall grass. It looks like a skulking rat-creature, but bears a ring of small tentacles around its snout. Spotted, it flits away into the undergrowth. This is an inquisitive zoog, which may attack if it is provoked (or an investigator is alone, if the keeper desires). Normally the zoog follows the investigators just to see what they're about. If the investigators leave waking world food behind for it (not Dreamlands fruit), the grateful zoog will not attack unless provoked. Later, the creature may fall prey to the other lurker that prowls Kingsport Head.



The Zoog

The Inquisitive Zoog

STR 03	**CON** 07	**SIZ** 01	**INT** 14	**POW** 11
DEX 24	**MOV** 08			**HP** 04

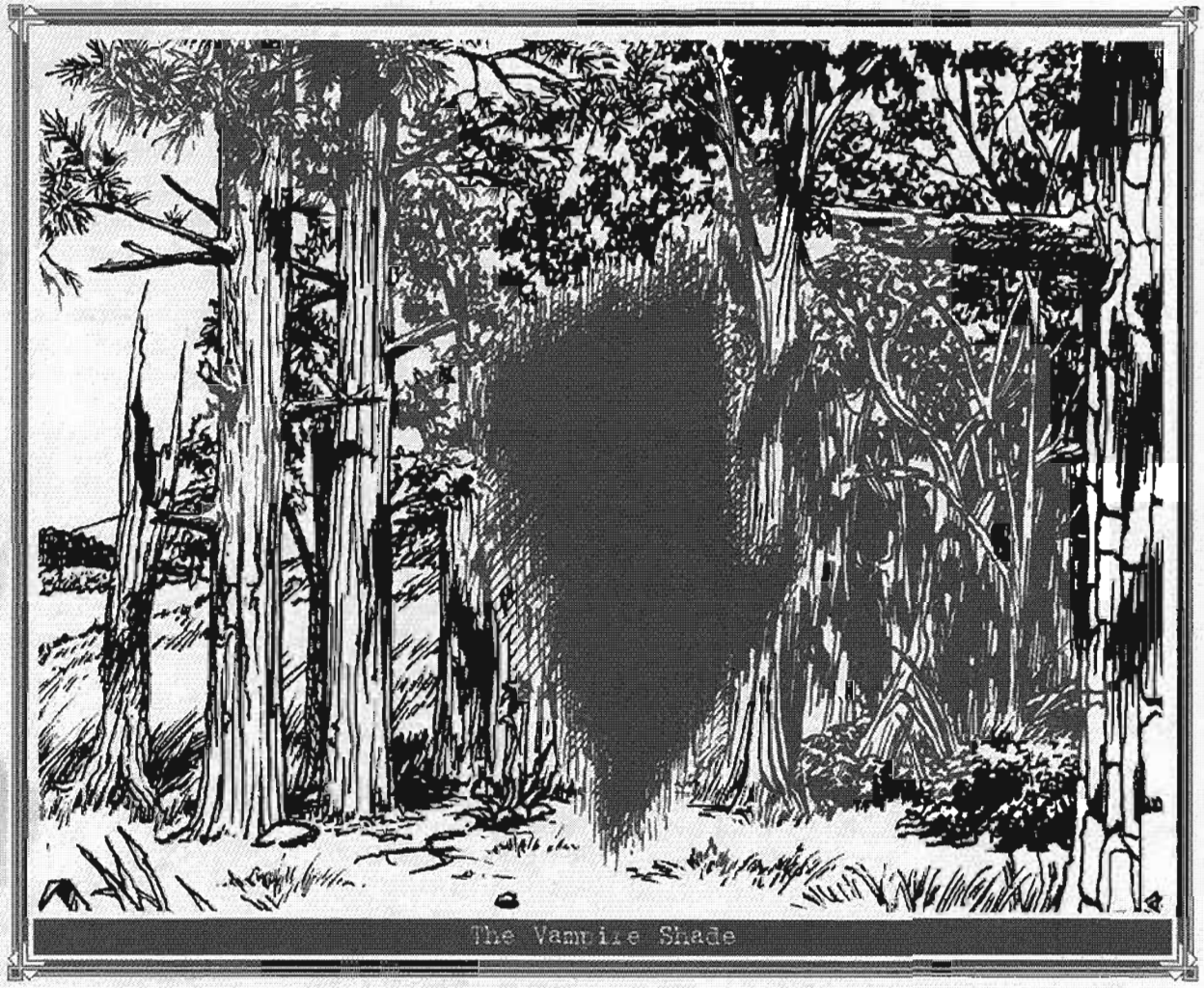
Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: Bite 35%, damage 1D4

Skills: Climb 70%, Dodge 55%, Dream Lore 75%, Hide 60%, Sneak 60%, Track 50%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 sanity points to see a zoog.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #25.]



The Vampire Shade

A Dangerous Creature

A second, shadowy creature is also present as the party makes its way up Kingsport Head. This being is noticed only with **a roll of 1/5 of an investigator's normal Spot Hidden roll** [or a Spot check, DC 17, but with the system listed below]. If spotted, it appears as nothing more than a large, shadowy form. The creature may roll against its Hide skill to appear as a normal shadow, but if it fails, the investigators notice something wrong about the shadow. [For a simpler approach: If the initial Spot check succeeds, the investigators notice something wrong about the shadow; if it fails, they don't notice the shadow at all.] If approached by a lone character, the shade attacks, but it (temporarily) flees if approached by a group. When moving, the creature looks like a flowing pool of shadow. It is a vampire-shade, a monstrous life-sucking evil thing.

Vampire-Shade

characteristic	*average*
STR 4D6	14
CON 3D6	10-11
SIZ 5D6	17-18
INT 3D6	10-11
POW 3D6	10-11
DEX 2D6	7
HP —	14-15

MOV 7

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Bite/Tendril/Claw at DEX x5%, damage 1D4, plus the loss of 1D4 CON per round.

Armor: None, but vampire-shades take damage only from light; all other weapons have no effect. Torches cause 1D6 damage, candles 1D3, and a flashlight beam 1D4 (DEX x5% to successfully aim the beam at the creature).

Skills: Conceal/Hide (appearing as a normal shadow) 50% (85% at night), Sense Prey 55%, Sneak 100%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4+1 sanity points to see.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #26.]

Vampire-shades are dark silent horrors who prey on other living creatures. They are related to normal shades, but more intelligent. Some sources hold that they are servants or creations of the Crawling Chaos, Nyarlathotep. They usually appear as rolling, flopping, squirming pitch-black, shapeless masses, though occasionally they briefly coalesce into a form vaguely resembling a bird, rat, bat, or lizard. One-third of these creatures can fly.

Those bitten by a vampire-shade lose 1D4 CON points every round as the monster holds on, devouring the life force of its victim. A **successful STR vs. STR roll** is needed to break away from the creature. Any creature killed by a vampire-shade becomes a vampire-shade himself. Such victims retain their original form, but become entirely pitch-black. They must feed on the living just as their dark creator must. New vampire-shades drain by touch, bite, or claw, as appropriate, at a beginning attack level of DEX x3.

Strange Country

As the investigators toil their way up the steep headland, they become gradually aware of the increasing encroachment of the wilderness. Finally, with an **Idea roll of INT x1** [Wisdom check, DC 10; can't take 10] they realize they are standing at the spot where the wireless station should be — but it is not here. There is no sign of the access road, the antenna towers, or any equipment. SAN loss is 0/1D3 for those who realize something is wrong. From this vantage point, a peek over the cliff at the town below reveals an unfamiliar Kingsport. The buildings seem smaller, older, the ships in the harbor larger, and there is a church-steeple atop Central Hill. Again, SAN loss is 0/1D3.

At this point the investigators should probably realize that something is definitely wrong. They must then consider this question: Should they go on up the Head, or turn back down towards Kingsport — which may not be the Kingsport they left? If they return to Kingsport, they find it the same as they left it. Hopefully the investigators continue on their quest to solve the mystery of the Strange High House. They may even guess that they are dreaming, though the keeper should neither deny nor confirm such speculation.

If the investigators continue, they may yet again notice their shadowy followers (the zoog and vampire-shades), but eventually, they reach the crag to find the house standing and intact.

The Return of the Strange High House

Now that the investigators have finally found the incredibly ancient and enigmatic house, they will want to look it over and probably enter it. It is small and squat, with eaves reaching nearly to the ground. It has a great central chimney of brick and small diamond-paned casement windows on all four of its sides. The only door is in the front of the building, opening over the yawning gulf and the ocean below. All the windows are nearly opaque with ancient dust and impossible to see through. If a randomly chosen character succeeds in a **Luck roll** [Charisma check, DC 15; can't take 10], one of the landward windows is found to be unlatched.

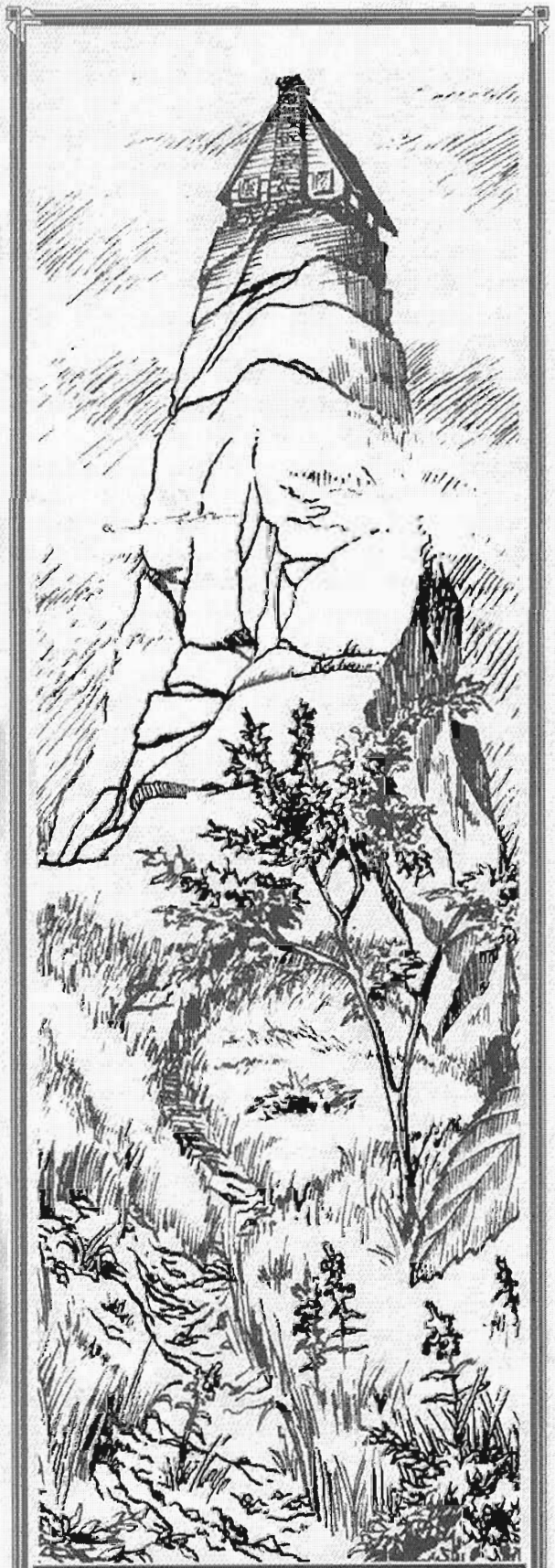
The interior of the house is dark, and a light source required. Flashlights and similar artificial/technological lighting will only work for a few minutes before the ancient dream-magic of the House interferes with them. Batteries run down, both in this dream and in real-life. The next time an investigator tries to use the light in the waking world, the batteries are found dead. If an investigator sets his light source down and turns his back on it for a second, it changes into a candle or hurricane lamp. There are numerous candles and candlesticks throughout the house, on bookshelves, tables, etc. Before long, the dream-magic starts to work on the party's firearms, watches, and similar modern objects, rendering them nonfunctional or changing them into objects keeping with the seventeenth-century time period the investigators find themselves in. Items left outside the house will remain unaffected, but will probably be stolen by the zoog.

Investigators who enter the house have plenty of time to look the place over. The owner is not home when the investigators first come to call, but there is a cumulative 20% chance per hour that Bain will return via the door over the cliff. A bright light shining through the front windows and around the door signals his arrival. The latch rattles, then the door is thrown open, revealing the owner has returned home. A big, black-haired man strides through the door — apparently walking on thin air! (Lose 0/1D3 SAN). Any investigator making a **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 15] sees a winged horse flying off across the vast sky . . . and loses another 0/1 point of SAN.

The man greets the investigators cheerfully. He does not attack unless he himself is harmed, and then he will try to escape back through the door, leaping into a gate hidden in the clouds beyond. Only if cornered does Bain fight, using his spells and sword.

If greeted courteously, the man introduces himself as William Bain and invites the investigators to sit and talk with him. Assuming they accept, Bain stokes a warm fire in the fireplace and serves them excellent wine and simple food.

At no point in the conversation does Bain bring up the subject of dreams, nor will he discuss them at any length. Dreams and reality have become indistinguishable to



A house on the edge of dreams

him, and he fails to see why anyone would segregate the two. If someone hypothesizes that the resurrected house and its occupant are a shared dream, Bain wryly replies, "Perhaps you are part of my dream."

Doubtless the investigators are curious about many things concerning the mysterious house and its owner. Bain gladly tells them about himself and of the night-gaunts who used to flap about the Strange High House. These creatures he counts among his occasional allies. Bain tells the investigators that the clouds adjacent to the house conceal the presence of many gates leading to different places, times, and worlds, gates which he has used many times in his own travels. If asked about the odd creatures encountered during the trek up the head, Bain cautions the investigators to stay together to avoid the wiles of the rat-creature, and that light is the only useful weapon against the shadow being.

One thing Bain is not aware of is the destruction of the Strange High House. He is very curious about this news, but has no theories as to how the house could be destroyed one day and intact the next. If the investigators are especially curious about this, Bain thinks for a moment, then suggests they consult someone who might be able to explain. He takes out some tall candles from a cabinet, sets them in an ornate brass candelabrum, lights them, and begins reciting strange prayers accompanied by equally strange gestures. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos, DC 15] (or knowledge of the spell) [Spellcraft, DC 15, if the investigator can already cast this spell] identifies this spell as Contact Deity / Nodens. If the investigators interrupt, Bain angrily asks them whether or not they truly wish to know about the house. He continues, pointing out that the investigators are free to leave if they like. After 3D6 minutes of Bain's casting and chanting, a bright light approaches the front of the house, accompanied by strange music. A peculiar knock sounds at the front door. Smiling, Bain opens it.

Outside stands a tall, thin, gray-bearded, impossibly ancient man dressed in billowing white robes. His eyes are steel gray, and his expression is otherworldly. He stands in a huge crenellated sea shell resting on the backs of two dolphins, apparently pulled by a horse with a spiraling horn on its head and a creature with the head, wings, and foreclaws of a giant eagle, but the head of a lion. **Occult or Idea rolls** (whichever is higher) [Intelligence or Knowledge (occult), DC 13] identify these creatures as a unicorn and a griffin respectively. A **Cthulhu Mythos** [DC 20] **roll** identifies the man as Nodens, Lord of the Great Abyss. If any move is made to attack the bizarre chariot or its rider, Nodens' two steeds attack fiercely. Otherwise, the ancient god steps out of the chariot into the house, closing the door behind him and shutting out the

now-fading light and music. Witnessing this scene costs 0/1D6 SAN.

If the investigators are so foolish as to attack Nodens, he looses the unicorn and griffin on them; he may also summon 1D10 nightgaunts per investigator (at a cost of 1 magic point per D10). Nightgaunts arrive 1D6 rounds after being called, then attempt to subdue the investigators and carry them off to the Vale of Pnath in the Underworld of the Dreamlands. [See the core rulebook for nightgaunt statistics.] The keeper can either assume the investigator/dreamers are killed, or play out their escape from the Underworld. Meanwhile, their sleeping bodies slip into coma from which they cannot be awakened. Should they somehow find their way back to the waking world, they discover Nodens bears great enmity toward them.

The statistics for the steeds of his chariot follow. (If attacked, the dolphins avoid combat, swimming off into the mists and dragging Nodens' chariot with them.) [Note that the d20 version of the unicorn is CR 3, and the griffin is CR 4. Either one can effectively block the doorway. The keeper may prefer to release them one at a time, then follow up with nightgaunts if overkill is required.]

The Unicorn

STR 32	CON 16	SIZ 26	INT 14	POW 18
DEX 14	APP 16	MOV 12		HP 21

Damage Bonus: +3D6

Weapons: Horn 55%, damage 5D6 plus impale
Trample 50%, damage 6D6
Rear and Plunge 45%, damage 5D6
Kick 40%, damage 4D6

Skills: Dodge 45%, Spot Hidden 75%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 Sanity points, if the keeper wishes.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #27.]

The unicorn can attack once per round, preferring to use its horn. Its Kick attack uses one hoof, while its Plunge requires it to bring both hooves down on its target who, if hit, is automatically knocked down. A prone target may be trampled. The unicorn only attacks if commanded by Nodens or in self-defense.

The Griffin

STR 36	CON 26	SIZ 32	INT 8	POW 12
DEX 24	MOV 07			HP 29

Damage Bonus: +3D6

Weapons: Claw (x2) 75%, damage 4D6
Bite 70%, damage 4D6

Armor: 6-point hide.

Skills: Dodge 30%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 sanity points, if the keeper desires.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #28.]

The griffin attacks with both claws and its bite each round. It only attacks upon Nodens' command or in self-defense.

Audience with a God

Nodens greets Bain warmly, but eyes the investigators impassively. Bain asks if Nodens can explain what — if anything — has happened to the Strange High House. Nodens says that mankind has begun to intrude upon the wilderness of Kingsport Head; it was inevitable that the curious would then seek out the mysterious house as has happened before. (Bain later explains that Nodens refers to the visit of Thomas Olney; see the story "The Strange High House in the Mist.") Too many visitors would draw unwanted attention from other forces.

Nodens turns to the investigators, speaking to them as though children. He states that there are malevolent forces, or Other Gods, outside the known world that would seek to use the gates around the House to enter this realm. For reasons he chooses not to explain, Nodens seeks to prevent the spread of these malevolent Other Gods. Nodens destroyed the house in order to keep Them at bay. If the investigators tell Nodens of their own struggles with the Outer Gods and Great Old Ones, the Lord of the Abyss may be slightly more friendly (perhaps even helpful) to them in future meetings.

If asked how the house can still be standing, Nodens states that he only destroyed its real-world aspect, and that it still exists in other dimensions and in the lands of dream. The house will always exist at the edge of many worlds because of the gates in the nearby clouds. If the investigators are still confused or curious, Nodens tries to make it clear that the investigators have entered the worlds of dream, perhaps through a gate somewhere on Kingsport Head. (He and Bain actually can only guess at how the party came to be here, as their reality lies in what we call dreams, and thus their definitions of reality and dream differ from mankind's.)

Satisfied that He has now cleared the matter up, Nodens bids Bain farewell. Exiting the house through the door, he steps into his waiting chariot, calls to his steeds, and sails off to disappear into the mists.

Afterward, Bain will stay up for awhile speaking with the investigators, should they wish to visit further. If the investigators were pleasant company and made a positive impression on Nodens, Bain gives them 1D3 of the long tapered candles that he used to contact the god. These candles must be burned in a desolate wilderness area, with 1 magic point expended [2 temporary Wisdom] for each 5% cumulative chance to summon the god [added to a base chance of 50%; each candle can only be used once]. Bain warns that the candles must

only be used in the most dire of circumstances, or Nodens will be most displeased.

When Bain or the investigators (or the keeper) has tired of the conversation, the One bids them goodbye and wishes them a safe journey home. He tells them that they are welcome to visit again, and that henceforth they are free to use the house and its many cloud-gates to explore other times and worlds. If it is getting near dark, Bain may give the investigators a lantern. With a wave, he closes the window and is gone.

Going Home

Once more, the investigators must cross the chasm and make the long trek back down Kingsport Head. The sun is going down, and the shadows grow longer as the investigators trudge on. As darkness falls, the shadows creep forth to hungrily attack.

At some point during their descent, the investigators are ambushed by the vampire-shade (perhaps more than one, if the party is large or especially deserving of grief). The shadow-thing attempts to Hide, appearing as a normal shadow until its prey has passed. Once passed, the vampire-shade springs upon a rear party member. It continues its attack until it has either killed a victim or been injured by some type of light source. In the latter case, the vampire-shade flees, but continues to lurk along behind the party, seeking further opportunities for attack. The creature continues to attack until it is killed or has slain one investigator.

Anyone slain by the vampire-shade becomes a black, immaterial shadow, which rises up to become another vampire-shade within 1D6 minutes. These transformed victims seek living prey just as a normal vampire-shade does, and the keeper is urged to have any investigators slain in this manner come back to haunt their former companions — if not in this dream-adventure, then certainly in the next.

A final consideration is the lonely, inquisitive zoog seen earlier. Did it become a victim of the vampire-shade? Did it take any of the investigators' gear while they tarried too long in the Strange High House? Does it make another appearance during the party's return trip?

As the investigators struggle home through the dark, chilly wilderness, their thoughts may be on where or when they are returning. A glance over the cliff at Kingsport reveals little, for the town is drowned in mist and fog. Pushing on, the investigators soon come upon the grassy path that seems to be a parallel of the wireless station access road. They soon notice that it becomes muddier and deeply rutted, just as the access road was. Their cars, if they drove, are found exactly where they were left, possibly still stuck in the mud.

Returning to Kingsport tired, dirty, wounded, and confused, the investigators at least find that the town is exactly as they left it — not a day younger or older. So it is perhaps with a sigh of relief that each investigator returns to his or her lodgings that night and falls fast asleep . . . or so they think.

Wake-Up Call

The next morning, each of the investigators awakens. Any who were killed in the dream lose 1D20 SAN at this time; this loss should be considered as having occurred over several hours of sleep, and should not cause insanity unless it brings the investigator's total SAN to 0 or less. Anyone who ate one or more of the apples of Morpheus awakens an hour (or more) later than their fellow investigators. Good thing today is Sunday, or some of these people might miss work.

Sunday you say? Yes, Sunday. Though a day (at least) seemed to have passed during the investigators' second trip up Kingsport Head, remember that their dream began the night they returned home from their first trip (Saturday). This should prove a shock to the investigators. If the keeper judges that a player's reaction to this discovery warrants it, a SAN loss of 0/1D3 or 0/1D4 should be leveled against that player's investigator.

Any automobiles which got stuck on the access road during the second trip to Kingsport Head are found in their normal parking places, though the keeper might wish to inflict minor difficulties on them (such as flat tires, dead batteries, loose plug wires). Likewise, any technological items that entered the Strange High House malfunction: flashlights need new batteries, watches must be rewound, bullets prove to be dud rounds, and so on.

Once they venture outside, the investigators will undoubtedly check the mist-shrouded crag overhead, but the Strange High House is gone — at least from this world.

Final Considerations

Each investigator who experienced the dream adventure on Kingsport Head receives 1 SAN point — even if they didn't survive the trip. Any investigator who aided in the destruction of the vampire-shade gets an additional 1D4+1 SAN points (plus 1 point per additional vampire-shade defeated). No points are rewarded for the destruction of vampire-shades that were once fellow investigators. Only 1 point of SAN is gained by killing the inquisitive zoog, although if it has been turned into a vampire-shade, the zoog is worth a gain of 1D3 SAN. An additional 1D6 SAN points are rewarded to each surviving investigator who spent



Nodens, Lord of the Great Abyss

time talking with William Bain and Nodens in the Strange High House.

Future Real-World Trips to the House

Again, the House is gone from the real world. Only its ruins remain, though the keeper may wish to allow investigators to unearth some useful relics.

Shades of Dream-Slain Investigators

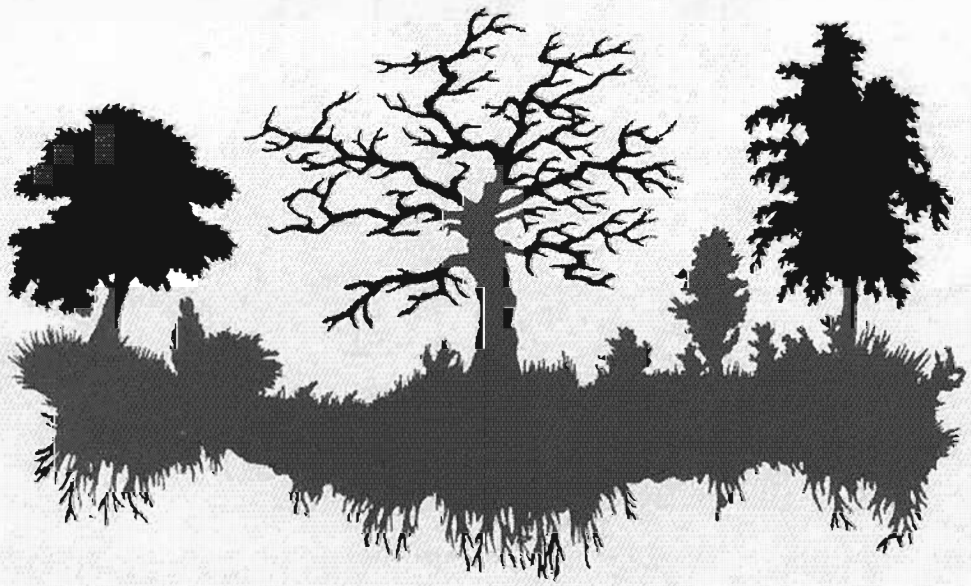
Investigators slain by the vampire-shade return as vampire-shades to haunt their former companions in future dreams and dream-adventures. The afflicted investigator cannot take part in any other dream-adventures until his or her vampire-shade dream-form is somehow destroyed. After **1D3 weeks of successful Psychoanalysis** [DC 15], the afflicted investigator can overcome the vampire-shade form and assume his normal identity within dreams. Anytime this character goes insane while within a dream, he reverts to his vampire-shade form and its habits. A **fumbled Psychoanalysis roll** [missing the check by more than 5] means that the vampire-shade dream-form remains permanent until somehow slain. The investigator's companions should be plagued by this vampire-shade dream-form in all future dream-adventures. If they kill the creature, the afflicted investigator loses no SAN, but is from that time on unable to take part in extended dream-adventures.

Dream-Visits to the Strange High House

As William Bain said, the investigators are free to visit again. The investigators may have further dreams of old Kingsport. Within these dreams, they may climb the Head to reach the house. Note that any vampire-shades not destroyed in this adventure will linger at this site to provide trouble for future travelers. Doubtless there will be additional bizarre flora and fauna in the dream-aspect of Kingsport Head in the future.

Once they reach the house, roll normally to see if Bain is home, and if not, when he will return. If the keeper wishes, the investigators may open the door on the abyss, and by this means, enter various Dreamlands via the gates in the sky near the house. Bain can be their guide if the keeper wishes, or he can direct the investigators to a specific gate and let them fend for themselves. The possibilities opened by the discovery of the house on the edge are as limitless as the keeper's imagination.

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.
—"**A Dream Within a Dream**," by Edgar Allan Poe



Dreams & Fancies

In which the investigators examine the ever-popular "tortured artist effect" — and its effect on others.

"DREAMS & FANCIES" is best suited for smaller groups of investigators, even as few as one or two. Investigators of any level of experience can be used, as those with more experience will find themselves tested as harshly as novices. [The d20 version is suitable for 1st to 3rd level investigators.] The scenario requires that the investigators stay in Kingsport for at least several days and nights, the adventure likely taking one or two evenings to play.

The keeper is urged to read this scenario carefully. During the day, the investigators search out clues in a normal manner, but after discovering and reading the book of poetry, *Dreams & Fancies*, they are beset by a series of puzzling nighttime dreams difficult to distinguish from reality. A little time spent considering how to creatively integrate the dream experiences into the investigators' reality will make this scenario even more enjoyable.

Keeper's Information

A young poet and sketch artist, Charles Baxter, has committed suicide. First his rented rowboat is found washed ashore in Kingsport harbor. In it are a few books of poetry and a suicide note signed by Baxter. A few days later, the young man's drowned body is similarly discovered. Among the volumes of poetry found in the boat is a collection of verse by Roger Ainsley, an obscure Romantic poet who died insane, confined to a madhouse. It is this book that holds the secret of Baxter's death.

Ainsley, a contemporary of Byron and Shelley, was a brooding and morbid man given to fits of depression. In 1822, while on a tour of the Swiss Alps, he was visited in his dreams by Hypnos, the god of sleep. The god blessed Ainsley with the ability to write poetry more moving and powerful than any yet created by mortal man. Ainsley's poems from around this period were indeed powerfully moving, and those few he showed to his friends (including Lord Byron) brought terror as well as tears to their readers.

When a Parisian correspondent committed suicide shortly after reading some of these poems, Ainsley, shocked by the power of his writings and fearful of their effect on others, refused to allow them to be published. Hypnos, angered that his scribe would defy him, sent his son, Morpheus, to haunt Ainsley's dreams. In an effort to escape the dreams, the maddened poet was driven to the use of drugs and alcohol. When Ainsley returned to England in 1825, destitute and deranged, his relatives and friends placed him in the Malbray Asylum just outside London. Ainsley remained here for the rest of his life, finally dying in 1846, still mad.

During his confinement, Ainsley wrote more poetry which, filed by the staff, did not see the light of day until this century. These collected poems were recently published under the title *Dreams & Fancies*. They are imbued with the emotional intensity given them by Hypnos. They have caused strong reactions among readers around the world, but the dream-laden atmosphere of Kingsport makes them even more dangerous. When the sensitive Charles Baxter bought and read a copy of the book, he was brought to despair by the mad poet's last works. Driven insane by the nightmares created by the poems, he one day rented a boat, took it out to sea, read his favorite poems one last time, and drowned soon thereafter.

This book of poems, *Dreams & Fancies*, is the key to this mystery, and it is essential that the investigators discover a copy of this book. If they fail to obtain the copy Baxter took with him on his last voyage, additional copies may be located in Kingsport, nearby Arkham, or obtained directly from the publisher in Illinois. After reading the book, investigators find themselves under its power and experiencing dreams based on Ainsley's poems — dreams of madness and death. The nightmares only end after a final confrontation between the investigators and their own dark psyches.

Involving the Investigators

If the investigators are living in or visiting Kingsport, it is possible that they are on the scene when the derelict rowboat or drowned corpse of Charles Baxter is discovered. Perhaps the investigators make the discovery themselves. Short of this, the investigators may read of the man's disappearance (or suicide) in Arkham or Boston newspapers and have their interest piqued. Possibly they are past acquaintances or distant relatives of Charles Baxter, or perhaps a journalist investigator is assigned to do a story on Baxter's death. As a last resort, the investigators might be hired by Baxter's family to attempt find the cause of the man's sudden and mysterious death.



Charles Baxter

Flotsam & Jetsam

The following discoveries may occur on successive days or spaced several days apart, depending on the keeper's desires. If the investigators must journey to Kingsport from out of town, it may be preferable to allow as much as a week's time or more between the appearance of the abandoned craft and the final awful discovery of Baxter's bloated body.

Ainsley Papers 1:
Charles Baxter's suicide note

Please believe that my actions are not meant as an indictment of anyone, least of all my dearest friend, Derek. How can I blame others when even poetry, my one true love, serves only to compound my condition? I am sick at the soul, and the choice I am about to make seems to be the most effective curative for an ailment such as mine. I choose to die as Shelley died, for he too, I think, was of an ailing soul. But where his life was taken from him, I offer mine unselfishly, if only because whatever it is that so fatally plagues the hearts and souls of poets might be better appeased. Better that my life be put to such use than have it waste away in a madhouse, as happened to poor Ainsley.

Farewell,

— Charles Baxter

The Boat

A bright summer morning finds Kingsport police called to the Harborside area, where a rented rowboat reported missing the night before has washed ashore. Several books are found in the otherwise empty boat, all with the name "Charles Baxter" written on the inside covers. Charles Baxter was the name of the man who yesterday rented the boat from Denny O'Herlihy's Boat Rentals.

The books have been damaged by water, their covers warped and pages swollen. They are collections of poetry by such authors as William Wordsworth, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Keats, Roger Ainsley, Lord Byron, Samuel Coleridge, and William Butler Yeats. Inside the Shelley book, pressed between the pages containing the poems "Ozymandias" and "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," is a suicide note signed by Charles Baxter (see the ***Ainsley Papers #1***). If the investigators are not present when the boat is found, the suicide note will be discovered by police, held for several days, then returned to Baxter's roommate, Derek Minot. It will not be published in the newspaper.

The Body

One or more days after the rowboat turns up, a grisly but predictable discovery is made by boaters in Kingsport Harbor — the drowned body of Charles Baxter. Investigators making this discovery suffer a **0/1D3 SAN loss.** Baxter's body is identified by several of his artist friends. At his family's request, Baxter's remains are shipped to New York for burial while the local artist community mourns its lost brother. The following story appears in the Kingsport *Chronicle* (see the ***Ainsley Papers #2***).

Ainsley Papers 2

Regarding the Death of Charles Baxter

Police have positively identified the body recently found floating in Kingsport Harbor as that of twenty-seven-year-old poet and artist Charles Baxter.

A rowboat rented by Baxter had been previously found adrift in the harbor.

A suicide note was found aboard the abandoned craft, along with a number of books of poetry. When questioned by police, Baxter's roommate claimed that his friend had not seemed unduly upset, and that the suicide seemed totally out of character for Baxter.

Dr. Enoch Warren, acting Medical Examiner, has confirmed the cause of death as drowning. Chief Tristram Crane has ruled it a clear case of suicide. The body is scheduled to be shipped back to Baxter's home state of New York for burial early next week.

—the Kingsport *Chronicle*

Clues by Day

UNLESS THE INVESTIGATORS were on the scene of the discoveries of the boat and body, the only real leads they have are the references in the newspaper article to the books of poetry and Baxter's roommate. The police will hold Baxter's poetry books and suicide note until shortly after the body is discovered, then return them to Minot. While the investigators should experience little trouble getting details about the books found in the boat, Baxter's roommate's address will be harder to come by. The police (519) will only give this information in response to a successful **Law or Persuade roll** [Knowledge (law), DC 10; or Diplomacy, DC 15]. Similarly, a **Persuade roll** [Diplomacy, DC 15] will procure the address from the editor of the Kingsport *Chronicle* (502). If these attempts fail, investigators will have to question the artists of Kingsport [Gather Information, DC 15], hoping to find a lead to the roommate.

The Artists of Kingsport

Some of the following people are friends of Baxter, while others are professional associates. They are residents of the artist colony located in Hill Town, and most have already been questioned by police. None were able to shed light on Baxter's sudden and unexpected suicide.

Each day an investigator spends asking after Baxter, allow that character a chance to make a **Luck roll of POW x1** [Charisma, DC 15; can't take 10] for each of the following non-player characters. Success indicates that one of these friends or acquaintances has been met or pointed out to the investigators by another artist.

WILLIAM ANDREWS, LOTHARIO

Andrews is a sketch artist and painter. Tall, dark-haired, and charming, he is a tireless womanizer who often invites prospective female conquests to his dingy basement apartment next to the pawnshop (710) on the pretext of painting their portraits. Like the majority of Kingsport's artists, Andrews migrates south in the fall.

Andrews was only a passing acquaintance of Baxter's and can offer nothing save that the man was a bookworm and a writer of some kind. He has heard that Baxter suffered a serious drinking problem a few years back, in 1925. He knows little of the details but can direct them to Jim Redmond, Baxter's roommate at

the time. Andrews also knows about Baxter's short-lived fling with Corla Fistienne. Fistienne was a conquest Andrews finally made shortly after her break-up with Baxter.


William Andrews

William Andrews, age 20

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 12

DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 11 SAN 60 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Art (Painting/Drawing) 60%, Bargain 25%, Fast Talk 70%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Psychology 25%, Seduce 55%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #29.]

ELIZABETH BRUNDAGE, MOTHER FIGURE

Elizabeth Brundage is an excellent landscape painter and, thanks to her popular and flattering depictions of the town, a respected Kingsport citizen. She has never married, so she lives alone in a large apartment on Holt Street. Elizabeth's landscapes can be found in many businesses and homes around Kingsport, as well as in the Mercer Art Gallery. A permanent Kingsport resident, she often serves as a mother for some of the younger artists, inviting them for dinner or offering advice and encouragement when they've run into some kind of problem.

If asked about Charles Baxter, she tells the investigators that he was a sensitive young man and a skilled poet. Charles' favorite poets were the Romantics, especially Shelley, Byron, Keats, and Wordsworth. Just lately, he had developed a special fondness for Roger Ainsley, an obscure poet whose work Baxter had only recently discovered. Miss Brundage tells investigators that she had spoken with Baxter just a couple days before his death, when he seemed depressed and tired. He complained to her about sleeping badly, because his nights were haunted by dreams. If the investigators give her no reason to distrust them, she agrees to introduce them to Baxter's roommate, Derek Minot. She knows nothing of the strange dreams suffered by Baxter and others in 1925. Out of respect for other people's privacy, she reveals nothing of the romance between Baxter and Corla Fistienne.


Elizabeth Brundage

Elizabeth Brundage, age 44

STR 09 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 14

DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 15 SAN 70 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Skills: Art (Painting) 91%, Art (Sing) 45%, Boating 25%, Botany 30%, Craft (Cooking) 70%, Credit Rating 45%, First Aid 45%, History 35%, Kingsport History 45%, Photography 25%, Psychoanalysis 10%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #30.]

CORLA FISTIENNE, GUILT-RIDDEN EX-LOVER

Corla is a pale, dark-haired, pretty young woman who conceals her attractiveness beneath dark, drab clothing. Quiet and somewhat sad-looking, Corla is very much a loner. She makes a living doing portraits and sketches for tourists, dwelling in a small apartment on Jefferson Street. She is a summer resident of Kingsport, migrating back down the coast in the fall.


Corla Fistienne

For a short time last year, Corla and Baxter were lovers. It was Baxter who eventually broke off the relationship. Corla has blamed herself for the failure ever since. She does not reveal this past dalliance; instead, she tells the investigators that they were friends. A **Psychology roll** [Sense Motive, DC 15] reveals that Corla is hiding something; otherwise, the investigators will have to learn of the couple's past relationship from other sources.

Corla remembers hearing that Baxter once suffered from bad nightmares a few years back. She suggests that the investigators speak to Jim Redmond, Baxter's former roommate, if they wish further details. Corla thinks Redmond shared some of the same bad dreams Baxter suffered. If Corla trusts the investigators, she offers to introduce them to Charles' last roommate, Derek Minot.

Corla suffers from deep guilt regarding Baxter's death. Mistakenly believing that their failed relationship was at the root of Baxter's suicide, she ponders quietly for a few days before deciding to take her own life. If the investigators do not somehow discover her intentions with **Psychology** [Sense Motive, DC 20] and treat her with **Psychoanalysis** [DC 15, and at least a day of therapy], she is found dead in her apartment a few days later, rags stuffed beneath the door and gas jets opened wide.

Corla Fistienne, age 26

STR 10	CON 11	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 13
DEX 14	APP 14	EDU 14	SAN 65	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Skills: Art (Drawing/Painting) 80%, Dodge 40%, Library Use 40%, Listen 50%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 65%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #31.]

TED KOVEY, BEARDED GIANT

A big bearded bear of a man, Ted is well over six feet tall and weighs about 250 pounds. His hair is long and brown, streaked with gray and usually kept tied back in a queue. Kovey is loud and jovial, a joker and a ham-fisted backslapper. A sculptor and permanent Kingsport resident, he lives in a small house on Holt Street very near to Elizabeth Brundage, where he works in stone and clay.

The back yard of the property serves as his studio during the warm summer months. Littering the house, yard, and small shed out back are numerous works in various stages of completion. Ted likes to drink, and frequently spends his evenings in Penn's Billiard Hall (706). His capacity for alcohol is enormous; he can stand with the best of the sailors and fishermen who frequent Penn's.



Ted Kovey

Kovey didn't know Baxter very well, but remembers the problems the young man had a few years back, in 1925. Kovey's intervention on one night saved a drunken and obnoxious young Baxter from a well-deserved beating at the hands of several fishermen, who were angered by the youngster's uncalled-for insults. Kovey casually mentions that Baxter and Corla Fistienne were once lovers.

Ted Kovey, age 38

STR 16	CON 11	SIZ 17	INT 12	POW 12
DEX 12	APP 11	EDU 14	SAN 54	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Grapple 70%, damage special
Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D6
Hammer (small club) 60%, damage 1D6+1D6

Skills: Art (Sculpture 85%), Art (Sing 20%), Bargain 20%, Boating 55%, Credit Rating 35%, Drawing 25%, Geology 40%, History 30%, Kingsport History 20%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Persuade 55%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 45%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #32.]

JIM REDMOND, DERANGED DREAMER

Jim Redmond is a small man, skeletally thin, with unkempt dark hair and a shabby beard. He always wears a nervous-looking smile. When he is excited, his high-pitched voice turns to a strident screech. Redmond is a deranged sketch artist and painter who lives in Kingsport year-round, occupying a dingy garret apartment on Holt Street. Redmond has countless sketchbooks and canvases depicting horrible monsters, unearthly landscapes, and other overtly occult subjects. Redmond also has a considerable occult library, with books by Aleister Crowley, E.A. Wallis Budge, Cotton Mather, and others. Among the many well-worn books occupying the sagging shelves is a tattered but complete copy of the Golden Goblin Press edition of *Nameless Cults*.



Jim Redmond

Redmond's interest in the occult stems back to early 1925, when he experienced a series of horrible nightmares. These nightmares were similar to those experienced by artists around the world, and were nearly identical to those suffered by his then-roommate, Charles Baxter. The nightmares consisted of scenes of a monstrously huge city of cyclopean stones slimy with greenish ooze and decorated by strange hieroglyphs. The dreams continued for over a month, from late February to early April, during which time Redmond turned out sketch after sketch, and painting after painting, as renderings of his weird visions. (See Lovecraft's "Call of Cthulhu" for further details.)

While Redmond welcomed the visions, his roommate, Charles Baxter, was terrified by them. Baxter

began to lose sleep and was driven to drink, attempting to submerge the dreams in an alcoholic stupor. Their different reactions to this stimulus eventually drove the two men apart, ending their friendship. When the dreams finally stopped, Baxter recovered and was able to resume his normal artistic pursuits. Redmond, however, desired further inspirations of the kind he found in the dreams. He began reading and collecting occult books, and thereafter based much of his work on these subjects. His most valued possession is his copy of *Nameless Cults*, a frightening book that has had a major influence on his ghoulish work.

The works Redmond sells to Kingsport's tourists are often tinged with weird, dark touches. The more personal works are outright studies of the weird, the horrific, and the blasphemous. What few of these works are sold find customers only in the more sophisticated markets of Boston and New York. Although frightening, Redmond's work lacks the morbid power and painstaking craft of a Pickman or a Blakely, two New England artists who utilized similar themes. Due to his secretive habits, his morbid sketches, his rumored hideous paintings, and his alleged mental instability, Redmond is not popular among Kingsport's artist community. Most find him difficult, pensive, and irritable.

Redmond was driven nearly insane by the long-ago dreams, and his subsequent studies have only exacerbated his condition. He is willing to make appointments with prospective buyers to show his "special works," but he is extremely nervous during these viewings. He is especially protective of his copy of *Nameless Cults* and does not allow anyone to touch it. A .32 caliber automatic pistol is kept under his bed, in case the paranoid artist feels a need for it.



Derek Minot

Whether Redmond is willing to discuss the 1925 nightmares and their effect on Charles Baxter is left for the keeper to determine, based on whether investigators treat the man like a suspect, a friend, or an informant. At the very least, Redmond would be willing to reveal what he knows in exchange for bits of occult literature he does not already possess.

Jim Redmond, age 31

STR 10	CON 10	SIZ 10	INT 14	POW 14
DEX 12	APP 09	EDU 14	SAN 13	HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: .32 Automatic Pistol 20%, damage 1D8

Skills: Archaeology 15%, Art (Painting/Drawing) 80%, Astronomy 10%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 40%, Egyptology 15%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 55%, History 50%, Kingsport History 30%, Library Use 55%, Listen 55%, Occult 65%, Pharmacy 10%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #33.]

The Roommate

Derek Minot, himself a sketch artist and budding poet, has been Charles Baxter's roommate for the last year. A thin, nervous young man, Minot is an unpublished poet whose tastes run to the macabre: Poe, Baudelaire, Coleridge, Yeats, and Clark Ashton Smith. Minot, when he can afford it, smokes marijuana and opium, usually obtained through a contact at the Desolate Highway Coffee House in Arkham. Like Baxter, Minot is a migratory artist who spends winters in New York.

Minot claims to have seen little of Baxter in the last few days before the poet's disappearance and subsequent death. During that period, Baxter seemed tired and depressed, though Minot doesn't guess why. If asked about Baxter's literary tastes (such as the Romantic-era poets), Minot says that his friend had been fascinated lately by Roger Ainsley, an obscure poet whose work has been largely forgotten. Minot mentions that just before his death, Baxter had taken delivery of a small collection of lost Ainsley poetry recently published by Erebus Press.

According to Minot, Baxter was not the moody sort. An aspiring poet, he supported himself by sketching for Kingsport's tourists, working mostly in chalk and charcoal. Over the years, he had sold a few poems to various obscure literary journals, but the bulk of his work was unpublished, kept in several notebooks.

If prompted by direct questions, Minot says that in 1925, Baxter apparently suffered from a series of horrible dreams. Minot knows only a little about this period, explaining that he and Baxter did not meet until a couple years later. If anyone is interested in these nightmares, Minot suggests they speak to Jim Redmond, a Kingsport artist who was Baxter's roommate at the time. Although he does not offer more personal information, Minot is aware of Baxter's past relationship with Corla Fistienne.

Special Note: It may be that the investigators fail to find or read the Ainsley book. In this case, the keeper can make use of Derek Minot. Minot, after reading the book, begins to experience the same nightmares and draws the investigators' dreaming selves into these weird dreams. Searching Minot out, the investigators learn of the connection between the dreams and the poetry collection.

Derek Minot, age 24

STR 09	CON 09	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 53	HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Art (Drawing) 65%, Bargain 20%, Dodge 35%, Drawing 65%, History 50%, Library Use 35%, Listen 45%, Occult 35%, Pharmacy 20%, Photography 35%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 40%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #34.]

BAXTER AND MINOT'S APARTMENT

Minot has been requested by Baxter's family to ship home the dead man's belongings. If the investigators have gained his trust, however, he allows them to look through Charles' possessions. Baxter's family has told Minot that he may keep Charles' small collection of books.

Baxter's Belongings: Aside from a few articles of clothing, most of Baxter's possessions consist of notebooks containing original poetry and a few sketches. There are literally hundreds of poems, enough to keep the average investigator reading steadily for at least eight hours. Minot (who doesn't want to anger Baxter's family by losing any of his works) only agrees to loan them if a successful **Oratory roll** is made [Diplomacy, DC 15].

None of Baxter's poems deal with overtly occult subjects, though there are many references to Greek and Roman mythology. Most of the chalk and charcoal sketches are of people, landscapes, and other mundane subjects around Kingsport. For the most part, they are innocuous and uninspired.

While visiting the apartment, any investigator who makes a **halved Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 20] notices a thin-stemmed pipe half-buried in the clutter atop a battered kitchen table. A **Know roll** [Knowledge (streetwise), DC 10; or Intelligence, DC 15] identifies the object as an opium pipe. If asked about it, Minot pretends ignorance of the item, suggesting it may have belonged to Baxter. A **Psychology roll** [Sense Motive, DC 12] tells an investigator the man is lying, and if pressed, Minot becomes obviously nervous. If somehow convinced he can trust the investigators, Derek reluctantly admits to occasional use of the drug.

[The effect of these substances on lucid dreaming is left to the keeper's discretion. If you choose to use some version of the Dreaming skill in your game, it may give a bonus or allow the skill to be used untrained — or it may just require Will saves to resist addiction.]

Baxter's Books: The small collection of books kept by Baxter consists almost entirely of verse collections, primarily those of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Keats, and Yeats. Roger Ainsley is also represented, and investigators have no trouble spotting a slim volume entitled *The Grove of the Fauns and Others*. This is a collection of poems written prior to Ainsley's encounter with Hypnos. It shows none of the power of his later work [such insights may require a Craft (writing) or Speak English check, DC 13]. Until the recent publication of lately discovered Ainsley poetry by Erebus Press, these were the only known examples of Ainsley's work.

Not on the shelves, but probably returned to Minot by Kingsport police by now, are Baxter's suicide note and the water-damaged books. Among the collections of poetry is the supernaturally charged Ainsley collection, *Dreams & Fancies* (see the ***Ainsley Papers #3***). Although damaged, these books are still readable, and Minot allows the investigators to take any of them they wish.

Merely skimming through the Ainsley book has no real effect on the investigators. However, actually reading the poems triggers a psychic reaction in the investigators which, in dream-drenched Kingsport, evokes a series of bizarre and terrifying dreams. If and when the investigators read this book, give them the ***Ainsley Papers #3***. The keeper should then refer to the "Clues by Night" section.

Dreams & Fancies

This slim hardcover book is scarcely fifty pages long. Aside from poems, there are also several sketch illustrations made by the mad Ainsley.

The most accessible copy of this book is the one once owned by Charles Baxter, which is returned to Derek Minot by the police the day after the drowned corpse is found. The copy is water-damaged — the pages bulged and warped — but still readable. If the investigators seek other copies, a **halved Luck roll** [Research, DC 20] turns up one in the New & Used Books shop (524) in Kingsport, while a **full Luck roll** [Research, DC 15] unearths a copy in either Harden's or Jaywil's in nearby Arkham.

As a last resort, additional copies can be ordered directly from the publisher. The cover price of the finely produced, limited edition book is $3.50 postpaid. Note that to properly play this adventure, it is imperative that the investigators eventually find and read this book. If they fail to do so, the keeper will have to use Derek Minot as a device to draw the investigators into the dreams.

The Power of the Book

When the investigators first find and read Ainsley's *Dreams & Fancies*, the keeper should describe it only vaguely, presenting it as no more significant and in no greater detail than any of the other poetry books encountered in this adventure. Mentioning the titles of a

A Note on Erebus Press

Erebus Press is a small specialty publishing house founded in 1919 by writer and critic Edward Gilmour. Located in Monmouth, Illinois, Erebus specializes in rare, obscure, and often controversial works of fiction, poetry, and scholarship. They also boast a small catalogue of books on the subjects of archaeology, anthropology, and the occult. The keeper can use Erebus Press as a source for future weird works or as a potential publisher for a freelance writer or investigator.

few poems and noting that there are several illustrations is sufficient. Once an investigator has read *Dreams & Fancies*, he or she begins to have dreams based on the poems found in the book; these dreams are described later under "Clues by Night." After the investigators begin experiencing the nightmares, they should realize the connection between them and the book. If so, the keeper should give them the ***Ainsley Papers #3***, which describes the published collection in greater detail.

Further Investigations

TWO OBVIOUS LINES of inquiry are suggested by the clues offered so far. One involves the books of poetry found in the boat; the other concerns the Cthulhu-inspired dreams experienced by Baxter and many other artists in the late winter and spring of 1925. The books are the correct thread; the dreams are a red herring intended to distract and divert the investigators.

At least two Kingsport artists — Baxter and Redmond — suffered the "dreams from R'lyeh" noted above. If other artists are queried on the subject, the investigators find at most one or two other Kingsport artists who had such dreams. Allow each investigator a 5% chance per day of finding such an individual.

At least two individuals in Arkham, David Rosen and Hagan Wilson, experienced similar dreams. These folk can add but little to the investigators' current store of knowledge. Most folks who suffered the dreams disliked the experience, though some will admit to having created some of their most powerful works while under the influence of the dreams.

Of Dead Poets

Of the seven authors whose works were found in the boat, four died tragically (Shelley drowned; Byron succumbed to disease; Ainsley expired while confined in a madhouse; Keats died young and after much suffering), while another (Coleridge) was addicted to opium and laudanum. Yeats was a mystic and a member of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. Only Wordsworth seemed to live a life relatively free of tragedy and pain. (Note that William Butler Yeats was of the Victorian era — late 1800's to early 1900's — rather than a Romantic, and he is still alive at the time of this scenario.)

The investigators can find a great deal of literature by and about each of Baxter's favorite poets with one exception: Roger Ainsley, whose work has been largely forgotten. Most research will probably have to be done in nearby Arkham, as Kingsport's small public library has no better collection of poetry than already found on Baxter's shelves. With a successful **Library Use roll** for each author [Research, DC 10], the investigators find 1D3 books by or about a particular chosen poet. Each of these books takes 1D4 hours to peruse, and the information gathered is summarized below. [An investigator may already be familiar with these poets, perhaps with a successful Craft (writing), Knowledge (art), or Speak English check, DC 15.] Commonly found books include volumes of poems, collected letters, critical studies, and biographies.

Wordsworth (1770-1850) and Coleridge (1772-1834): These two friends led relatively uneventful lives, despite the latter's addiction to laudanum — initially prescribed to relieve the pain of chronic rheumatism. Wordsworth's poems were primarily gentle pastoral landscapes, while Coleridge's best-known works ("The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," and "Christabel") were tinged with the macabre. Other Coleridge poems deal with dreams both beautiful and terrifying.

Shelley (1792-1822) and George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824): This pair led lives continually marred by scandal and tragedy. Misfortunes included the suicides of lovers and relatives (Shelley), attraction to a sibling (Byron, albeit his half-sister), failed marriages (both), lost children (both), strange behavior (Byron, at least), exile from their native England (both), and their tragic deaths (Byron in Greece, Shelley off the coast of Italy). Byron's poetry was largely pseudo-autobiographical, consisting of long travelogues detailing the exploits of various "Byronic" heroes such as Manfred, Childe Harold, and Don Juan. Much of Shelley's work offered messages of social consciousness ("The Mask of Anarchy"), sometimes draped in mythological garb ("Prometheus Unbound"). Shelley also wrote more personal poems, including "Adonais," an elegy on the death of John Keats. Although their works occasionally contained elements of mythology and the occult, no overt Mythos elements are presented or even suggested.

John Keats (1795-1821): Keats is recognized as probably the best of the Romantic poets. He died in Italy of tuberculosis, contracted from a brother who had earlier succumbed to the disease. Keats is known as a poet who

loved the principle of beauty in all things. He is the source of the phrase "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Several of his longer works, such as "Lamia" and "Hyperion", deal with mythological themes. Again, no overt references to the Mythos are found.

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939): An Irish poet, author, essayist, dramatist, politician, and mystic, Yeats was a Theosophist. During the 1890's, he was a member of the Golden Dawn. Many of his works draw directly from Irish folklore and mythology. His poem "The Second Coming" offers a description appropriate for an avatar of Nyarlathotep known as the Beast: "a shape with lion body and the head of a man" and a face "blank and pitiless as the sun." This horrific poem hints that the Second Coming will not be that of Christ, but of some fearful new order heralded by a rough beast slouching toward Bethlehem to be born. Despite this, Yeats' work is not the key to Baxter's suicide.

Roger Ainsley

The investigators will no doubt come across Roger Ainsley's name as they probe into Charles Baxter's suicide. Ainsley, an obscure Romantic-era poet, is unlikely to be found in the small Kingsport library. Some mention of him may be located in the Arkham libraries (Miskatonic U. or the public library), but the most complete information is in the introduction to the *Dreams & Fancies* book (the ***Ainsley Papers #3***, see "Clues by Night"). The Arkham references do not mention the Malbray Asylum scandal or the lost Ainsley works discussed in the last paragraph of the introduction.

In addition to the background information mentioned above, separate **Library Use rolls** [Research, DC 15] turn up the intriguing recollections of John Howard (the ***Ainsley Papers #4***) and Lord Byron (the ***Ainsley Papers #5***), both acquaintances of Ainsley. Byron met Ainsley in Venice in 1818, and then again in Greece just months before Byron's death in 1824. Howard was an adventurer and traveler who was with Ainsley in Switzerland in 1822, at the time of Ainsley's meeting with Hypnos.

Two collections of Ainsley's poetry are currently available. The first is the rare *The Grove of the Fauns and Others*, a collection of poems written before Ainsley encountered Hypnos. These poems are sadly moving and frequently deal with morbidity ("Requiem for Shelley"), mythology ("The Grove of Fauns"), cosmology ("Celestial the Queen"), and slightly horrific themes ("The Charnel Field"), but are not on a par with the works of the other romantic poets. The second volume, *Dreams & Fancies*, is the collection of lost works discovered in the old files of Malbray Asylum and recently published by Erebus Press.

If the investigators seek further information about Roger Ainsley, they may wish to contact Edward Gilmour, the scholar and publisher whose Erebus Press published *Dreams & Fancies*. Although unable to offer much more information than that contained in the book's introduction, Gilmour can direct the investigators to the books containing the Howard and Byron quotes [+2 circumstance bonus to Research check for finding them]. If contacted by a fellow scholar, Gilmour

Ainsley Papers 4:
a reminiscence by Ainsley
acquaintance John Howard

"... [1822] The last night we were in Gosdau, Roger slept badly. The altitude and alcohol had affected him, and he woke screaming. Roger calmed quickly, and explained that he had dreamt of a Greek god who had offered to be his muse. We went our separate ways not long after that, but I seldom came across any new works by him. There had been a rumor that a poem of Ainsley's had driven a young Parisian girl to suicide, but those are the types of rumors poets long for. When I heard he had definitely stopped writing to hide in a bottle, I concluded that either Roger's muse had forsaken him, or he had forsaken his muse ...."

Ainsley Papers 5:
an excerpt from an early 1824 Lord Byron letter concerning Ainsley

"... Quavering little Roger has chosen this time and this place — of all times and places [during the Greek revolt against the Turks] — to show me his latest poem. There was something forlorn and forsaken about him this time, something I had not noticed when we met years before in Venice, and I felt compelled to take up his manuscript. Dear sister, I tell you now that I have rarely read such beauty and tragedy wrought together in a single work. His talent has bloomed beyond anyone's expectations, and I daresay his little sonnet moved me nearly more than the best of poor Shiloh's — and you know how much he meant to me. Yet dodgy Roger merely looked sadly up at me, took up his poem, and left Missolonghi as if I had offended him, or had told him something of which he was already aware. A queer little man, but I look forward to seeing more of his work ...."

may offer his own deeply felt personal reaction to the new Ainsley book (see the ***Ainsley Papers #6***).

Ainsley Papers 6:
comments by scholar and publisher
Edward Gilmour

> *"... I will admit this much: When I read his first collection,* The Grove of the Fauns, *I reckoned Ainsley an interesting but minor talent. When Calder [a British literary agent] contacted me with considerable excitement about the newly discovered works, I told him I would at least look them over. I read them in one night. I shuddered when Ainsley wanted me to shudder, and I wept, sir, wept, when he wanted me to weep. No other work has affected me so, before or since. I can see why your friend might be moved to take his own life; were I so sensitive I might have as well ...."*

Clues by Night — Dreams from a Dead Poet's Book

Once the investigators have found and read *Dreams & Fancies*, the nightmares begin. Run carefully, the dreams can be used to confuse and distract the investigators, who should begin to wonder what is real and what is a dream.

The ***Ainsley Papers #3*** contains the introduction to *Dreams & Fancies* and is followed by a brief synopsis of the contents of the book. [For ease of play, you may wish to separate it into sections for when the players' characters are consulting the book.] Note that the author of the synopsis is not a poet himself and has made no attempt to recreate any of the actual poems. Like the text of the *Necronomicon*, they are perhaps best left to the imagination.

THE AINSLEY PAPERS no. 3
A description of the contents of
Ainsley's Dreams & Fancies

"The Muse of Despair" An Introduction by Edward Gilmour

The tortured life of Roger Ainsley (1799-1846) started with his birth to a wealthy aristocratic British family. Ainsley was the younger of two sons, and his artistic leanings displeased his family. His brother Charles died when Roger was fourteen years of age, and his parents three years later. With his inheritance, Ainsley set out on a career as a poet and artist, traveling throughout Europe searching for inspiration. During his travels, he met with some of the great poets of his time: Shelley, Keats, Lord Byron, Coleridge, and others.

Ainsley's poetry was steeped in grief, morbidity, hatred, and fear — even more so than his fellow Romantics. Most of his poems were of short length; he felt that longer works failed to sustain emotion. Ainsley's poetic subjects ranged from mythology ("The Grove of the Fauns") to laments for lost love ("The Drowned Girl") and eerily fantastic travelogues ("While Lost in the Kohlsen Reaches"). He himself was a quiet, solitary sort who had once been romantically deceived and used by a French girl of questionable reputation.

In the early 1820's, after two collections of his brooding and morbid work had been published, Ainsley's literary output slackened. At about this time, Ainsley made a visit to war-torn Greece, where he met up again with Lord Byron shortly before the latter's death. Ainsley soon after ceased to write altogether, as he became hopelessly mired in drugs and alcohol.

Returning to England a broken man, Ainsley was placed in Malbray Asylum just outside of London by friends and relatives. There he remained for over twenty years until his death in March of 1846.

After a scandal involving the director of the Malbray Asylum in the 1890's, a search of the institution's files turned up these undiscovered Ainsley works. They languished for a time in the hands of a private collector, but finally they have come to print in the form of the book you are now holding, *Dreams & Fancies*. Many authorities have studied the original manuscripts of these works, and most have concluded that Ainsley composed these poems and sketches during his stay in the asylum. As such, they are even more emotionally powerful and personal than Ainsley's earlier works. These poems, and their accompanying sketches, represent the final works of an unjustly ignored talent.

"Cycles of Decay"

A series of five poems describing the passage of a year. Each of the four seasons is illustrated with an accompanying sketch.

After a rain at the beginning of Spring, the narrator stands on a lawn with a companion. Flowers sprout

rapaciously from an oddly shaped mound and begin singing in keening voices. The narrator's cat chases, catches, toys with, and then ultimately kills a sparrow.

In **Summer**, the sated cat lazes in the shade, the body of its prey decomposing in the heat. The flowers' tune changes as the heat bakes the moisture from their petals and stalks. The grass is baked brown in the swelter. The narrator and companion sweat and fight for breath.

Come **Autumn**, the leaves fall and blow about; the flowers die, leaving only featureless stalks. The narrator and his companion, followed by the cat, seek shelter in the study overlooking the lawn. The bare trees lower menacingly as a cold rain pummels the scene.

Winter comes, turning the rain to snow. The trees are black skeletal things on the lawn, and the wind howls horribly. The companion takes his leave across the lawn as the snow turns to blizzard. The wind howls even more horribly, and the cat flees the study, hissing.

After a rain at the beginning of **Spring**, the narrator stands on the lawn watching the cat. Flowers sprout rapaciously from an oddly shaped mound — which the narrator realizes is the decomposing body of his companion.



Frontispiece from "Dreams & Fancies

"In Dreams"

Dreams are gateways to other worlds, times, lives. Dreams haunt the living every night, but despite this, Man still chooses to sleep.

"Where My Brother Rests"

The poet takes a brooding journey through a cemetery to visit the grave of his brother. Some scholars say the piece refers to Lord Byron.

"The Illusion of Love"

A portrayal of a woman as innocent and loving, to whom the narrator gives his trust and love. The woman is then revealed as a deceitful temptress, a demon, sucking the life, love, and soul from him — as he willingly allows her to do so.

"Isolation"

The narrator walks alone on a city street by night. The city seems strangely barren, unoccupied, no lights, voices, or laughter. The narrator searches vainly for someone, anyone, to comfort him. Stars seem to wink out in the sky, enhancing the darkness. The narrator's journey ends at a bridge, where it is implied he will commit suicide rather than remain alone.

"The Dark Wood"

The narrator takes a journey through a dark forest, with repeated hints of unseen animal followers. Ruins of old shrines, temples, idols, and altars are glimpsed in the dense overgrowth. Are the pursuers old gods in search of new worshippers — or do they seek prey?

"The Tower"

A nocturnal flight from a faceless mob bearing torches. A leering bloated full moon. Wordless chants from the mob. The only refuge is a lonely tower on the plain. Gaining the tower, barring the door, climbing to the top. Waiting for the chanting mob to break in.

"Relics of a Dead Age"

A series of five sonnets, each describing an ancient artifact or archaeological find of some kind: an Egyptian canopic jar, a weathered statue of an unfamiliar Greek god, crumbling and corroded Greek and Roman weapons, a neolithic fertility statuette, and a pair of bronze Greek theater masks. Each one is accompanied by a small sketch in the margin. In each poem, Ainsley describes the item and fancifully imagines what its creator/user/wearer was like. He exhibits a sense of wonder that these tools far outlived their creators.

"'Neath Poseidon's Crown"

On a nocturnal walk along a Greek beach, the murmuring of the ocean almost sounds like an incantation. Dying and dead fish wash up on the beach in droves, some to gasp out their life on the sand. The tide goes out, revealing more dead fish out on the reef.

As the water recedes further, the reef is revealed to be the crown of a monstrously huge statue beneath the waves. The narrator flees in terror rather than seeing the awful face beneath that crown.

"In the Ruins"

The narrator takes a journey through misty Greek ruins on a nameless haunted island. Countless statues of unrivalled realism surround him. Then the hiss of a serpent accompanies the tread of unseen feet. In a recollection of the legend of the Gorgons, he observes that only one of the three accursed sisters was slain — and then he hears a sound. Turning, he is face to face with a woman of matchless beauty — but her eyes are daggers and her hair serpents. The narrator's final thoughts are a mixture of love and revulsion.

"Madness, or The Muse of Chaos"

Madness is an instructive force, a fresh point of view. Madness is a living being, godlike, guiding the lives of those who suffer from it. Madness is the narrator's muse, and the narrator is Madness's champion.

"Infinity"

Discusses the pettiness of human life when compared against the workings of a vast universe. Man as a tiny insect in the overall scheme of things. The collapse of human will under the weight of such a realization.

"Concerning My Demise"

The narrator awakens in a glass-windowed coffin, watching as his friends and relatives — some long dead themselves — file past sadly. Later, the coffin is carried to the cemetery, a journey described as glimpses of sky and trees, and occasional tall tombstones. Surrounded by mourners, the coffin is lowered into the grave, and the narrator watches as shovels of earth are thrown on. Finally, there is only darkness.

Creating Dreams

The key to running this adventure is introducing the dreams properly, preferably in a way that keeps the investigators from initially realizing they are experiencing a dream. Only when events turn from realistic to surrealistic should it begin to dawn on investigators that they may be actually dreaming. But as in our own dreams, they can never be sure, and for reasons obscure, they must play out their parts within these dreams.

The dream-vignettes are presented in an order that describes the most realistic dreams first, those that can be most easily slipped into the course of the adventure without the investigators realizing what is taking place. The later vignettes are the ones that are most obviously dreams. By the time these take place, the investigators have probably made the connection between these nightmares and Ainsley's poetry. However, the keeper should not feel bound to present the dreams in the order given. It is up to him to decide which dreams occur, when, and to whom.

If the investigative group is small, the keeper may wish to allow his players to "go solo," dividing the vignettes amongst the group and allowing each investigator to experience just a few of the dreams. Group dreams can also occur with all the investigating team present during the dream. Tips on running the individual dream-vignettes are included with the descriptions of the dreams, but the keeper is encouraged to be creative. It is possible that investigators will inadvertently experience some dreams in the middle of the day, perhaps while dozing on a sunny park bench following a good meal, or after nodding off for a few moments over a dusty book in a shadowy corner of the library. Awakening from a terrifying nightmare while in a public place might lead to an embarrassment or two. The dreams can occur every night or every other night and should keep pace with developments in the waking world side of this investigation.

Two of the dreams, "Relics of a Dead Age" and "Cycles of Decay," do not cause full-blown dreams, but only minor disturbances to the investigators' dreams (and sometimes their reality). Their use is described under "Atmospheric Effects." Two endgame dreams, "Concerning My Demise" and "The Tower," are described at the conclusion of this adventure. Each of the dreaming investigators should experience one or the other of these final dreams.

Dream Rules

Complete rules for running these dream-adventures are described below. These rules should be used in place of the dreaming rules found in Chaosium's Dreamlands. However, keepers familiar with the Dreamlands rules may optionally include such things as the Dreaming skill or Nightmare Effects as they see fit.

INJURY AND DEATH

All damage is calculated as normal. Upon awakening, the investigator finds that aside from stiff joints or unexplained bruises, injuries suffered while dreaming do not exist in the waking world; furthermore, they do not they carry over to future dreams. An investigator who is "killed" while dreaming awakes screaming, bathed in sweat, and suffers and immediate loss of 1D8 SAN.

Being killed in one of these dreams does not prevent a character from future dreaming.

INSANITY

Sanity losses within these dreams are rolled in the usual manner; unlike injuries, they carry over into the waking world. An investigator who goes insane while dreaming awakens and suffers the effects of his insanity in the waking world. Likely episodes of insanity are listed at the end of some of the dreams. The effects of the "endgame" dreams are especially dire if the dreamer fails to defeat his own pessimistic/evil/dark side.

EQUIPMENT

Unless a dream specifically calls for the character to have an object, investigators usually find that while experiencing the dreams, they have no personal possessions other than their clothes. Most dreams require the investigators to have little in the way of special equipment, but weapons may sometimes come in handy. The keeper may allow a dreamer to "create" a specific object by successfully **rolling POW x1 or less on a D100** [Will save (DC 20) and 3 points of temporary Wisdom]. Optionally, the Dreaming skill can be used. [See the d20 Appendix for more details.]

Note: During the two endgame dreams, "The Tower" and "Concerning My Demise," the investigators must face their "darker sides": shadowy figures that exactly duplicate the investigators. Any objects the investigators create for themselves, including firearms, will be duplicated by their shadow doubles.

ESCAPING THE DREAMS

As Roger Ainsley discovered, these dreams cannot be escaped — only endured. They continue on toward their inevitable conclusion as long as the investigators are residing and sleeping in Kingsport. Leaving the city and never returning is the only way to bring a halt to the dreams.

Dreams and Nightmares

"ISOLATION"

This is a good first dream for investigators to experience. The keeper should introduce it one evening as one investigator (or possibly more) returns home late one night, probably after a long day spent trying to unravel the mystery of Charles Baxter's death. (The player should not be told his character is dreaming.) At the conclusion of the dream, the investigator awakens at home in his bed, suddenly realizing that he has dreamed these events. The keeper informs him that he now remembers a quiet, uneventful walk home before retiring to bed.

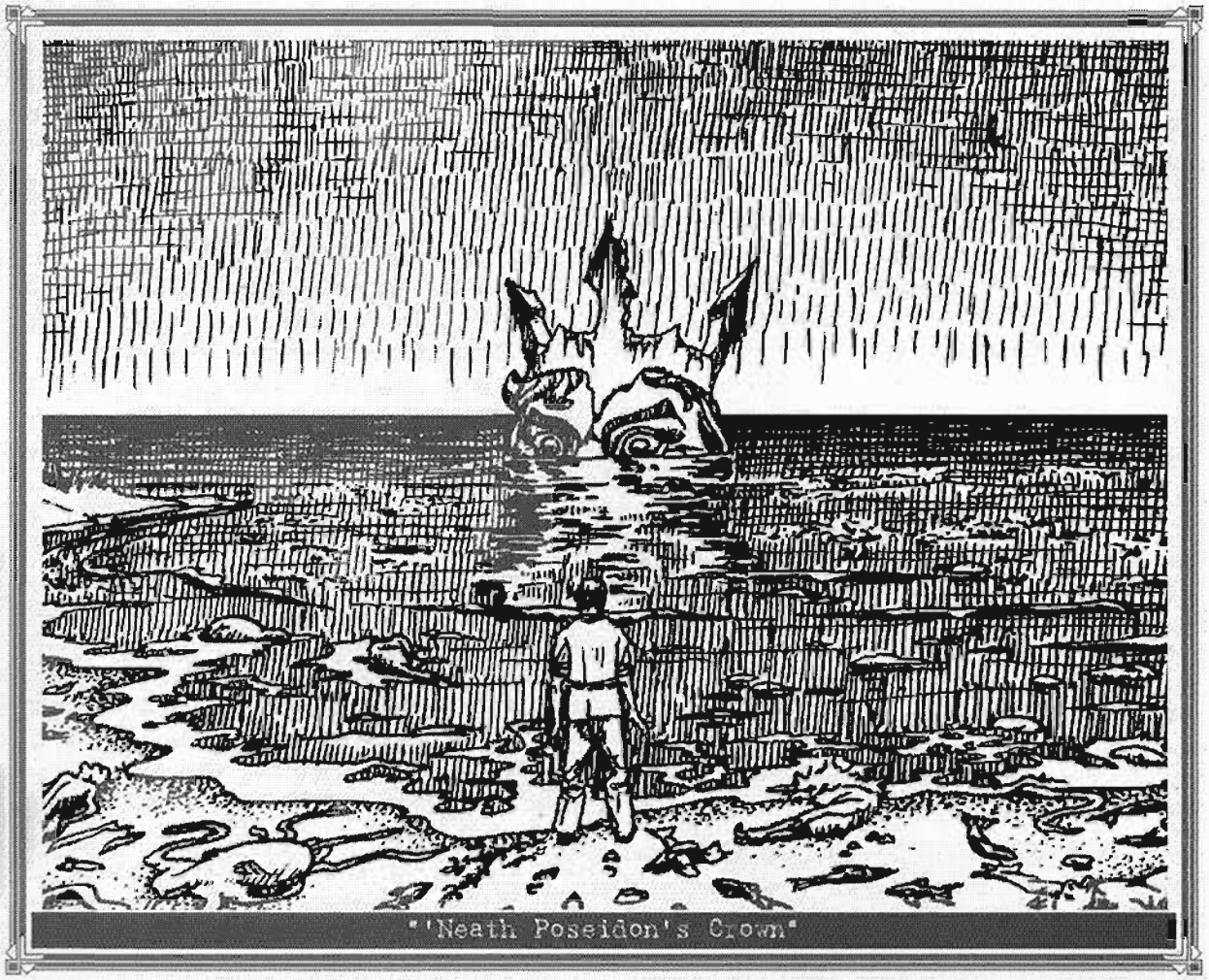
Kingsport seems even darker than usual on this moonless night, and quieter — not a soul is seen on the streets. With a successful **Spot Hidden** [Spot check, DC 15], a glance in a nearby window reveals an old man in eighteenth century garb, including buckled shoes and powdered wig, peering out the window; he is apparently oblivious to the dreamer. Other candlelit windows reveal similar sights, including old-fashioned folk living in Georgian houses furnished in the style of the eighteenth century. Should the dreamer knock at any of these doors, he gets no answer. Nearing his lodgings, the investigator hears a bell ringing across the dark silent town, tolling hauntingly from atop Central Hill. In that direction, a dark steeple can be seen stabbing into the sky. Central Hospital is gone, and in its place stands the rotting edifice of the old Congregational Church. The dreamer finds his key will not open the door to his house or apartment building. Loud knocking elicits no response.

The duration of this dream is left to the keeper. It is best ended when an investigator attacks a door/house/window in frustration or starts to climb Central Hill toward the darkened church. Upon awakening, sweating and fearful, the investigator suffers a SAN loss of 0/1D2.

"INFINITY"

This is another dream that can take an investigator by surprise by its infiltration into reality. It can be sprung on the investigator at any time, and it is perhaps most effective when it occurs to only a single dreamer.

Regardless of what the investigator is doing, the dream starts when he touches an object — and watches it crumbles to dust. This startling event costs 0/1 SAN. Alternately, the dream can start with a bang, when the investigator touches another investigator (or other character) and watches her turn to dust. SAN loss in this case is 1/1D6. As the shocked investigator reels about in awe, the room or other setting in which the dream takes place also begins to crumble. Paint peels off walls in strips; boards rot and fall away; people collapse, as their flesh runnels off like melted wax and their bones turn to powder; clouds race overhead, and the sun begins an increasingly rapid circuit of the sky, followed by the moon and stars. All around the investigator, the town



crumbles into dust and blows away, carried on a hellish wind. SAN loss for this bizarre trick of time is 0/1D4.

If the investigator is unable to wake himself (**POW x1 or less**) [Will save, DC 15], the dream continues. Time races madly on, and eventually the entire earth crumbles and is blown away on an alien wind, leaving the investigator floating in the cold, dark void. The SAN loss for these additional horrors is 1/1D6. Soon shapeless, featureless things begin to hover nearby, just out of sight. A second chance for the dreamer to awake himself occurs here, and with a successful roll of **POW x1 or less** [Will save, DC 15], the investigator escapes the dream without seeing them clearly. If the roll is failed, he or she sees these monstrous Larvae of the Outer Gods, losing 1/1D6+2 SAN and awakening with a scream.

Insanity Effects: Many possible episodes of insanity can be caused by this dream, among them amnesia, catatonia, stupefaction, barophobia, monophobia, psychrophobia, and scotophobia.

"'NEATH POSEIDON'S CROWN"

This is a good first dream to use for a group of investigators who have all read Dreams & Fancies. *It can occur when the group is walking in Kingsport within sight of the harbor. It should be kept in mind, however, that at the end of the dream, the investigators probably awake at home in their beds. It may be that the investigators experienced the dream at the end of the day as described above in "Isolation." Another possibility is to allow the dreamers to believe they have gotten out of bed in the morning, met somewhere for breakfast, and then experienced the events described below. They wake in their beds realizing that they only dreamed that they had risen and gone out.*

This dream finds the investigator walking along the Kingsport shoreline. Dead fish begin to wash up on the beach by the hundreds. Some are unnaturally large and malformed, some bear a queer yellow-green glowing tinge, and some look more like jellyfish or octopi. With a shock, the dreamers notice one object much larger. Upon closer examination, it proves to be a human corpse! (SAN loss is 0/1D2.) If the investigator moves closer, a wave turns the corpse over, revealing that it is

the bloated drowned body of Charles Baxter (requiring an additional SAN loss of 1/1D3).

The waters then begin to recede from the harbor, exposing the seabed and revealing more dead things lying in the ooze. Soon the waters have left the harbor dry. Far out to sea, the reef itself is seen exposed. Millions of dying fish flop about the reef, calling for a further SAN loss of 0/1. It is then obvious that the reef is in the shape of a titanic, multi-pronged crown. The waters continue to recede, slowly revealing the face beneath the crown. A sense of dread hangs in the air. Players who try to awaken their dreamers at this point can do so with a successful **Dreaming roll or a POW x1 roll** [Will save or Concentration check, DC 15]. Those who continue dreaming watch in horror as the face beneath the crown is revealed to be that of Great Cthulhu. SAN loss for seeing the face of this monstrously huge statue is 1D3/2D6. The dream ends as the investigator is startled awake.

Insanity Effects: Investigators driven insane by this dream may suffer from thalassophobia, and perhaps necrophobia, bathophobia, or agoraphobia.

"MY BROTHER RESTS"

If the investigators walk through Kingsport a great deal, the keeper may be able to trick them into thinking their walk through this dream-graveyard is real. Depending on which burial ground they know best, this dream can take place in either the Central Hill Cemetery or the Underwood Park Cemetery.

This dream finds the investigators strolling through a large graveyard on a windy, cloudy afternoon. The sky is relentlessly gray. As they walk, allow each investigator a **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 13]; if successful, an investigator notices a partially dug grave (each dreamer spots a different one). The graveyard at first seems empty, but soon the dreamers happen upon a small burial party — priest, mother, father, and son. A successful **Idea roll** [Intelligence, DC 10; can't take 10] identifies the son as a teenage Roger Ainsley. Ainsley looks up at the investigators just as the dream ends. The depressing atmosphere and setting of this dream costs 0/1 SAN.

"THE DARK WOOD"

Although this dream can begin in a manner similar to those above, with the innocent investigators walking through Kingsport, it rather quickly becomes an obvious dream as the unfortunate dreamers turn a corner and suddenly find themselves inexplicably lost in a dark and wild forest.

Squat mushrooms, carpets of lichen, and thick, twisted trees of unidentifiable species crowd this woodland. As the dreamers wend their way through the trackless forest, **Listen rolls** [Listen check, DC 13] pick out odd twitterings and rustlings, while **Spot Hidden rolls** [Spot check, DC 13] give brief glimpses of small creatures that seem to be tailing the party. Ancient stone ruins are occasionally seen poking through the undergrowth: these are the remains of columns, flagstones, crumbled shrines, and temples. A thin piping music is heard. Despite which way they turn, the dreamers seem to draw ever nearer the source of this sound.

Additional **Spot Hidden rolls** [Spot check, DC 13] allow a good look at the party's pursuers: satyrs, fauns, wood nymphs, centaurs, and other mythical woodland creatures. SAN loss is 0/1D2 for the whole of this apparently peaceful lot. These creatures behave skittishly at first, but soon approach the party if not driven away. What follows is a peaceful meeting between the creatures and the investigators — dancing, singing, storytelling, and feasting are among the featured activities.

As the fairy-tale interlude proceeds, female investigators soon find themselves harassed by the satyrs, while the male investigators are tempted into trysts with willing wood nymphs. The satyrs are most insistent, attempting to charm their intended victims with pan flute music. Chosen partners succumb to creature charms if they fail a **POW vs. POW struggle** [Will save, DC 15]. Charmed victims are led away to participate in disturbing sexual rites (SAN loss is 1/1D6 for the victim and 0/1D3 for witnesses). If any of the woodland creatures are attacked, they flee without engaging in combat; this ends any scene of sexual interaction. The dream seems to end when all the investigators pass out from too much wine, fall asleep from exhaustion, or faint with jaded disgust.

A Dark Worshipper

Sleeping dreamers awake to find themselves alone. If one or more of them is familiar with Shub-Niggurath, the dreamers find near them, in a clearing in the woods, a huge stone altar. Examination of the altar and a successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos check, DC 15] reveal it is dedicated to Shub-Niggurath, the Black Goat of the Woods. A great crashing in the woods nearby is then heard — the sound of something huge approaching the altar.

If the investigators flee immediately, they may not see the pursuing horror for some time, but eventually find that they are running for their lives from one of the dark young of Shub-Niggurath (SAN loss is 1D3/1D20). If the party splits up, the dark young follows a single investigator, whoever rolls the highest result on a **Luck roll** [a d20 roll]; the others are allowed to escape the dream and awaken at home. The

dream ends for the pursued investigator only if he is caught and horribly killed, the dark young is defeated, or he eludes the pursuing monster. Roll once per round of pursuit. A roll of **POW x1 or less** [Will save, DC 20] allows the character to escape. A roll against **POW x5** [Will save, DC 10] maintains the distance between the pursued and the pursuer, while a higher roll [a result below 10] means the dark young has caught up with the investigator.

Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath

STR 44	CON 18	SIZ 45	INT 14	POW 20
DEX 16	MOV 08			HP 32

Damage Bonus: +5D6

Weapons: Tentacle 80%, damage 5D6 plus STR drain.

[See the Creatures chapter of the core rulebook.]

Hostile Zoogs

Dreamers unfamiliar with Shub-Niggurath awake to find themselves surrounded by a horde of stealthily approaching zoogs (SAN loss is 0/ 1D3 for this horde.) Each investigator is attacked by 1D6+1 of these ravenous creatures, who attempt to bite their victims to death. [A zoog is a CR 1/4 creature, so four of them should make for a CR 1 encounter.] The dream resolves in the same manner described above, except that splitting up offers no defense. Each dreamer is pursued by his own personal horde of zoogs.

The Attacking Zoogs

STR 03	CON 07	SIZ 01	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 21	MOV 08			HP 04

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D4-1D6.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #35.]

Insanity Effects: Investigators who go insane because of this dream suffer from dendrophobia, and perhaps botanophobia and zoophobia as well. The more SAN lost by the character, the more severe and numerous his phobias should be. Females deceived by satyrs may suffer androphobia.

"THE ILLUSION OF LOVE"

This is very obviously a dream, and it will be difficult to fool any of the investigators into thinking it is a real world experience.

The dream begins in a very serene manner: the investigators are picnicking on the Old Town Square (105) on a warm, bright sunny day. Each investigator is distanced from the others (though **Spot Hidden rolls** [Spot check, DC 13] pick out the others), for each is with a lover, be it girlfriend or boyfriend, husband or wife, old flame or other. Numerous other couples are also present — eating, lying together on blankets on the grass, laughing, talking, enjoying the weather. All in all, it is a very idyllic scene.

As the dream continues, a **Spot Hidden roll** picks out Roger Ainsley [Spot check, DC 15] and a female companion among the picnickers. The investigators' companions do not willingly allow their loves to wander off, sulking pitifully if they try. Regardless, if the investigators look for Ainsley, some find he has left, while others realize they have mistaken someone else for the dead poet.

As the investigators begin to doze in the afternoon sun allow each another **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 13]. If successful, they are shocked to discover that the female picnickers are feeding on the males (vice versa for female investigators). Red-dripping mouths suck hungrily at open throats flowing with blood, while dainty hands grip knives that slash open wrists for other hungry mouths. Voluptuous lips part to reveal vampire fangs.

Except for the other investigators, the victims appear undaunted by their plight — Ainsley included. This scene costs the viewer 1/1D4 SAN. Turning to face his or her own love, each investigator looks into the thirsty eyes of a duplicitous vampire. SAN loss is 1/1D6. The vampires attempt to charm their chosen lovers before feeding upon them [Will save, DC 15, to resist]. The dream ends when the perplexed investigator kills the attacker, avoids the creature's gaze and eludes it, or is killed by it.

Vampire (female/male)

STR 20	CON 20	SIZ 10/14	INT 13	POW 14
DEX 12	APP 13	EDU NA	SAN NA	HP 15/17

Damage Bonus: +1D4/+1D6.

Weapons: Touch 50%, damage special*
Bite 50%, damage special**
Gaze, damage special***

**If touched by the vampire and the victim fails a POW vs. POW roll, he or she loses POW equal to 1D4 plus the vampire's damage bonus.*

*** Someone bitten by a vampire loses 1D6 STR points (plus damage bonus). The victim must roll POW x5 or less on D100 to avoid the gaze. If the roll is failed, a POW vs. POW struggle ensues to if the vampire overcomes its victim's will.*

**** Those hypnotized by the gaze of the vampire are helpless to escape the monster's fangs.*

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #36]

Insanity Effects: An investigator who goes insane from this dream suffers a fear of the opposite sex (gynephobia or androphobia), and an especially paranoid fear of the lover who attacked that investigator in the dream.


"The Illusion of Love"

"IN THE RUINS"

This is another fairly obvious dream. Unless the investigators choose to rent a boat and go to sea, there is little chance of fooling them into thinking this a real world experience.

This dream begins with the investigators aboard a rowboat drifting through impenetrable mist and fog. A massive cliff suddenly looms up out of the mist as the boat grates against a rocky shore. Leaving the boat, the investigators spy numerous Greek ruins dotting a hilly, familiar-looking landscape. An **Idea roll** [Intelligence check, DC 10; can't take 10] identifies the area as Kingsport, but lacking any familiar buildings. The cliff looming above them is the unmistakable Kingsport Head. The fog limits visibility to a number of feet equal to the investigators' POW x 1 [highest Wisdom].

Exploring the land, the dreamers find incredibly realistic statues standing among the foggy shadows. Some of the statues' faces are twisted masks of terror, while others appear almost peaceful. With successful **Spot Hidden and Idea rolls** [Spot check (DC 13) and an Intelligence check (DC 10; can't take 10)], an investigator comes across a statue that seems very familiar — it is Roger Ainsley. A second statue, one the viewer swears moved just before he came to it, is of a godlike figure. A successful **Dream Lore, History, Occult, or Cthulhu Mythos roll** identifies it as Hypnos, the Greek god of sleep. [Cthulhu Mythos or Knowledge (dream lore), DC 15; Knowledge (occult), DC 20]. Alternately, a **Greek roll** [Speak Greek, DC 15] translates this same information from a scroll the statue holds in its hand. As the dreamers further explore the ruins, **Listen rolls** [Listen, DC 10; remember to include distance penalties] pick up the sound of padding footsteps and the gentle hissing of many snakes.

Unavoidably, the dreamers find themselves separated from each other in the mists. Moments later, each discovers an incredibly realistic statue of one or more of his dream-companions. An **Idea roll** [Intelligence check, DC 10; can't take 10] allows a dreamer to realize that they are in the lair of a Gorgon, one of the serpent-tressed sisters of Medusa. The Gorgon appears as a very beautiful young woman clothed in ancient Greek garb, with blazing eyes and a writhing mass of serpents for hair. The Gorgon stalks the dreamers in a tense cat-and-

mouse game, which ends when all of the dreamers or the stalking Gorgon is killed. The SAN loss for seeing the monster is 1/1D8.

The Gorgon

STR 11	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 14	POW 15
DEX 13	APP 08	EDU NA	SAN NA	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Serpents 65%, damage 1D4 plus POT 12 poison
Gaze, damage special*

**The target's player must roll POW x5 or less on D100 to avoid the gaze. If this roll fails, a POW vs. POW struggle ensues to see if the Gorgon's gaze transforms the victim to stone (killing him and ending the dream). Successfully avoiding the Gorgon's gaze adds 10% to her Serpent attack.*

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #37.]

Insanity Effects: Those who suffer from petrification awaken with a part of their body paralyzed, a paralysis lasting for 30 days minus the victim's POW. **Roll D20** to determine what part is paralyzed: 1, from the neck down; 2-5, left leg; 6-9 left arm; 10-13, right leg; 14-18, right arm; 19-20, from the waist down. [The character should be exhausted, as described in "Character Conditions" section of the Combat chapter. The d20 version of this creature is CR 8, so this is a very brutal dream.] In cases of lesser insanity, ophiophobia or monophobia may be more appropriate.

"MADNESS, OR THE MUSE OF CHAOS"

This dream can be particularly effective when used on an investigator who is presently or recently undergone hospitalization or confinement.

This dream begins with the investigator suddenly waking up. His arms are severely constricted and movement difficult. Struggling to a sitting position he finds himself securely strapped into a straitjacket. Around him several dirty, wild-eyed people mill about, dressed in torn



"Madness, the Muse of Chaos"

grubby smocks resembling hospital gowns. The room appears to be made of stone blocks, and thick iron bars seal the windows. If the dreamer is unable to guess, an **Idea roll** [Intelligence check, DC 10; can't take 10] tells him he is in an asylum.

The other inmates soon notice their new playmate and shuffle over. The filthy, gibbering, toothless wretches paw, poke, drool, spit, laugh, and point at him. This unnerving situation costs 0/1 SAN. Although at first their words are unclear, a successful **halved Idea roll** [Intelligence check, DC 15; can't take 10] discerns British accents, perhaps tipping off the investigator that something isn't quite right (or real) here.

With a successful roll of **POW or DEX x 1** (whichever skill is higher) [Escape Artist check or Will save, DC 15 in this dream], he is able to wriggle out of the straitjacket. If at any time he cries for help or attacks his fellow inmates, they begin beating him, inflicting 1D4 points of damage each round. Each round of combat allows the dreamer to make a **POW x1 roll** [Will save, DC 20] to awaken himself from the dream.

If the investigator remains docile, a **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 13] picks out a familiar face in one corner. This person is crouched on the floor, using a sliver of wood to hastily write on a few tiny scraps of paper. Every so often, the writer jabs the sliver into his bloodied arm to get more "ink." This character is, of course, Roger Ainsley. The SAN loss for seeing the mad dead poet insanely going about his work costs 0/1D3.

If approached, Ainsley speaks briefly and cryptically to the dreamer. (Remember that he is mad.) Some sample speeches:

- *"I think these are my best work. They should be, for my very life's blood is within them."*
- *"Words are incantations; they summon forth images in the reader's mind."*
- *"Dreams cannot be escaped, only endured. My dreams have pursued and persecuted me ever since I spurned the Dream-Muse."*
- *"Hypnos, the lord of sleep, has no mercy. He cursed my work, my life."*

After a few minutes of this, the other inmates jealously drag the investigator away, beating him as described above, at which time the dream ends.

Insanity Effects: Though unlikely, episodes of insanity caused by this dream might include claustrophobia and iatrophobia.

"IN DREAMS"

This dream must occur on a night when another investigator is experiencing one of the dreams based on Ainsley's poems. This episode affects a second investigator, who is actually asleep and experiencing a dream within a dream.

One of the investigators is asleep and dreaming. At the same time, a second investigator "awakens" with a premonition of danger for his companion. If he attempts to reach his endangered friend by telephone, he gets no answer. He must find his friend to help him.

Traveling across Kingsport, the concerned friend sees a shaft of eerie red-gold light piercing down from the night sky. An **Astronomy roll** [Knowledge (astronomy), DC 10] identifies its origin as the constellation Corona Borealis, the Northern Crown. A successful **Dream Lore, Occult, or Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Knowledge (dream lore), DC 15; or Cthulhu Mythos, DC 20] identifies the beam of light and the constellation from which it emanates as phenomena related to Hypnos, the god of sleep. This shaft of light stretches down to the endangered investigator's lodgings, entering the building through this character's bedroom window. Inside the bedroom, the shaft of light is found to bend and curve in order to fall upon the sleeping investigator's face. (SAN loss is 0/1.)

The sleeper cannot be roused by any means, but tosses and turns restlessly as he experiences the dream created by the eerie shaft of light. Breaking the red-gold light beam in any way (such as drawing the curtains or passing a hand in front of the sleeper's face) doesn't affect the sleeper or his dream in any way, but instead calls Hypnos himself to the scene. That portion of the light beam within the room begins to swirl, coalescing into a slim, youthful avatar of the god, Hypnos (lose 1/1D4 SAN). Hypnos demands to know why his surveillance of the sleeper's dream was curtailed.

If spoken to civilly, the god of sleep answers any and all of the investigator's questions. It explains his offer to the dreaming Ainsley in the Alps in 1822. It then details Ainsley's spurning of Hypnos' gift of greatness, the later haunting of Ainsley's dreams, the Hypnos-enhanced strength of the dreams experienced by the investigators, and most importantly, the fact that the poems cause the dreams resulting in a psychic self-evaluation. This latter effect, Hypnos says cryptically, will become apparent soon.

After he has exhausted their questions, Hypnos threatens to punish the investigator who first blocked his light beam. If this investigator fails an **Persuade roll** [Diplomacy, DC 20], Hypnos Transforms that character, sending him off into the sky on a red-gold beam of light.

If anyone attacks Hypnos, he attempts to Transform them also. Anyone attacking Hypnos must make a successful **Dreaming or POW x1 roll** [Will save, DC 20] or watch their weapon be transformed into a scintillating ball of red-gold light that quickly dissolves and disappears. If Hypnos is "killed," he is dispelled for a time, but may return later to seek revenge. Despite this, the Ainsley-inspired dreams continue unabated, running their course until the final nightmares occur. Transformed investigators either disappear from the waking world, die in their sleep, or lose 1D10 SAN. Determine this effect randomly.

Concerned investigators who merely stand watching over their sleeping companion suddenly awake in that room, discovering that it is morning and the sleeping companion is also awake. Did they merely doze off while standing their vigil? Or was the whole experience merely a dream? If so, how did they come to be in their friend's bedroom?

Insanity Effects: Though unlikely, possibilities include acrophobia, barophobia, and hypnophobia (fear of sleep).

Hypnos, God of Sleep

STR 20	CON 100	SIZ 12	INT 80	POW 85
DEX 30	APP 30	MOV 8		HP 56

Weapon: Transform 100%, damage special

Armor: Hypnos is immune to anything that does not simultaneously exist in both the Dreamlands and the waking world. Thus, he can be harmed only by dreamers in their dreams, and by deities.

Spells: Transformation ability

Sanity Loss: Seeing Hypnos in his more terrifying true form costs 1D6/1D20.

"Although Hypnos' Transformation ability is capable of many different effects, some beneficial, in this case he will simply transform hostile investigators into shafts of red-gold light that speed off in the direction of the Corona Borealis. Remaining there forever, these unfortunate characters become the playthings of Hypnos and others.

[If you really need stats for this god, see the d20 Appendix, Entry #38.]

Atmospheric Effects

The following two poems do not cause actual dreams of their own, but contribute in small ways to the dreamy atmosphere of the scenario. Explanations of how to use these effects are provided, but the keeper is encouraged to experiment.

"RELICS OF A DEAD AGE"

This poem quietly and insidiously colors an investigator's other dreams, and possibly his perceptions of the waking world as well. Bits and pieces from these brief sonnets can be used in several ways.

First, the artifacts described in the poems may surface as props within other dreams. Consider incongruously placing the canopic jar within the graveyard of "Where My Brother Rests." The statue of the Greek god is perfect for "In the Ruins" or "The Dark Wood." The Greek and Roman weapons might be found "In the Ruins," while the Stone Age fertility statuette could be poking through the lichen-crusted soil of "The Dark Wood." The Greek theater masks may be worn by the madly capering inmates of "Madness, or The Muse of Chaos." Other uses may present themselves.

Secondly, the investigators may have minor, nagging dreams of seeing these items somewhere in Kingsport: the smaller items in shop windows or private collections, the statue in an artist's backyard collection or a graveyard, and so forth. These events cost no SAN, but if the investigator thinks to check the veracity of his dream, he or she finds it to have been inaccurate. A similar item may be found in that place, but not the exact piece from Ainsley's poems.

A final use should further unnerve the investigators. In this usage, an investigator gets a fleeting glimpse of one of these objects somewhere in Kingsport while he's awake. The item's location may be as outlined in the previous paragraph. Call for an **Idea roll** [Intelligence check, DC 10; can't take 10]. If the investigator fails, he does not realize what he thought he saw until a few minutes (or hours) later. In any case, when the investigator thinks to check for the item, he finds something similar . . . or nothing at all.

"CYCLES OF DECAY"

This poem causes a series of dream-glimpses that exactly duplicate the cycle of seasons described in the poem. If desired, the keeper can split this poem's dreams into as many as five different dreams (for the same investigator) — one for each of the five seasons/scenes described. These are very short scenes, which may be used as precursors to the longer dreams, and thus serving as fleeting glimpses of what is to come. The SAN loss for the first Spring is 0/1, Summer is 0/1, Fall is 0/1, Winter is 0/1, and the second Spring is 1/1D4. Reasons for these losses should be apparent from the poems' descriptions.

This dream-series should appear to take place in Kingsport. The lawn and study setting will appear to be the home of the dreaming investigator, or where he is staying in Kingsport, or (if necessary) a non-Kingsport setting familiar to the dreamer and somehow transferred to the town.

Dreams or Reality?

If the dreams are being introduced with enough subtlety, the investigators should become wary of their reality. The keeper can take advantage of their insecurity by staging some waking world events that may at first seem like dreams.

• An investigator is awakened in the middle of the night by someone moving about in his house or room. He may think it's a nightmare and take appropriate action, perhaps firing a gun at a moving shadow. The shadow turns out to be a similarly armed Jim Redmond who, in a fit of paranoia, has come to either rob or murder the investigator. Killing him might be a matter of self-defense.

• A situation similar to the one above turns out to be a very drunken Ted Kovey. Having suddenly remembered something important about Charles Baxter, he has come to tell the investigator all about it. Accidentally killing Kovey may lead to remorse and possible legal difficulties. Lose 1/1D4 SAN.

• A late night phone call from a hysterical Corla Fistienne precedes her suicide by only a few hours. She confesses what she feels is her role in Baxter's suicide and hangs up. Her suicidal intent is not obvious unless the investigator makes a **Psychology roll** [Sense Motive, DC 15]. Failure to take action and prevent the young girl's death costs the investigator 1/1D3 SAN. If the young girl dies, the keeper might wish to kick off a guilt-ridden investigator's next dream with a late-night phone call from the late Corla Fistienne. This is, of course, part of the dream.

final Nightmares

The last two dreams described take place at the conclusion of this scenario. Each dreamer must experience one or the other of these nightmares in order to complete the adventure.

If there are only two investigators, each can play one of the dreams. If there are more than two investigators, the keeper may create additional dreams similar to those described below, or simply have some of the investigators share the same dream experiences. In this case, the keeper may run the investigators through the dreams consecutively, but it is suggested that he attempt to do it concurrently. Two or more investigators can experience the same nightmare, dreaming independently of each other. The keeper can narrate the dream to two separate dreamers at the same time, allowing each investigator to experience his own dream and to make his own choices within his dream. As events occur, ask the dreamers to decide upon their responses. Only after all the dreamers have made their statements of intent should you reveal the consequences of their actions. This prevents a dreamer from seeing the results of another investigator's choice before making his own decision.

"THE TOWER"

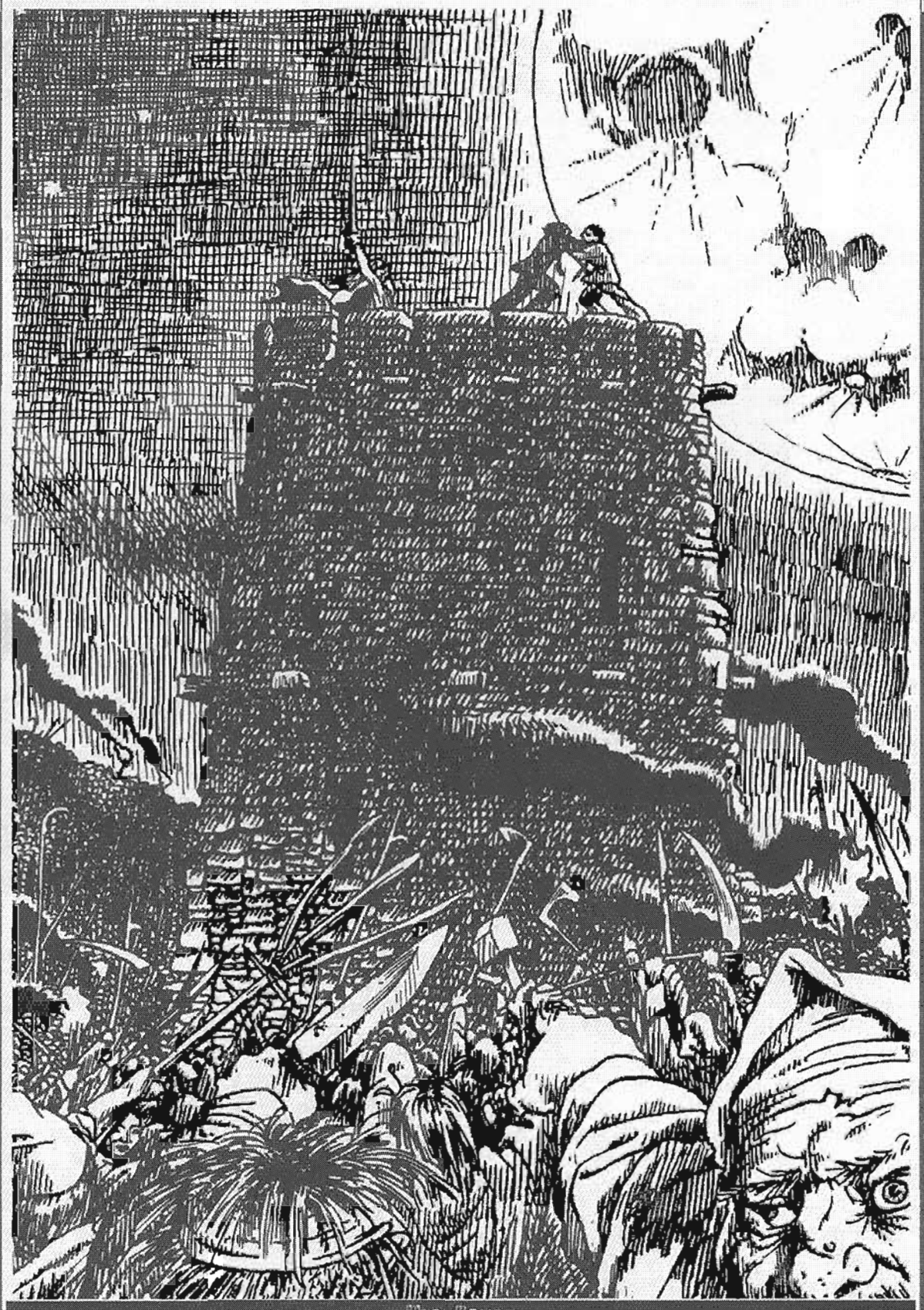
One of the two "endgame" dream-vignettes, this dream begins with the investigator walking alone on a moonlit plain at night. In every direction, a torch-bearing mob bears down on the dreamer. Chanting a wordless drone, they advance. If the investigator allows the angered mob to draw close enough, he sees they are dressed like medieval peasants, armed with farm implements and a few swords and spears. Hopefully the investigator gets the point and flees.

The only shelter seems to be a lonely tower not far away. The investigator reaches the only door into the small tower just before the mob closes in on him. The door can be barred from the inside, and in the dim moonlight filtering in from above, a staircase is seen leading up through the featureless interior to the roof. The mob continues to chant and pound the door. As it begins to splinter, the dreamer may want to head for the roof, since it his only hope of escape. Atop the roof, the dreamer finds the chanting crowd spread round the tower as far as the eye can see. Shadows flicker and dance in the wavering light of the torches.

The full moon leers down from above. With a shock, the dreamer sees that the silvery globe bears a malevolent face (SAN loss is 0/1D4). A **Dream Lore, Occult, or Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Knowledge (dream lore), DC 15; or Cthulhu Mythos, DC 20] identifies the face of Hypnos, the Greek lord of sleep.

With another shock, the investigator finds he is not alone on the tower roof. An ancient, bearded man in white robes stands nearby, a sword held in his hand, point downward. If the investigator chooses to attack, the dream turns "bad" (see below). If he or she stays calm and does not attack the stranger, the old man smiles, then says, "You have triumphed, my son. Behold! Your dark side has fled." The old man points with the sword to where his and the investigator's shadows should be on the ground below, but only the old man's is there. A thunderous cheer erupts from the joyous crowd, and the old man smiles warmly. The investigator awakens.

If the dreamer chooses aggression, the ancient man dissolves, only to reappear behind the dreamer. He says, "The darker parts of your soul are overpowering you.



The Tower



This is your final chance to defeat and escape them." The face of the full moon now grins down horribly. The dreamer loses 1/1D3 points of SAN as he recognizes the leering face of the insane Roger Ainsley.

With a single stroke, the old man cuts free the dreamer's shadow. Before the dreamer's startled eyes, the shadow stands up to reveal itself as a pitch-black duplicate of the investigator! (SAN loss 1/1D6.) This being shares identical statistics and skills with the dreamer. Without warning, it strikes out at the dreamer with its fist (+10% to its chance for this first surprise-swing). [This first attack is a surprise round; the dreamer is flat-footed.] The shadow battles relentlessly until either the dreamer or his duplicate is knocked unconscious or killed. The dream immediately ends if the investigator loses the combat. If the investigator wins, the dream ends in the manner described above: the old man congratulating the victor while the mob cheers and huzzahs.

Insanity Effects: If the investigator loses the battle with his dark side, he is automatically afflicted with a suicidal depression. Believing the dark side of his personality is now in control, he feels it must be destroyed before it does harm to others. Other incidental phobias could include acrophobia, agoraphobia, demophobia, and scotophobia.

"CONCERNING MY DEMISE"

This dream is more realistic. It begins with the investigator "waking" in the middle of the night to an odd sound: a humming noise that seems to regularly grow and die in volume. Sitting up in bed, the investigator is struck by a bright beam of light that suddenly pours through the window, accompanied by the humming sound. Clearing his eyes, the investigator sees the light swinging back and forth across Kingsport from atop Central Hill, which (perhaps inexplicably) is now in full view from the investigator's bedroom window. Even stranger, the investigator notices that Central Hospital is gone, replaced by the rotting old Congregational Church. The "searchlight" beam continues to swing back and forth across the investigator's window, beckoning him to come forth. SAN loss for these bizarre events is 0/1D2.

Stepping out into the street, the dreamer finds the town completely dark and silent, save for the swinging, thrumming light that beckons from the hill. The sound of creaking, grating metal attracts the dreamer's attention. Looking up, he sees that the weathervanes of Kingsport are all turning to point toward Central Hill. This phenomenon costs a further SAN loss of 0/1.

Climbing Central Hill, the investigator encounters a man standing hunched in the shadows of the graveyard. The man's face is obscured by shadows. An antique lantern, the source of the mysterious humming light, rests at his feet.

He speaks: "Come on, old chum. We've got work to do tonight." With that, he swings a shovel over his shoulder, picks up the lantern, and sets off through the Central Hill Cemetery as the willow trees sway and rattle in a chilly wind. The investigator may attempt to get a better look at the face of his guide, but finds it seems to always be lost in shadow. The guide does not answer any questions, but chuckles ominously at times. If the investigator tries to get physical, remind him that the guide carries a mean-looking shovel. The guide leads the dreamer to the side of a partially opened grave, which might be recognized as identical to the one described in "Where My Brother Rests." Next to the grave stands another man, his antique clothing whipped by the wind. The man is a young, sad-eyed, forlorn-looking Roger Ainsley. Turning to look at his guide, the dreamer finds his companion to be a shadow-striped spitting image of himself. (Lose 1/ 1D6 SAN for these startling revelations.)

Without saying a word, the guide begins digging out the grave with his shovel. Ainsley looks at the investigator and says, "One of you has got to give in. The poems were intended only for me. They weren't supposed to be your troubles, but you took them on yourself. Now the Lord of Sleep has pitted you against yourself." Ainsley can talk with the investigator for awhile, providing further story details while the shadow-double digs.

Eventually, the digger climbs out of the grave and hands the investigator the shovel. "Your turn," he says, "Then we'll settle this once and for all." The double watches as the investigator digs. Once he feels the grave is deep enough, he asks for the shovel and offers to help



"One of you has got to give in."

the investigator out of the grave. If the investigator gives him the shovel, the shadow-double attacks him with it (at +15% for this first surprise attack) before he can get out of the grave. [This first attack is a surprise round; the investigator is not only flat-footed, but also standing on lower ground.] The final battle begins.

The shadow-double, as before, has statistics and skills identical to the investigator. Base attack chance for the shovel is 20%, causing damage of 1D6+2. [The shovel inflicts 1d6 damage.] The fight continues until either the dreamer or the shadow is killed. Ainsley, meanwhile, sits on a tilted tombstone disinterestedly watching the combat.

If the investigator refuses to give up the shovel and attacks instead, the double defends itself with fists or with the lantern. As before, the battle continues until either the investigator or his dark side is destroyed. If the dreamer loses the battle, he is not killed, but he cannot move. [He is paralyzed; see "Character Conditions" in the Combat chapter.] Ainsley helps the victor drag the loser to a nearby coffin. Placing the victim inside and sealing down the glass-windowed lid, they lower the coffin into the grave. If it is the investigator who is being buried, he or she must helplessly watch as their dark half gleefully dumps shovel after shovel of dirt onto the coffin. Ainsley ruefully repeats, "They weren't supposed to be your troubles, but you took them on yourself." Finally, there is only darkness, which the dreamer endures for what seems an eternity before finally awakening. SAN loss for this premature burial is 1/1D8.

If the investigator won, Ainsley suggests burying the immobilized shadow-double "so he won't be tempted to cause trouble again soon." While the investigator is busy filling in the grave, Ainsley's ghost vanishes into the graveyard. The exhausted investigator, now alone, feels exhausted and must sit down and rest. The dream ends.

Insanity Effects: Investigators who lose this battle believe they are dead and fall into a catatonic state. Incidental phobias possibly suffered include necrophobia and scotophobia.

Conclusion: When All Dreams End

Though this scenario offers few physical challenges (at least in the waking world), it may have left more than one investigator indefinitely or permanently insane. Those driven indefinitely insane due to SAN losses from earlier dreams may have lingering phobias or other neuroses.

Regardless of how much Sanity the characters lost in the endgame dreams, investigators who failed to overcome their dark psyches should have far more devastating psychological problems, including severe suicidal depressions or catatonia. [See the Sanity chapter for more ideas.] Psychoanalysis or institutionalization may help, but only if their self-destructive tendencies can be suppressed long enough to allow treatment.

If Derek Minot's reading of the Ainsley book was used to drag the investigators into this adventure, he should also suffer one of the endgame dreams. This requires the keeper to decide upon the roommate's ultimate fate. Did he triumph over his own failings, or did his sanity collapse? Does he turn suicidal or go catatonic? If he goes insane, but survives the scenario, the investigators should lose 0/1D3 SAN. If he commits suicide, the loss should be an automatic 1D3 SAN.

VICTORY

Investigators who manage to triumph over the dark dreams and their own malevolent natures should be rewarded with 2D10 SAN at the scenario's end. Having seen and survived the ordeal triggered by Ainsley's poetry, the investigators should realize that the book presents a danger. Anyone making a successful **Idea roll** [Intelligence check, DC 10; can't take 10] notices Kingsport's intrusion into many of the dreams. If this investigator also played "The House on the Edge," she realizes that the potency of Kingsport's dream-atmosphere may have had something to do with these latest nightmares. Understanding this, every copy of *Dreams & Fancies* removed from Kingsport's shelves nets the surviving investigators an additional 1D3 SAN. [It would be wise to limit this bonus to two or three books.]

Finally, investigators who bested their dark selves in the final dream sequences also receive a chance to improve their POW. Subtract each victor's POW from 21 and multiply the remainder x5 to determine each investigator's percentage chance to increase his or her POW by 1D4 points. [This mechanic is not necessary for d20 characters, since they have other ways to increase their ability scores.]



Dead in the Water

In which the investigators get their sea legs — and discover that dreams aren't the only things lurking in Kingsport's mist.

THIS ADVENTURE is intended for groups of three or more investigators of no small experience. Less seasoned parties will be sorely pressed to successfully handle the opposition. "Dead in the Water" will probably take at least two evenings to play. This scenario does not require the investigators to reside or be visiting Kingsport, only that they are near enough to read or hear of the disappearances plaguing the town and its residents.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

Early summer in Kingsport is normally the height of the fishing season, but for the last few days, the hardened men of the fleet have set out to sea hesitantly. Three of their brethren have recently disappeared. When found, the boats were empty, without sign of their crews. Fearful of what may be lurking out in the fog, the fishermen are bringing in smaller and smaller catches, hurting themselves financially, as well as hurting the fish-packing houses that depend on them.

The cause of the disappearances can be found in Kingsport's dark history. In 1731, nine years after the raid on the old Congregational Church, a ship captained by Douglas Corben returned to Kingsport Harbor, carrying with it a strange object stolen from a primitive tribe of Carib Indians. Corben had been a member of Kingsport's secret cult, one of a few who managed to escape accusation and prosecution. When Eben Hall, then Customs officer, attempted to inspect the incoming vessel, Corben refused to allow him on board. A pitched battle broke out, resulting in several deaths and the ultimate sinking of the *Hellene*. Scuttled by her own crew, the ship went down with all hands. For nearly two centuries, the wreck has lain submerged near the northern end of the Jersey Reef. Now she has returned.

Captain Corben had long known of the isolated tribe of Indians hidden away on a tiny island in the Caribbean. Corben traded with them frequently, but could never obtain from them their greatest treasure: an infant-sized greenish-yellow stone, a meteorite that had fallen to earth long ago. Shaped vaguely like a neolithic fertility goddess — a squat plump Earth-Mother figure — the stone was worshipped by the tribe as a god, called by them "the Star Mother." Recognizing the power of the strangely glowing stone, and noting the similarity of its color to his own once-worshipped god, Corben tried repeatedly to barter it away from the natives. They would not allow a stranger to take their goddess away. Growing impatient, Corben and his crew finally attacked the primitive Caribs and slaughtered them, taking their goddess by crime and blood.

On the journey back to Kingsport, the Star Mother awakened, roused by the blood and fury wrought in her honor. Her stirrings brought with them madness and death. By the time the *Hellene* reached Kingsport, those few still alive were without reason. Rather than surrender his hard-won prize to the Customs authorities, Corben chose to ignite the ship's powder stores — blowing a hole in her side and sending her to the bottom, along with her insane captain and crew.

The Star Mother once again lapsed into dormancy, but with the slightest expense of power, she preserved her surroundings. Now she has reawakened, roused by some turn of the cosmos, and has begun to exert her will. Like some malignant creeping plant, she has grown, extending herself throughout the ruined ship, constructing an extended nervous system via a network of ropy tentacles. Thin, greenish membranes capable of admitting or expelling water have patched the hull. She has extruded root-like tentacular nerve endings throughout the ship, reinforcing its timbers with her substance. Greenish membranes have replaced the long-rotted sails. The Star Mother has since created for herself ambulatory servants, infusing the long-dead corpses of Corben and his crew with her own intelligence and desires. Corben and his fish-eaten crew are now nothing more than vessels for the Star Mother's will.

And the Star Mother's will is to feed on the life force of men. Using her ship to sail across the surface or creep along the seabed, she has begun to attack boaters in the Kingsport area. The three fishermen lost thus far are only the beginning; many more will follow.

INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

Kingsport is once again buzzing with gossip. It seems every person on the street is talking about the missing Dutch fisherman, Hendrik Van Dreedt. Van Dreedt, something of a loner, set out three mornings ago with the rest of the fleet, but never returned. No ill weather was reported that day, but not a trace of his blue-painted shallop has been found. If the investigators aren't in Kingsport, a Kingsporter visiting Arkham (or Boston, or wherever) mentions this tragedy to the investigators.

That same evening, with the town still murmuring about the missing Dutchman, word spreads that a second disappearance has occurred. A boat belonging to two sailors, Gagni and Funaro, has been found empty and adrift, with no sign of either man.

If the investigators' interest is piqued by these rumors, they can seek further information from the local fishermen, who in turn lead them to other sources.

If the investigators pay no mind to the rumors (perhaps because they live out of town), a couple of Kingsport fishermen approach one of the more well-known characters in the group. They offer the investigator a modest reward if they can help to discover the fate of the missing men. Such a reward would probably not exceed $200 total — still a considerable sum to be raised among the poor fishermen.

Running the Adventure

Major events that occur during the course of this adventure are outlined below. Depending upon investigator actions or keeper desires, events may be altered to maintain the pace of the scenario or in response to investigator actions. The investigators learn of the disappearances through either their own sources or via the Kingsport fishermen. The party should first spend time on the waterfront questioning the Coast Guard and the fishermen, gathering information that no doubt includes a number of legends and rumors. Further investigations in and around Kingsport may be undertaken, based on information gained at the waterfront. Some of these tales may lead investigators to research the fate of Captain Douglas Corben's ship, the *Hellene*.

The disappearances continue, perhaps at first leading the investigators to search neighboring towns, but eventually luring them out to sea looking for clues, survivors, and wreckage. The latter stages of the adventure finds the party spending the major portion of their time on the lonely haunted sea. They should get at least one brief glimpse of the Hell Ship (see Day 12) before the final confrontation. It may be hours or days after the first sighting that the investigators finally catch up with the haunted *Hellene*, board her, and do battle with the inhuman evil that drives the ship.

Every day the investigators spend in Kingsport, remind them of the sea's presence: waves lapping at the shore, the ringing of the buoys, and the raucous flocks of gulls that inhabit the shores. Weather, especially fog, should also play a part in developing this scenario's

atmosphere (see "Weather Effects"). Where the fog once seemed picturesque, it now is sinister, as if it were in league with whatever lurks off the shore — perhaps the fog itself is the enemy.

The community of Kingsport is shocked by the spate of disappearances. Early on, it is the subject of anxious gossip among the townsfolk, but later, it is the source of fearful whispers. Merchants at first take part in the gossip, but before long, they avoid the matter altogether. What hurts the fishing industry hurts the fish-packing houses, which in turn hurts all of Kingsport's economy. The fishermen themselves initially seem merely closemouthed, but later are openly fearful and paranoid, perhaps becoming suspicious of the investigators' motives.

Summary of Events

This section describes the events surrounding each of the Star Mother's attacks: names, dates, when and how they occur, what evidence is left behind, and so on. If the keeper wishes, additional events may be created or the order of occurrence changed to suit tastes.

DAY 1: Although three days pass before the investigators learn of the disappearance of the lone Dutchman, Hendrik Van Dreedt, it is still a topic of conversation around town. He and his tiny boat vanished not long after leaving sight of the rest of the fleet three mornings ago. Van Dreedt did not return to port that night, and no trace of him has yet been found.

Van Dreedt was dragged from his boat and became a meal for the Star Mother. The overturned boat is still adrift out there somewhere, though devoid of clues.

DAY 3: The second set of vanishings occurs the same day that the investigators first heard of the lost Van Dreedt. Luigi Gagni and Giuseppe Funaro, two Italian fishermen, are lost at sea early this morning. Their boat will be discovered tomorrow. Both Gagni and Funaro were middle-aged men with devoted families.

No one yet knows that the dead crew of the *Hellene* attacked Gagni and Funaro, slaughtered them, and fed them to the Star Mother.

DAY 4 (morning): Around 10 A.M., fishermen find the boat of the missing Gagni and Funaro floating off the Jersey Reef. Returned to port, the vessel is impounded by Lt. Commander Charles Maddern of the U.S. Coast Guard. Lt. Commander Maddern heads the investigation into the disappearances of Van Dreedt, Gagni, and Funaro. The recovered boat is stored in a locked boathouse, and anyone wishing to make an inspection of the craft must not only speak with Commander Maddern, but also make a successful **Oratory or Credit Rating roll** [Diplomacy, DC 15]. Failing this, investigators might row (or Swim) to the Coast Guard station's pier and quietly break into the boathouse where the craft is held. During the day, this requires successful **Hide and Sneak rolls** [Hide and Move Silently checks; opposed by Spot and Listen checks] to avoid the notice of the Coast guardsmen. After dark, **Hide or a halved Luck roll** (whichever is higher) is needed to reach the boathouse. [Same Hide check, modified for lighting.]

If the investigators are incapable of picking the lock that secures the boathouse door [Open Lock, DC 20], they might simply break in, although a **Luck roll** will be required to avoid being detected by one of the guardsmen. [Same Hide check.] Inside the boathouse, investigators find one of the Coast Guard's motor launches, a quantity of miscellaneous rescue gear, and the boat belonging to the lost Gagni and Funaro.

The boat seems undamaged, and nothing appears to be missing. In the bottom of the boat are a few strands of seaweed, some mud, and a small amount of a yellow-green (alkaline) sludge. A **Spot Hidden or Track roll** [Search or Wilderness Lore (with Track), DC 10] notes a muddy, sludgy print made by a leather boot heel, untypical of the heavy rubber boots worn by most fishermen.

By the end of the day, wild rumors circulate the waterfront. Tales of ghost ships and sea monsters are told among the more superstitious of Kingsport's residents. (These rumors are detailed in a later section, "Rumors, Legends, and Tales.")

DAY 4 (late afternoon and evening): Regardless of whether the investigators have entered the scenario by now, two Kingsport fishermen, Armand Medeiros and Alfredo Paiva, approach them. Medeiros and his quiet partner request the investigators' help, offering a modest reward and what little information they have regarding the lost fishermen. Medeiros mentions that the lost Italians' boat is being held by the Coast Guard.



Armand Medeiros

DAY 4, (night): Tonight another boat is lost. Unlike the earlier disappearances, however, this one goes unreported to authorities. The investigators learn of the event either by being in the Rope & Anchor Tavern when the angered Arkham gangsters show up (Day 5), or later hear about the incident from an outside source who witnessed the visit of the gangsters.

As stated in the "Guidebook to Kingsport" section, Kingsport's alcohol is supplied through an arrangement

with Arkham's Lucky Clover Cartage Company, a legitimate front owned by Arkham rumrunner Danny O'Bannion. One of this week's shipments will not arrive as scheduled.

Late tonight, two motor launches filled with liquor loaded off a freighter anchored beyond the twelve mile limit are returning to shore when they encounter a heavy fog. Hidden in the fog is the *Hellene*. The heavily armed bootleggers put up a solid fight against the *Hellene's* dead crew, but in the end are killed. The slain men — Thorn O'Brien, Mike Walden, Will Flaherty, Everett Bacon, Doyle Donnelly, and Jack Cochran — were all low-ranking members of the O'Bannion gang. The crew aboard the freighter report hearing distant gunfire and later discover the two motorboats adrift, but find no sign of the gangsters who were aboard. The incident is, of course, never reported to the authorities.



Bobby Sills

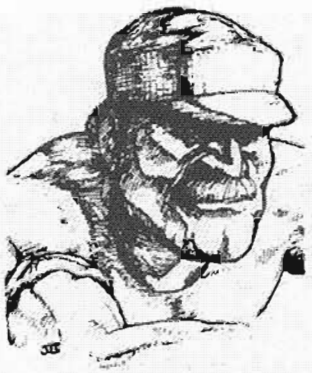
Anyone at sea this night is likely to encounter members of the ship's crew intent on finding their companions, a potentially dangerous meeting. If the investigators are the first to discover the bootleggers' boats, they find many spent shell casings, much blood, seaweed, mud, the aforementioned alkaline sludge, and signs of a violent struggle. The shipment of liquor is unmolested and is eventually salvaged by the crew of the rumrunner if and when they finally find the boats.

DAY 5: As a result of the disappearance of the rumrunners' boats, several members of Danny O'Bannion's gang pay a visit to Kingsport. They show up in two big black sedans late this morning, drive into Harborside, and park outside the Rope & Anchor Tavern (113). Among those along for the ride are O'Bannion's henchman Bobby Sills, enforcer Eddie Leery, and half a dozen thugs.

Hopefully, the keeper can arrange for the investigators to be in the Rope & Anchor when this event occurs. This is most easily accomplished by having Armand Medeiros set up a meeting with the investigators at the tavern. Medeiros intends to discuss details of the disappearances, ask about the investigators' progress on the case, and whisper rumors of another tragedy at sea that took place last night. Otherwise, the characters are informed of what took place by Medeiros or Paiva, or someone else who just happened to be in the tavern that night.

Two leering, tough-looking thugs stay outside the tavern and prevent anyone from entering during their "meeting." ("They're closed, pal."). A handsome, well-dressed man (Sills) leads four more rough-looking customers (thugs) and another huge man (Leery) into the bar, bullying their way past the hired help and into Jonas Rigg's office. The gangsters warn any potential troublemakers to back off before resorting to violence (preferring fisticuffs and blackjacks over knives and firearms in the latter case).

Anyone who wants to listen in on the conversation between the gangsters and Rigg has to contend with the three thugs left in the hall outside the office. Someone clever could hide in the tavern's filthy bathroom, eavesdropping through the thin wall with a successful **Listen roll** [Listen, DC 13]. A **Luck roll** might be called for [Hide, DC 13] should one of the thugs decide to visit the john. Otherwise, someone sitting at the bar can try a **halved Listen roll** [Listen, DC 20] to pick up a few of the more pertinent details of the talk, particularly when angry voices are raised in the office.



Eddy Leery

Sills basically wants to know what happened to last night's shipment, making it quite clear that if Rigg had anything to do with it, he's a dead man. Rigg pleads innocence, growls about the missed shipment, and is again threatened by Leery. During this heated conversation, eavesdroppers hear that six heavily armed men were lost at sea last night, yet none of the booze was missing. They may hear mention of rival gangs in Arkham (the Italian, Potrello) or in Boston. The discussion lasts nearly half an hour, after which the gangsters pile back into their cars and leave. For the next few days Kingsport is "dry" — and Jonas Rigg is even more foul-tempered than usual.

Later in the scenario, the keeper may wish to have investigators searching the sea run afoul of another booze shipment. There will be at least six thugs aboard the two boats, armed with pistols and more than likely a tommy gun or two. Considering what happened to their predecessors, they are understandably suspicious of anyone they find at sea. This encounter may lead to a deadly gun battle between the investigators and the bootleggers. Perhaps this might involve a timely rescue by the Coast Guard, whose sailors run the gangsters off, but do not catch them.

Bobby Sills, Henchman of Arkham Crime Kingpin Danny O'Bannion

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 14	POW 14
DEX 15	APP 15	EDU 09	SAN 22	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Kick 55%, damage 1D6+1D4
Fighting Knife 55%, damage damage 1D4+2+1D4
.38 Snub-Nose Revolver 50%, damage 1D10
Blackjack 45%, 1D8 knockout only
Grapple 35%, damage special
Head Butt 20%, damage 1D4+1D4

Skills: Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 40%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 50%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 70%, Listen 65%, Pick Pocket 35%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 45%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #39.]

Eddie Leery, Enforcer for the Arkham Mob

STR 18	CON 17	SIZ 17	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 12	APP 11	EDU 06	SAN 33	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Blackjack 90%, 1D8 knockout only
Head Butt 80%, damage 1D4+1D6
Fighting Knife 80%, damage 1D4+2+1D6
Grapple 75%, damage special
Fist 70%, damage 1D3+1D6
Kick 55%, damage 1D6+1D6
.45 Revolver 40%, damage 1D10+2+1D6

Skills: Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 40%, Hide 30%, Listen 40%, Psychology 10%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 35%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #40.]

Six Rough Thugs

	Al	*Bill*	*Pat*	*Dennis*	*Ian*	*Wilson*
STR	14	13	16	13	12	12
CON	14	11	12	13	16	14
SIZ	12	13	14	13	12	13
DEX	12	11	10	15	12	13
POW	11	12	10	11	9	10
SAN	35	28	33	34	27	31
HP	13	12	13	13	14	14
	8	6	7	7	9	8

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 75%, 1D3+1D4
Blackjack 75%, 1D8 knockout only
.38 Revolver 75%, damage 1D10
Grapple 70%, damage specal
Fighting Knife 65%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
Head Butt 55%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Climb 55%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 55%, Pick Pocket 25%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 55%.

[For more Thugs, see the d20 Appendix, Entry #41.]

DAY 7: After nightfall, word comes in from nearby Martin's Beach (811) that two of that village's older, more seasoned fishermen — Big Bill Humbert and Gabe Allen — have not returned home to port. No trace of the two men or their sturdy craft is ever found. A search by the Kingsport Coast Guard is in vain. In the village of Martin's Beach, it is learned that both men were notorious alcoholics, and there is speculation among the locals that Big Bill, while drunk, ran their shallop aground in the fog.

Humbert and Allen encountered the *Hellene* in the fog off Martin's Beach. After boarding the Hell Ship, they became fodder for the Star Mother.



Laura Frees

DAY 9: On this sunny, windy afternoon the nautical horror returns to Kingsport with a vengeance. Thomas Frees, his wife June, and his daughters Debbie and Laura — residents of Brooklyn, New York — vanish sometime in the late afternoon while sailing a large, rented sailboat out beyond the Jersey Reef. Mr. Frees, an architect and accomplished yachtsman, had been vacationing in Kingsport with his family for the last two weeks.

Early in the evening, fishermen returning to Kingsport find the sailboat without a soul on board. Overturned chairs, broken furniture, scarred woodwork, and (human) blood seem to indicate a struggle. Traces of mud, seawater, and some of the yellow-green alkaline substance similar to that found in the Gagni/Funaro boat are discovered. **Spot Hidden rolls** [Wilderness Lore (and the Track feat) or Search, DC 10] detect prints made by booted and bare human feet. Additional **Spot Hidden rolls** [same skill check, but DC 15] find gouges in the gunwales which, with a successful **Idea roll** [no additional check], seem to indicate the yacht was grappled by some larger craft.

Once the vessel is returned to port (perhaps earlier if the investigators find the craft first), a thorough search of the sailboat by the Coast Guard discovers a glassy-eyed nine-year-old girl hiding in a cabinet below decks. This is Laura Frees, the youngest child of the missing family. She is in a severe state of shock, so she is immediately taken to the Congregational Hospital. The following day, she is transferred to St. Mary's Hospital in nearby Arkham, where treatment

continues. A successful **Psychoanalysis roll** [Psychoanalysis, DC 15] brings the girl to her senses long enough to say, "They're dead! They're all dead!" She then lapses back into her near-catatonic state.

The haunted *Hellene* silently pulled alongside the boat, grappled her, and attacked the Frees family with her living-dead crew. The Corben-thing and the undead sailors captured or killed the members of the Frees family, then offered them up to the Star Mother.

If the investigators are present when the yacht is towed into port, a **halved Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 15] reveals one individual desperately scrambling to hurry away from the docks (but consider skipping this skill check if the investigators have no other clues.) He's scrambling against the tide of gawkers and curiosity-seekers clamoring to reach the scene.



Absalom Vallent

This furtive old man is Absalom Vallent, a grizzled alcoholic Yankee in his eighties. He is trying to make it into the Rope & Anchor Tavern for a much needed drink — or perhaps several. Once in the tavern, Vallent downs a few whiskeys, then purchases the rest of the bottle to take back to his boarding house on Herbert Street in the Harborside area. If approached, Vallent initially shoos away would-be questioners. "I'm afraid, that's all. What sane man wouldn't be? Mind yer own business." [A successful Sense Motive check, DC 13, should raise suspicion over how much he knows.]

If followed back to his rundown boarding house — and given time for the bottle to loosen his tongue — Vallent calms down and becomes a little more rational. After the liquor has started to flow, Absalom tells investigators that this evening, while sailing back to port through a weirdly thick fog, he thought he spied a sailing ship drifting almost soundlessly through the mists. It looked to be an ancient battered sailing ship, a square-masted brig, and Absalom says it reeked of death. Shining patches of a yellow-green substance coated the hull and masts, while thick strands of seaweed dangled over her rails and trailed from holes in her hull. Growing more wild-eyed as he tells the tale, Absalom says he saw one more thing before the ship disappeared into the fog.

"That ship had a name a-painted on her side," he says, "and she called 'erself *Hell* — H-E-L-L!"

If pressed on this point, Vallent begins to rave drunkenly. "They come back fer me, doncha see? Ever' man-jack of 'em, all dead but me, an' they come back!" (*Another deep drink.*) "Been forty-odd years now. I's on a on a knockabout schooner, the *Gretchen Hayes*, outta Provincetown, fishin' offa Cape Cod. It wuz my watch, see, only I fell asleep." (*Sobbing.*) "Nex' thing I knows, I'm over the rail and treadin' water, and there's a screamin' an' a splinterin' o' wood, an' the *Gretchen*, she's a-goin' daown! We'd hit a shoal, see, an' she went right down with the full load we had. Took ever' man wit' her — everyone but me, that is. An' now they come back fer me. I'm a Jonah, an' the only way they's gonna rest is wit' a full crew!"

At this point Vallent's voice becomes a scream, and he begins to sob hysterically, crying out that he won't let them get him. The old sailor can be calmed down with a successful **Psychoanalysis roll** [Psychoanalysis, DC 13] or left alone to lose himself in his bottle.

DAY 10 (morning): If the investigators did nothing to alleviate Vallent's misery the previous night (Day 9), he is found dead in his room, swinging on the end of a rope tossed over a ceiling beam. A suicide note reads: "I won't be sailing with you, *Gretchen Hayes*."

Anyone wishing to research old Absalom's tale, or the story of the *Gretchen Hayes*, finds the tale is true. In 1879, a fishing vessel of that name was indeed lost off Cape Cod. Only one survivor was found — Absalom Vallent. Unfortunately, the old salt's grim tale has nothing to do with the horror currently plaguing Kingsport. If the investigators pressed Vallent to reveal his dark secret, and then did nothing to try and calm him down, or feel otherwise responsible for his death, they suffer a SAN loss of 0/1D3.

DAY 10 (evening): Evening brings more bad news from up the coast. Dave Brennan and Brian Powers, two hardy Gloucester fishermen, disappeared in a brief squall earlier today. The two were experienced sailors, and the squall was not that severe. Some questions remains about their fate. Over the next couple of days (Days 11 and 12) bits of shattered wood and a few personal effects of the Gloucestermen are recovered by fishermen and Coast Guard rescue teams. The debris is found along the coast just northeast of Kingsport, off Martin's Beach.

Rising from the depths, the *Hellene* surfaced directly beneath the poor Gloucestermen's tiny craft, shattering it to pieces before plucking the hapless men from the wreckage.

DAY 12 (morning): Tragedy strikes again. Bright and early this morning, wizened Yankee Jim Packer and his forty-year-old Portuguese partner, Luis de Mello, sail out into a light fog. Around 3 P.M., a heavy fog forces most of the fleet back into port, but Packer and de Mello never return. No trace of the men or their sturdy shallop

is ever found. Much is made among the frightened fishermen of Packer's carrying a sawed-off shotgun, and of the man's frequent, if sometimes inebriate, boasts of being able to "whip the very Devil hisself without working up a sweat."

If the investigators are out to sea today, they probably witness the taking of Packer and de Mello by the Star Mother. The investigators (or their fishermen guides) first notice an odd yellow-green glow off in the fog, silhouetting a shallop lying a few hundred yards away from the investigators. Sailing toward the light and the other craft, the fog thickens, and the investigators soon lose sight of the not-so-distant fishing vessel. A minute later, they hear the sounds of a struggle: screaming men, a shotgun blast, and wood grating against wood.

Hurrying desperately toward the sounds, the investigators' shallops come upon a horrible scene. Looming up out of the fog is a battered antique sailing ship trimmed eerily with yellow-green glowing sails, her patched decks and hull spilling yellow-green tentacles of seaweed into the sea. The shallop the investigators had sought sinks slowly beneath the waves, crushed by the ship's bow, while the screaming Packer and de Mello, wrapped by the seaweed tendrils, are held high in the air (Lose 1/1D8+1 SAN). Before the investigators can react, the ship itself begins to sink, rapidly disappearing beneath the waves, carrying its screaming prey with it.

The pilot of every nearby craft must make a successful **Boating roll** [Pilot (boat), DC 15] to avoid being capsized in the wake of the *Hellene's* sinking. Characters aboard vessels that are swamped must make **Swim rolls** each round [Swim check (DC 13) or begin drowning] until they either drown or find a piece of floating debris (make a **Luck roll** every round [Spot check, DC 13] to find such an object). Survivors can either try to Swim back to shore (requiring three successful rolls [three Swim checks, DC 13, or begin drowning]) or await rescue by other fishermen or the Coast Guard (keeper's discretion). [Read the rules for drowning in the Combat chapter of the core rulebook before running this scene.]

The sudden descent and consequent escape of the Hellene is an event suggested for use whenever the investigators meet up with the Hell Ship for the first time.

DAY 12 (evening): Following the loss of Packer and de Mello, Commander Maddern places a curfew on the harbor. No one will be permitted to leave port after sundown. Failure to abide by the curfew results in fines and possible impoundment of the vessel. Those returning to the harbor after sunset will also be charged with curfew violation. Commander Maddern intends to keep people off the sea at night — simply for their own protection. Maddern also orders round-the-clock patrols of the coast, searching for whatever it is that haunts Kingsport's waters.

DAY 15 (afternoon): On a day beset with heavy fog, one of the Coast Guard launches fails to report back to the Kingsport station after its scheduled patrol. Aboard were Warrant Officer Daniel Barkley and two other Guardsmen. The last radio communication from Barkley was: "We're running into some heavy fog here, Kingsport. Our position is approximately two-point-five miles east-southeast of you. We may be a little late getting in, Henry. This fog is really thick—"

The message ended abruptly, and attempts to raise the boat were answered only by static. All the remaining personnel, save Koch (monitoring the radio) and one other sailor left to man the office are scrambled into the station's sloop. They immediately begin searching for their missing comrades.

If the investigators are out at sea today, the keeper should randomly determine whether one of the two Guard vessels, a pair of fishermen, or an investigator vessel is the first to find the overturned launch. Throughout the search, the fog continues to grow thicker, and most of the fishermen begin fearfully heading back to port.

Within hours of the last radio contact, the launch is found capsized near the rocks of the Jersey Reef. The boat is mostly intact, but there is not a sign of her crew. The lost men are never found. The vessel is returned to port and closely examined by the Coast Guard, but no clues as to what happened are found.

Barkley's launch ran into a fog bank created by the Star Mother. The *Hellene* seized the craft, then plucked the guardsmen from it before capsizing the launch and sinking beneath the waves.

DAY 15 (evening): The loss of the Coast Guard boat sends Kingsport into an uproar. ("Gawd! Even the Coast Guard ain't safe!") Preliminary reports state that the launch overturned when it came too close to the reef in the fog, but few of the townsfolk and none of the guardsmen believe it. Barkley was far too good a seaman.

Maddern is left nearly devastated by this latest event. If approached, he might now be open to offers from the investigators to help find and destroy whatever is out there. This might be run as a debate between an investigator and the Commander (**INT vs. INT roll**) [contested Intelligence checks], or perhaps the investigators choose to play on him using their **Persuade skills** [Diplomacy, DC 15]. In the latter case, bonuses may be added for each eyewitness brought forth to tell Maddern his story [+2 bonus for each witness]. Additional bonuses may be added for mentioning the alkaline sludge, the little Frees girl, or the tale told by Absalom Vallent [+2 bonus for each of these].

If Lt. Commander Maddern agrees to let the investigators join the hunt, they are allowed the use of the sloop or the remaining launch as they choose. Maddern also joins the hunt, perhaps even working with the investigators aboard their vessel. One or two additional men are assigned to each of the Coast Guard's two boats, with two men (one of them always Henry Koch) left to man the station.

If Maddern remains unconvinced of the investigators' wild tales, he has them escorted out of his office with a warning that if they're caught out at sea after dark, they will be subject to arrest and their vessel impounded. The Kingsport Police Department will charge violators with interfering with a Coast Guard investigation — and Maddern means it.

The Coast Guard continues its daily patrols in the launch and the sloop, as before. The station may suffer further losses, as the keeper desires, which will eventually bring Maddern around to the investigators' point of view. Other guardsmen from nearby stations will be brought in to replace those lost at sea.

DAY 16 (and beyond): Following the loss of the Coast Guard crew, only a handful of fishermen show up at the docks this morning and head out to sea. Of these few, only 1D4-1 (probably including Armand Medeiros) are willing to charter their boats to investigators intent on tracking down the thing haunting the sea. If the investigators and Coast Guard are now cooperating in the hunt, 1D3 fishing craft (in addition to those previously noted) volunteer to join the search — provided they are escorted by one of the Coast Guard vessels.

Any further encounters with the Star Mother will have to be created by the keeper, always remembering that soon the creature may decide to explore different waters up and down the Massachusetts coast. Exactly what discoveries the investigators may make while out on the haunted seas is discussed in a separate section.

It may be that when the investigators finally catch up with the *Hellene*, they are accompanied by stalwart members of the Coast Guard or hardy fishermen who accompany them aboard the ship and help the investigators confront the thing in the hold. Or it may be that when the *Hellene* is met, the investigators are alone and must face the Ship from Hell by themselves.

Rumors, Legends, & Tales

While interviewing the superstitious fishermen and others connected with the harbor area, the investigators hear numerous tall tales and several spurious possible explanations for the disappearances. This section offers some guidelines for the keeper when creating these tales. They may also prove useful when creating local legends for future Kingsport scenarios. [Investigators may periodically uncover these tales with successful Gather Information checks, DC 15.]

SEA MONSTERS

Among the favorite tales of the Kingsport salts are legends relating to various sea monsters said to lurk in the ocean near the mouth of the Miskatonic River. Among these are sea serpents of various sizes, shapes, and temperaments, a three-eyed shark, giant prehistoric fish-like creatures, and others. Also told is the tale of the "invisible monster" that a few years back wreaked havoc in the nearby village of Martin's Beach (811). Those who wish to follow up on this legend are directed to Granny Orne (120).

GHOST SHIPS

A number of fishermen tell stories of having sighted "ghost ships" of various kinds, abandoned hulks as well as ship-shape vessels, all of antique design. The fishermen are sheepish about admitting these tales, but suggest the investigators visit lighthouse keeper, Basil Elton, if they wish to hear more (810).

Basil Elton is willing to talk with investigators, as long as they don't ridicule him or question his sanity. From his vantage point high in the lighthouse, Elton claims to have been seeing mysterious ships out at sea for more than thirty years now — day and night, year-round. Most often, Elton spies these phantom vessels off Pilot Island (809), where ships of old used to anchor to await customs officers or the harbor-pilot. Within the last week or so, Basil has seen a new mystery-ship: a battered wreck with luminous yellow-green sails and similarly glowing patches in its hull and decks. Elton has spotted this vessel on days and nights corresponding to the disappearances currently plaguing Kingsport. He notes that the ship was usually shrouded by heavy fog.

As the adventure progresses, the keeper should have some of the other fishermen report seeing a fog-shrouded, patchily luminous ship. Absalom Vallent's encounter on Day 9 is an example of such a sighting.

THE WRECK OF THE HELLENE

Most people in Kingsport know but little about this dark moment in their town's history. Perhaps one-fourth of those with long time family roots here know something of the battle between Customs officials and a merchant vessel in the 1730's, and that the wreck of the ship supposedly lies somewhere off the Jersey Reef. [Gather Information (DC 13), to find this information.] Perhaps half of these know that the ship's name was the *Hellene*, captained by Douglas Corben. [Gather Information, DC 15.] No one knows any other details about the ship or its cargo.

Among those likely to know some of the *Hellene* legend are Harbormaster Josiah Derby (106), Reverend Alijah Horne of the Mariner's Church (109), The Terrible Old Man (110), Kingsport Historical Museum curator Aaron Hart (205), and tale-spinners Granny Orne (120) and Ben James (611), a resident of Market House. [A successful skill check may actually represent a reference to one of these people.]

A very few of the most superstitious Kingsporters may also mention that on especially clear nights, a weird glow can be seen near the end of the Jersey Reef, near where the vessel went down.

EBEN HALL

More than half of Kingsport's population knows something of the Hall family's role in the town's history [Gather Information (DC 13) if specifically asking about Eben Hall]. If nothing else, they know the Hall school was named after the family's most illustrious member, Eben Hall. A lesser number know that Eben Hall was one of the first town officials, serving during the late 1600's and early 1700's [Gather Information, DC 15].

Fewer still know of Hall's mysterious raid on the Congregational Church [Gather Information, DC 20]. These people say that old Eben was a fiery religious zealot. In 1692, he was instrumental in the hangings of several Kingsporters suspected of witchcraft. They hint that the Congregational Church raid was another of Hall's misguided witch-hunts. There are also rumors that Hall was given the less-volatile position of custom inspector for Kingsport to prevent further "crusades" on his part.

Among those most likely to know something of Eben Hall are Harbormaster Josiah Derby (106), The Terrible Old Man (110), historian Aaron Hart (205), school teacher Malcolm Veidt (207), Granny Orne (120), Hall School principal John Miles (405), Congregational Pastor Noah Ashton (605), and town scion Captain Stephen Cabot (608). [Again, a successful skill check may represent a reference to one of these knowledgeable Kingsporters. Gathering further information may require Bluff, Diplomacy, or Intimidate checks.]

The Kingsport Cult

Though largely unrelated to this adventure, hints of the old Kingsport cult may surface during the course of the investigation. Very little is known about this chapter of Kingsport's history, although various bits of information and rumor seem to indicate that a secret cult operated in Kingsport in the late 1600's and early 1700's. This secretive cult was apparently broken up — almost single-handedly — by the continual efforts of Eben Hall. Several residents of the town can offer additional information regarding the cult. See the list of informative sources in the preceding subsection, "Eben Hall."

Additional Sources of Information

This section discusses various sites where useful information may be unearthed. The keeper is urged to review the guide entries for the following locations, as they contain information not repeated here.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE (106)

Once the investigators suspect that the mysterious disappearances may be connected with a sunken ship, the Hellene, they may come here in search of further information regarding that ship's fate. If Harbormaster Josiah Derby is questioned, he sighs, thinks for a long moment, then tells the investigators that there may be something contained in the files upstairs. If the investigators are interested, Derby shows them the way upstairs to the locked file rooms. There he leaves them to go through dusty piles of bundled ship registries, cargo manifests, crew lists, and so forth. Each person spending eight hours searching through these records may attempt a **Library Use roll** [Research, DC 13]. If successful, the investigator turns up Custom Officer Eben Hall's 1731 account of the sinking of the Hellene. (See the ***Dead in the Water Papers #1***).

KINGSPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY & MUSEUM (205)

Investigators seeking information here find that only the museum's ground floor display areas are open to the public. To gain access to the Society's library and archives, the investigators must become dues-paying members of the Society. The museum's doddering curator, Aaron Hart, watches any new members quite closely until he is assured that they are trustworthy. If the investigators spend any amount of time here researching, they will at some point be interrupted by the sound of gunshots. Hurrying to investigate, they find old Aaron leaning out a window, picking pigeons off the roof with his .22 pistol.

Any subject researched by the investigators in the library or the archives (investigators must state which they are searching) requires 1D3+1 hours to perform and a successful **Library Use roll** [Research check] to discover new or useful information. The investigators might find hints about the old Kingsport cult [Research, DC 13], data on Eben Hall (confirming the above tales of his exploits) [same DC as for Gather Information; see the "Eben Hall" section], or other peripheral information.

If they successfully search the archives at least twice [Research check, DC 20 if they check once; DC 15 if they

Dead in the Water Papers 1 (p 136): a customs report signed by Eben Hall

"...May 15, 1731. On this day Captain Douglas Corben's brig, the Hellene, returned to Kingsport after a journey to the West Indies. He anchored off Pilot Island, as though waiting for officers to inspect his ship and cargo, but ere we drew near, Captain Corben hailed us with his horn and warned us to stay back. When I informed him that he could not enter port without standing inspection, he brought the Hellene about and fired his starboard guns on us. We raised sail in the sloop and made to flee, but just then were joined by Captain Albert Drew's ship Carmody and a handful of others. Corben again brought his ship about, but the Carmody's guns took down her foremast and most of the sails leaving her adrift. After another barrage from the Carmody, the Hellene's decks cleared, and we prepared to board.

"I would that we had never set foot on that ship a vessel that must have come from the very port of Hell. We met no resistance boarding the Hellene, but below decks did battle with the few surviving crewmen. Never did we see Captain Corben, nor his Mate, Ned Scott, and instead found cabins containing corpses dead and left rotting for days. I was soon after struck by a pistol ball and wounded, and was carried from the Hellene, an act of Providence for which I shall be eternally thankful. The remainder of the report is what was related to me by Mr. Oren Aylesworth, my first officer.

"After my injury, Mr. Aylesworth continued to search the ship, accompanied by several other officers and men. Striking for the ship's aft hold, more than once Aylesworth and his men were forced to fight with members of the Hellene's crew, men driven mad and as dangerous as animals. Nearing the hold, Mr. Aylesworth claimed to have gotten a brief glimpse of a strange green glow before Captain Corben and his crew shut the hatch. What follows is purely conjecture, for none save Aylesworth survived, and he only for a matter of days. Mr. Aylesworth said he heard a voice in the hold Corben's, he thought cry out, "Who dies with me, in faith, shall live again!"

"Poor Aylesworth confessed on his deathbed to have fled at this point, having dire misgivings about the tone in which the cry was given. His was a fortunate decision, for in the next moment the Hellene's powder stores were lit and her port side blown out. Aylesworth barely managed to dive over the side, and even then was nearly taken under when the Hellene plunged into the depths at the north end of the reef. No living thing from the Hellene was recovered, and none of the boarders from the Carmody or my own sloop survived, save Mr. Aylesworth God rest his soul and myself.

"I can only draw two possible conclusions from these events. Either the Hellene's captain and crew had suffered from some madness or fever or, as I strongly suspect, that Captain Corben had continued his black magical explorations and was seeking to bring forth some further evil upon Kingsport. I would remind the reader that Corben was among those suspected, but not arrested, in the matter of the Congregational Church nine years past.

"Regardless, the danger is past. The Hellene and its captain and crew lie at the bottom of the sea, where the fish may do what they will with them."

check twice], they discover a number of old eighteenth century letters written to various Kingsport families. These include a chilling letter from Captain Douglas Corben to his friend Matthew Richards (see ***Dead in the Water Papers 2***). The letter hints at what Corben's final, fateful cargo may have been.

THE HALL SCHOOL (405)

If the investigators have previously discovered the old Eben Hall holdings kept in the school's cramped basement, they may research them, and in this way learn of Hall's battle against the *Hellene*. Or it may be that they may learn of Eben Hall's witch-hunting history during this adventure and look for them now. If found and read (the latter requiring an **English roll** [Speak English, DC 15 for archaic text] and 1D6+1 hours), the account of the Congregational Church raid and the early church records both contain references to Captain Douglas Corben and Matthew Richards. According to these documents, Corben and Richards were suspected of being members of the Kingsport cult, but Corben was at sea, and Richards inexplicably absent.

Dead in the Water Papers 2:
Excerpt of a letter from Douglas Corben to fellow cultist Matthew Richards

"... Astonishing news, Matthew. The tales told by those cowering Arawac savages proved to be authentic. We found the tiny inhospitable island they whispered of, and the tribe of Carib Indians — enemies of the Arawacs, by the way. These foolish beasts had never seen a White Man before, and so we were admitted into their camp as near-gods. To show you how incredible this is, I should perhaps tell you that the Caribs have a reputation as cannibal heathens. And there we were Whites afoot in their village. We met with their chief, and with their Witch-Man, whom I am sure was quite mad.

"And since we were gods to them, they allowed us to see their goddess. It was a stone, Matthew, a stone the size of a suckling babe. But it was not a stone of this world, my friend, for it was luminescent with a glow that thrills me to this day. You would know that glow, Matthew, for its hue is the same as that given off by That which we have both known and knelt in worship of beneath the hill! They would tell us nothing of it, save that it had come from the sky — is further proof needed? It must be akin to the Flame. Alas, the damn'd savages would not trade for their artifact, even though I offered the lives of half our sacrifices to her. But some day, Matthew, perhaps with your help, I shall take from them their goddess and bring her home to dwell with her own kind ...."

MYTHOS TOMES

If the investigators have read of the odd extraterrestrial stone encountered by Corben in his travels, or seen or heard of the yellow-green glowing ship out in the ocean, they may seek clues to its possible nature in books of arcane lore. To find a fact or explanation in a given Mythos tome, multiply the Cthulhu Mythos percentiles of the book by five, and attempt a D100 roll equal to or less than the result (*Call of Cthulhu* rulesbook). If such an attempt is sucessful here, the passage reproduced in the ***Dead in the Water Papers 3*** is found. [Make a d20 roll using the tome's Cthulhu Mythos bonus; if the check result exceeds 20, fragment #3 is found. This requires 1d4 hours of study. See "Using Books as Reference" in the Magic chapter of the core rulebook.]

Various versions of the *Necronomicon* are more likely to contain this information, and the keeper should roll the book's Cthulhu Mythos rating x4 to see if a par-

Dead in the Water Papers 3:
A Mythos tome passage regarding the ejecta of the Outer Ones

"... The Ultimate Powers — whom no Man may see and live, and are only glimpsed in the maddest of dreams — dwell with Their Sultan at the Center of All Time and Space, Beyond All Time and Space. There They twist in the Cosmic Wind to the tones of Their Formless Servants, now and again casting off noxious fragments and fumes from Their viscous and gaseous forms. Given time, many of these fragments will themselves become servants, and perhaps Powers, totally inimical to Life in our known Spheres. Know these fragments by their unearthly colourations and by their often deleterious effects on Life as we know it. Take care, for such artifacts of Theirs hold much potential for ultimate gain — or ultimate loss ...."

—The Outer Ones

ticular translation contains the clue. [Same mechanic.] The rare tome known as *The Outer Ones* (512) definitely contains this passage. The passage gives only a small hint of what the investigators may be up against.

A Final Clue

If the investigators have learned of Corben's visits to the West Indies, they may wish to research further this particular subject. Kingsport's small library (517) has only a single book on the topic, and it contains nothing of interest to the investigators. The elderly librarian, Miss Comstock, might suggest the investigators check in neighboring Arkham, either at its public library or in the vast holdings of the library at Miskatonic University.

Research in Arkham — be it at a public library or the library of Miskatonic University — requires 1D3+1 hours plus a successful **Library Use roll** [Research, DC 15] to uncover this clue (or any other clues the keeper wants to improvise). If the roll is successful, an anthropological text is found to contain a sinister legend that has direct bearing on the present problem (see the ***Dead in the Water Papers 4***).

New d20 Occupation

Fisherman / Tribal Fisherman

Core Skills: Listen, Navigate (sea), Pilot (boat), Repair, Speak Other Language, Spot, Swim, Use Rope, Wilderness Lore, plus three more.]

Dead in the Water Papers 4:
from a 1897 anthropological study,
"Indian Tribes of the West Indies"
by James T. Morrison

> *"... The Arawaks had lived in mortal fear of the warlike and often cannibalistic Caribs for centuries, and were continually driven by them across northeastern South America and eventually into the West Indies. Little wonder that the peaceful Arawaks should attribute all manner of weird legendry and myth to their fearsome oppressors ....*
>
> *"One intriguing legend deals with a tribe of Caribs so horrible that they were shunned by their own kind, even in times of war when many Carib tribes would gather to attack neighboring villages. The Arawaks claimed this tribe worshipped a goddess who had come to them from the stars in the form of a glowing stone. Its discoverers had first sought to use the stone to sculpt an idol of their own war-spirit, but the first man who put a chisel to the glowing stone died without a mark on him. After this the shunned Caribs worshipped the stone as their goddess and called it "G'wanda'ak," the Star Mother ....*
>
> *"In interviews I have conducted with contemporary Carib Indians, I have been unable to confirm or deny the existence of this reclusive tribe. One aged Indian told me that the tribe was long ago – in the time of his grandfather's grandfather – murdered by white men who came here in a great ship pushed across the sea by clouds. These men, after killing all the tribe, stole the glowing stone, worshipped by them as a god, and left, never to return. Lack of details or a reliable timeframe has me questioning the authenticity of this tale and others like it. Still, it does make for an interesting legend ...."*

The Fishermen of Kingsport

This section gives details about individuals that may be encountered at the wharves: names, nationalities, personal notes, and so forth. Additional information about the Kingsport fishermen is found in the "Guide to Kingsport" under "The Wharves" and "The Fishing Fleet," which includes statistics for a typical Kingsport fisherman.

If the investigators were hired by fishermen, they can expect to receive cooperation from most of the fishing fleet. Most gladly hire their boats out (for $10 to $15 a day), offering to act as guides and pilots. They can also report back to the investigators any rumors they should hear. If, however, the investigators don't come up with a solution to the mysterious disappearances fairly quickly, the fishermen may grow unhappy with their work, possibly even demanding the investigators return the money they were paid.

If the investigators have entered the scenario on their own initiative, they initially find the mariners suspicious and close-mouthed. Fees may be required for even common information, and hiring a fisherman's boat will be much more expensive, if not downright impossible. As more of their fellows vanish, the fishermen become more paranoid and even less cooperative. Investigators will have to win their trust if they expect any aid from the fishermen [possibly with Diplomacy checks].

LEWIS DORAN

A 36-year-old Yankee, Doran is a loud, filthy-mouthed bigot disliked by most, friendly to only a handful of other fishermen sharing his narrow-minded views. Nonetheless, Doran is one of the best fishermen in the fleet, and he knows as much about the waters up and down the coast as anyone in Kingsport does. Of average height and build, Doran is always ready for a fight. He is single, frequently a heavy drinker, and regularly a patron at the Rope & Anchor.

STR 13	CON 10	SIZ 14	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 12	APP 09	EDU 09	SAN 44	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Bowie Knife 60%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
Marlinespike 55%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Navigate 95%, Pilot Boat 92%, Spot Hidden 45%, Survival 45%, Swim 50%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #42.]

HELMUT GRUBER

This solitary 56-year-old German is, in many ways, much like the late Hendrik Van Dreedt. Gruber is secretive, perhaps to the point of raising suspicions, and speaks only broken English. He's widowed, and his children have grown up and moved to Arkham.

STR 12	CON 13	SIZ 14	INT 13	POW 11
DEX 11	APP 09	EDU 12	SAN 51	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: All at base percentages.

Skills: English 20%, German 55%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Navigate 60%, Pilot Boat 70%, Spot Hidden 45%, Survival 45%, Swim 45%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #43.]

LUIGI CHACONE

Chacone, a 31-year-old Italian, is a friendly, but a ridiculously superstitious man. He's a family man devoted to his wife and five young children. Upon entering Kingsport harbor, Chacone can always be seen making the sign of the cross in the direction of towering Kingsport Head.

STR 12	CON 12	SIZ 13	INT 13	POW 12
DEX 14	APP 12	EDU 08	SAN 54	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Kick 70%, damage 1D6+1D4
Small Knife 65%, damage 1D4+1D4
Boathook/Gaff 60%, damage 1D8+1D4

Skills: English 30%, Italian 40%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Navigate 40%, Occult 5%, Pilot Boat 60%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 50%, Survival 50%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #44.]

JULIO DE SOUZA

The hulking de Souza is a 50-year-old Portuguese, a quiet, hard-working bear of a man. He says little, but indulges in a fair amount of superstition. He lives with his sister and her family.

STR 16	CON 15	SIZ 17	INT 12	POW 11
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 10	SAN 55	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Grapple 65%, damage special
Fist 60%, damage 1D3+1D6
Boathook/Gaff 45%, damage 1D8+1D6

Skills: English 30%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Navigate 85%, Portuguese 40%, Pilot Boat 65%, Spot Hidden 45%, Survival 55%, Swim 65%, Throw 65%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #45.]

ENNIO FERNETTI

Fernetti is a small, shifty-eyed 44-year-old Italian. Quite cowardly, he is likely to run at the first sign of trouble. Despite this flaw, he is rather friendly and deeply religious. His wife and beautiful daughter are both named Maria.

STR 09	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 12	POW 10
DEX 15	APP 11	EDU 11	SAN 48	HP 12

Weapons: All at base percentages.

Skills: English 35%, Hide 50%, Italian 45%, Listen 45%, Navigate 45%, Pilot Boat 65%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Survival 45%, Swim 20%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #46.]

ROBERTO GOMEZ

Gomez is a feisty 29-year-old Spaniard, one of three brothers who immigrated to Kingsport a few years back. Roberto, the biggest and strongest of the three, lost his two brothers to a storm at sea last year. Roberto is good-looking and single, but of morose disposition.

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 16	INT 13	POW 10
DEX 12	APP 15	EDU 09	SAN 49	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Boathook/Gaff 65%, damage 1D8+1D4
Bowie Knife 60%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special

Skills: English 15%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Navigate 35%, Pilot Boat 65%, Spanish 45%, Spot Hidden 35%, Survival 50%, Swim 75%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #47.]

ALFREDO PAIVA

Paiva is a quiet, very intelligent 32-year-old Portuguese man who dwells in a small Kingsport house with a large, extended family. People tend to forget Paiva is around — until he steps forward to offer an ingenious solution to a vexing problem.

STR 12	CON 14	SIZ 14	INT 15	POW 12
DEX 14	APP 12	EDU 10	SAN 60	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Boathook/Gaff 70%, damage 1D8+1D4
Grapple 50%, damage special
Bowie Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

Skills: English 30%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Navigate 70%, Portuguese 75%, Pilot Boat 70%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 35%, Survival 35%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #48.]

DUANE ELLIS

Ellis is a long-winded 63-year-old Yankee, a teller of tall tales and meaningless trivialities. Asking him about one subject is likely to elicit an unrelated, hour-long reply involving some relative or another of his. Ellis is nonetheless a good man, always willing to lend a helping hand to a fellow fisherman.

STR 11	**CON** 12	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 11	**POW** 09
DEX 10	**APP** 10	**EDU** 09	**SAN** 39	**HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Boathook/Gaff 40%, damage 1D8+1D4

Skills: Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Navigate 70%, Pilot Boat 60%, Spot 35%, Survival 35%, Swim 45%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #49.]

ARMAND MEDEIROS

Medeiros is a 39-year-old Portuguese, the unofficial spokesman and leader of the Portuguese community in Kingsport. Like many of the other fishermen, Medeiros has a superstitious streak. And like most of the fisherman, he enjoys a drink now and then. Medeiros is a good man to befriend, as he has a fair amount of influence with most of the fleet. Medeiros is likely to be one of the fishermen who initially approach the investigators to offer the reward.

STR 13	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 14	**POW** 13
DEX 13	**APP** 13	**EDU** 10	**SAN** 67	**HP** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Boathook/Gaff 65%, damage 1D8+1D4
Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special

Skills: English 35%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Navigate 50%, Persuade 70%, Portuguese 45%, Pilot Boat 75%, Spot Hidden 50%, Survival 35%, Swim 60%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #50.]

Coast Guard

Kingsport's U.S. Coast Guard station plays a major role throughout this scenario. This section serves to supplement and expand the information given in Entry 413 of the "Guide to Kingsport" chapter.

The Station

The Coast Guard station is long low building with a wide porch on two sides and a second-story observation post in the center of the roof (see plan nearby). A nearby boathouse and dock is connected to the main building by stairways. The station is manned 24 hours a day, and there is almost always one motor launch ready for service.

Reception Area: A worn-looking room with green tile floor and four wooden chairs. A large map of the local coastline adorns one wall.

Officer of the Day (OOD): This small office is posted by whoever has drawn the watch. The duty is usually given to the Chief or a ranking petty officer, who is then responsible for overseeing the daily routine of the station. The duty is for 24 hours, and the office is outfitted with a bunk. The small room next door holds several filing cabinets jammed with the station's records.

Radio and Chart Room: This room is filled with the huge power amplifiers and other equipment necessary to communications. Lockers and low cabinets hold spare parts and tools, and wide metal chests of drawers contain maps and charts. A small desk in one corner serves as Chief Hayes' office.

It is by means of this radio that the station keeps in touch with ships at sea, as well as other Coast Guard stations up and down the coast. Henry Koch is the station's best radio operator, usually standing an eight hour watch six days a week. Additionally, he usually volunteers for extra duty whenever emergencies arise or severe storm warnings are posted.

A stairway leads from the radio room to the roof of the building, where an open observation post, fitted with large, mounted binoculars is found. This post is not usually manned except during emergencies.

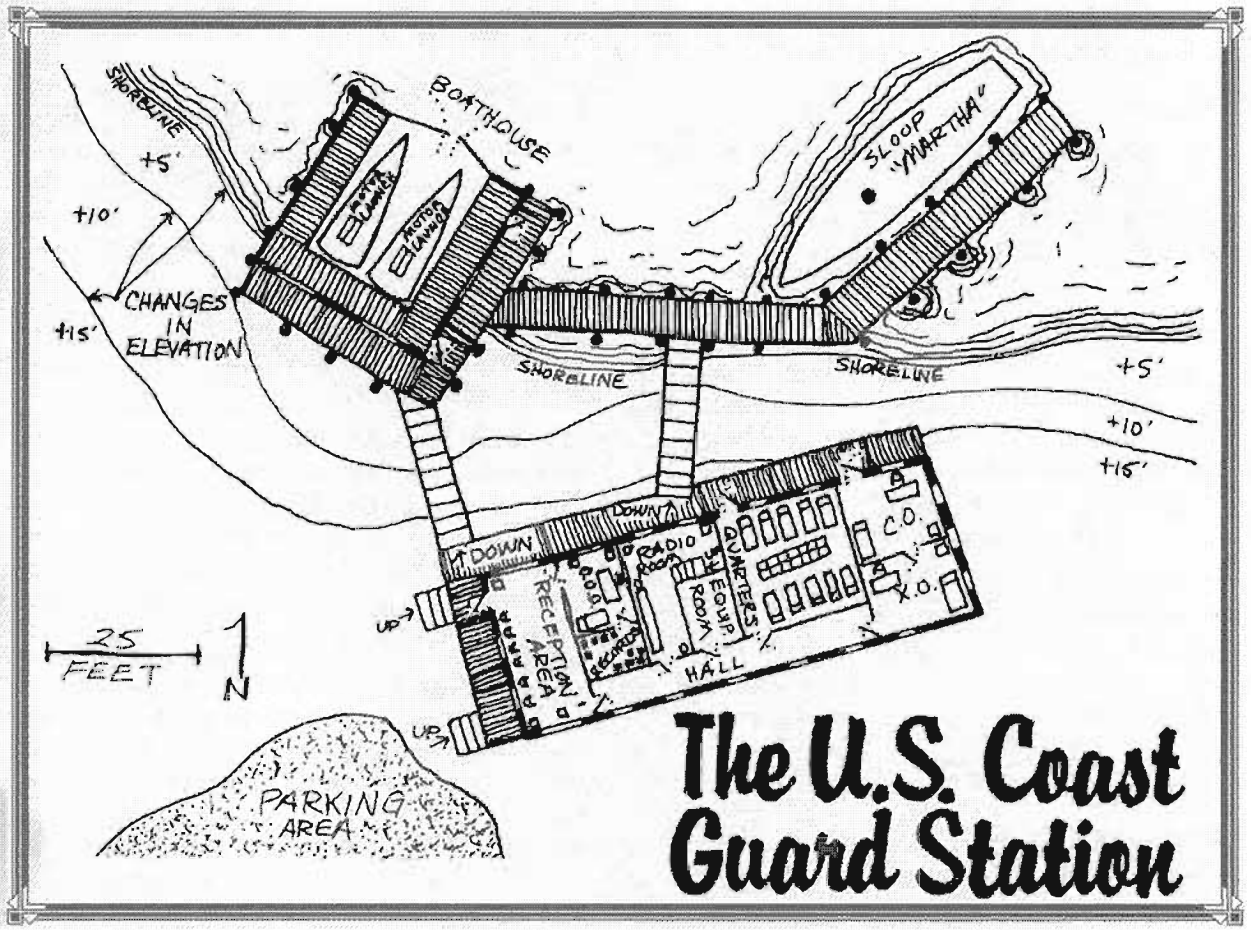
New d20 Occupations

Coast Guardsman and Coast Guard Officer

Coast Guard Officer: Diplomacy, Knowledge (law), Listen, Navigate (sea), Pilot (boat), Sense Motive, Spot, Swim, Use Rope, plus three more.

Coast Guardsman: Knowledge (electronics), Listen, Navigate (sea), Pilot (boat), Repair, Search, Spot, Swim, Use Rope, Wilderness Lore, plus three more.

Note: These occupations originally appeared as agency templates in Delta Green d20.



Equipment Locker: This room is kept locked. Keys are held by the Commanding Officer, the Executive Officer, Chief Hayes, and by whoever is serving as Officer of the Day. Inside the locker, a few weapons are stored (two .30-06 rifles, two 12-gauge pump shotguns, six .45 automatic pistols), along with ample supplies of ammunition. Lifesaving equipment includes flare pistols and flares, life jackets and buoys, ropes, and other gear.

Quarters: This is a barracks capable of sleeping a dozen men. Only the men currently on duty stay overnight at the station. Most (including Maddern and Barkley) have homes in Kingsport or Arkham.

Executive Officer (XO): This is the office of Lieutenant Daniel Barkley. It contains a desk, file cabinet, a wall map, and a small iron bunk used when conditions require him to remain at the station for extended periods.

Commanding Officer (CO): This is the office of Lt. Commander Charles Maddern. It contains a desk, files, a small library of books pertaining to maritime law and first aid, a battered globe, and a dusty model of the *Constitution* ("Old Ironsides"). Hung on the walls are framed pictures of various crews who have served under Maddern, along with another large map of the local coastline.

The Docks: The docks lead to the boathouse, near where the sloop *Martha* is moored. The boathouse is normally kept locked, with keys retained by Maddern, Barkley, Hayes, and the OOD. A small walkway winds around the inside of the high-ceilinged building. On the walls, various types of rescue gear are stored, including life jackets [+4 equipment bonus to Swim checks], hawsers, gaffs, line-projecting guns, and so forth. Three small lifeboats and surplus equipment are stored overhead.

In the center of the boathouse, the Kingsport station's two 25-foot-long inboard patrol launches are moored, each equipped with various types of rescue gear, including a flare pistol and a dozen flares, six life jackets, brightly colored marker buoys, ropes, an axe, and first aid equipment. Swift and seaworthy in even the worst of weather, these boats comfortably hold up to eight passengers, in addition to a pilot.

The *Martha* is moored outside, to the dock. She is a 40-foot-long sloop equipped with both sail and engine. It carries all the aforementioned rescue gear (in greater quantity) and can hold up to fifteen passengers, in addition to a two-man crew.

Personnel

The chief members of the Kingsport Coast Guard are CO Lt. Commander Maddern, XO Lieutenant Barkley, Chief Petty Officer Warren Hayes, and radioman Henry Koch. For the more than two dozen enlisted men assigned to the station, use the statistics given for a typical Coast guardsman a few pages ahead.

Lt. Commander Maddern

Maddern, 51 years old, is a barrel-chested man almost six feet tall, with curly reddish-brown hair and beard, and piercing blue eyes. Stern and serious, he possesses a wicked sense of humor only seen by those who get to know him. A widower, he lives alone in a modest house in the Hollow. His service revolver is normally kept locked in his desk. Born and raised in Boston, Maddern served in the merchant marine, and later in the Navy during the Great War. After the war, he accepted the post at Kingsport Coast Guard station.

Maddern carries out nearly all his duties unfailingly, but has so far avoided involvement with the bootleggers moving liquor into Arkham and Kingsport. Maddern considers alcohol a victimless crime and enjoys a good drink himself. After the disappearances begin and the vigilance of patrols increase, the Guard may possibly run afoul of the gangsters. This is even more likely later in the scenario, after Maddern has ordered a curfew on the coast and harbor. Future shipments must be far more discreet to avoid arrest.



Lt. Commander Maddern

Maddern initially ignores fantastic explanations for the disappearances plaguing Kingsport's waters, but Maddern is no fool. He eventually comes to believe that something strange is indeed responsible for these events. Once Maddern accepts the fact that some supernatural agency is at work, investigators may find him more open to their theories. Approached and dealt with properly, Maddern and the Coast Guard can be recruited as powerful allies in the stand against the Hell Ship.

Lieutenant Commander Charles Maddern, age 51, Commanding Officer

STR 11	CON 13	SIZ 15	INT 16	POW 13
DEX 10	APP 12	EDU 16	SAN 63	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 50%, damage special
.45 Service Revolver, 45%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Astronomy 30%, Boating 60%, Dodge 30%, First Aid 45%, History 40%, Jump 30%, Law 55%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Navigate (sea) 60%, Occult 10%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 35%, Pilot Boat 65%, Spot Hidden 45%, Survival 45%, Swim 50%, Throw 30%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #51.]

LT. DANIEL BARKLEY

Barkley is an accomplished sailor. He has very short blond hair and charming, elegant Southern manners. He is a very brave and serious young man, and a stickler for regulations. All Fast Talk, Persuade, and Law rolls made when dealing with Barkley suffer a penalty of minus 10 percentiles. Barkley, a resident of a Downtown boarding house, is engaged to a pretty young schoolteacher from Arkham. If Barkley disappears, the distraught young woman turns up at the station house, where she stands a vigil, waiting for his return.



Lt. Barkley

Barkley, second in command at the station, is always strictly by the book. The investigators will more than likely come into conflict with the man at some time or another.

Lieutenant Daniel Barkley, age 32, Executive Officer

STR 14	CON 13	SIZ 14	INT 14	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 15	SAN 60	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 60%, damage special
Kick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4
Boathook/Gaff 45%, damage 1D8
.45 Service Revolver 45%, damage 1D10+2.

Skills: Boating 75%, Climb 65%, Dodge 55%, Electrical Repair 40%, First Aid 45%, Jump 50%, Law 40%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Navigate 70%, Photography 30%, Pilot Boat 75%, Spot Hidden 55%, Survival 65%, Swim 75%, Throw 55%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #52.]



C.P.O. Hayes

C.P.O. WARREN HAYES

Hayes is a veteran of the sea and, along with Lieutenant Barkley, one of the two best sailors in the station. Hayes is an old-school sailor who abhors the modern trend toward specialist ratings and professionally trained officers graduated from colleges. Sailors should sail. Hayes is in direct command of sailors at sea and in charge of the docks and boathouse. He often serves as Officer of the Day.

Chief Petty Officer Warren Hayes, age 40, Ranking Enlisted Man

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 13	POW 15
DEX 13	APP 12	EDU 14	SAN 65	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 65%, damage 1D4+1D4
Boathook/Gaff 65%, damage 1D8+1D4
.45 Revolver 45%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Climb 60%, Dodge 60%, First Aid 55%, Jump 55%, Navigate 70%, Pilot Boat 70%, Survival 75%, Swim 75%, Throw 65%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #53.]

SEAMAN FIRST CLASS HENRY KOCH

Henry is the station's radio operator. He's a mechanical whiz, but a lousy sailor. Koch is smaller than average, with short curly brown hair. He is friendly and helpful, but has trouble staying out of Chief Hayes' way. Koch lives in an apartment in Hill Town, but spends much of his time at the station.



Seaman Koch

Koch can be used to pass out sensitive information to the investigators if they have trouble obtaining it from the other Guardsmen. Koch is quite gullible (+25% to any attempt to Fast talk him into or out of something). During searches and various emergencies, he has manned the radio for as long as 54 hours without a wink of sleep.

Seaman First Class Henry Koch, age 23, Radio Operator

STR 09	CON 10	SIZ 10	INT 15	POW 11
DEX 14	APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 55	HP 10

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: All at base percentages.

Skills: Dodge 30%, Electrical Repair 85%, Electronics/Radio Operation 90%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Navigate 30%, Photography 55%, Pilot Boat 35%, Spot Hidden 30%, Survival 25%, Swim 35%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #54.]

THE SEAMEN

These enlisted men are all from the Kingsport/Arkham area. There are between six and ten of these men on duty at the station at any given time.

Typical Coast Guardsman

STR 13	CON 13	SIZ 14	INT 13	POW 11
DEX 12	APP 11	EDU 11	SAN 55	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 45%, damage special
Boathook/Gaff 45%, damage 1D8+1D4

Skills: First Aid 40%, Law 30%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Navigate 45%, Pilot Boat 55%, Spot Hidden 35%, Survival 40%, Swim 50%.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #55.]

Tactics and Scenario Use

At first, the Guard's main activities include conducting searches and investigations into recent disappearances and accidents. Later, they enforce the maritime curfew instituted by Lt. Commander Maddern.

The Guard conducts regular patrols, usually with a single launch, but active searches find all the station's craft at sea. Sailors and officers alike work around the clock, catching brief snatches of sleep between watches and patrols. Lieutenant Barkley is in charge of most search and rescue missions. He often goes to sea in command of the sloop. Lt. Commander Maddern occasionally accompanies them, but usually stays behind to head the station. Hayes is technically supposed to remain at the station, but when a search and rescue operation is underway, more often than not, he jumps aboard the last boat heading out to sea. Henry Koch is the best radio operator at the station. Besides his regular shifts, he is usually there to man the controls during emergen-

Kingsport Weather

If desired, the keeper can make up his own daily weather for Kingsport or use the following table to randomly determine conditions. Roll twice per day. Note also that the Summary of Events section gives specific weather conditions on days when disappearances occur.

Roll d100	*weather result*
01-05	Pea-Soup Fog
06-16	Heavy Fog
17-32	Cloudy
33-50	Light Fog
51-78	Clear
79-89	Rain
90-97	Squall
98-00	Storm

Pea-Soup Fog

This condition limits visibility to POW x2 [Wisdom x 2] feet during the day, POW x1 [Wisdom x 1] feet at night. It prevents fishermen from leaving port until daylight, but usually dissipates in 1D3 hours.

Heavy Fog

Visibility may be limited to 200 feet during the day and 50 feet after dark. [Heavy fog obscures all sight beyond 5 feet. Creatures within 5 feet have one-half concealment: attacks by or against them have a 20% miss chance.] After 1D6 hours, this fog dissipates to Light Fog or Clear. It may prevent fishermen from leaving port until daylight.

Light Fog

Visibility is up to 500 feet during daylight hours, or 150 feet at night. It lasts 1D20 hours, turning to Clear, Cloudy, or Rainy.

Clear

This condition poses no restrictions and is of indefinite duration.

Cloudy

Again no restrictions, though the air may be chillier. It is of indefinite duration and may be a precursor to bad weather.

Rain

A gentle drizzle or light rain with no severe wind effects. Limits visibility as Light Fog and lasts 1D4 hours or longer. Those caught at sea without shelter may have to make a **Pilot Boat roll** [Pilot (boat) check, DC 10] to avoid capsizing or losing someone overboard. May be foreseen with a successful **Navigate or Survival skill roll** [Navigate (sea) or Wilderness Lore check, DC 13].

Squall

This is a brief rainstorm (1D3 hours) with considerable rainfall, high winds, and stiff seas. [See "Weather Hazards" in the Combat chapter for the effects of severe winds.] Those caught out of port should head for the nearest harbor. This requires one or more **Pilot Boat rolls** [Pilot (boat) check, DC 13], depending on their distance from shore. Failures usually result in a capsized boat, but kindly keepers may wish to merely blow the unwary boaters several miles off-course. Once capsized, a **Swim roll** [Swim check, DC 10] allows the investigator a chance to grab something that keeps him or her afloat. Again, usually foreseen with a successful **Survival or Navigate skill roll** [Navigate (sea) or Wilderness Lore check, DC 15].

Storm

A severe storm, with raging winds, heavy rainfall, and dangerous waves. [See "Weather Hazards" in the Combat chapter for the effects of severe winds.] Storms such as these may be of any length, perhaps settling into periods of gentle rain followed by more storms or squalls; the whole system may last up to 1D10 hours or more. Anyone caught at sea during a full-fledged storm is almost certainly doomed; attempting to make port is essential [Pilot (boat) check, DC 15]. Failure to do so results in a capsized boat, while the raging seas cause Swim skills to be reduced by half [Swim check, DC 15; see the Drowning rules in the Combat chapter]. Even huddling on a tiny wind- and wave-lashed rock is preferable to being at sea during a storm.

cies. Evidence collected by the Coast Guard's investigations is usually kept under lock and key. Recovered boats are stored in the boathouse.

At first, the Coast Guard is understandably skeptical of any "ghost ship" tales circulating Kingsport. Later, when eyewitnesses corroborate these tales, they suspect that an abandoned derelict is somehow responsible. Perhaps when their own launch is victimized, they will begin to accept the truth behind these occurrences.

Anyone interfering in the Coast Guard's investigations is subject to detainment and/or arrest, depending on the seriousness of the offense. **Law or Oratory rolls** [Diplomacy or Knowledge (law)] might help in lesser matters (such as returning to port after curfew) [with a DC depending on the severity of the offense], but more serious matters (such as breaking into the boathouse) should result in immediate arrest.

Out to Sea

SOONER OR LATER, investigators searching for the source of the mystery must venture out to sea into the Star Mother's domain. This section details the arrangements necessary to hire a boat, the effects of suffering from sea sickness, and a few locations along the misty shore that investigators may wish to explore.

Hiring a Boat

If the investigators were hired by the fishermen of Kingsport, they will initially have one boat (or more if necessary) and guides or pilots, as needed, at half the normal hiring rates: $5 to $7.50 per day instead of the

usual $10 to $15. If the investigators fail to bring a swift solution to the mystery by Day 10, they find the fishermen unwilling to offer any more bargain rates. Additionally, a **Luck roll** [Charisma check, DC 15; can't take 10] is required to find a fisherman brave enough to take them out to sea. Allow one such **Luck roll** [Charisma check] each hour.

If the investigators entered into the scenario of their own accord, they initially have to pay full rates, unless the investigators have managed to befriend one or more fishermen. After Day 9 they have to pay the normal rate, plus an additional $1 per person. As before, **Luck rolls** [Charisma checks] must be made in order to find someone brave enough to take the investigators out.

Fishermen guides can be created as the keeper desires, using the examples from the "Kingsport Fishermen" section of this scenario or in the Guide to Kingsport entry "The Fishing Fleet," on page 44. At first helpful, the fishermen later turn fearful and paranoid. The keeper will have to decide how much help they can offer when the investigators are faced with combat situations.

Sea Sickness and Gaining "Sea Legs"

Once the investigators have hired a boat, their next obstacle is getting accustomed to traveling through rough seas in the tiny craft. Any investigator failing a **CON x5 roll** [Fort save, DC 10 (or 15 in rough weather)] suffers from temporary nausea, reducing DEX and all skills by half [either a –2 penalty to Dexterity, or the nausea condition, at the keeper's discretion].

A fumbled roll (96-00) [or failing the Fortitude save by more than 5] results in an immediate loss of the last meal, a temporary loss of 1D3 CON, (does not affect hit point total) and near incapacitation for the rest of the cruise. CON points lost from sea sickness return at the rate of one per hour after returning to dry land. Once an investigator succeeds with his CON roll [gets a check result of 20 on the Fort save], he is considered immune to further sea sicknesses — for the rest of this scenario, anyway.

The incessant rocking of the waves also affects an investigator's balance, resulting in a loss of 1D3 DEX (in addition to any lost to seasickness) [-2 penalty to Dex] the first 1D3 times he or she goes to sea. Fishermen, sailors, and so forth already have their sea legs, and thus don't suffer this reduction.

Things to See, Explore, and Discover

There are several places to explore in the seas around Kingsport. There's the North Point lighthouse (810), Pilot Island, where ghost ships supposedly anchor (809), the occasional barren rocky places where the Jersey Reef juts above the waves, the impossibly high cliffs of Kingsport Head, and the mouth of the Miskatonic River.

Strange things may be found or encountered at sea: wreckage from the vanished boats; strands of luminous seaweed-like growths tainted with the Star Mother's signature alkaline sludge; rotted timbers from the *Hellene*; wreckage or flotsam not native to this world (perhaps something from the Dreamlands); the carcass of a whale or large fish; a great stinking mass of dead fish floating on the surface in the vicinity of several strands of yellow-sludgy seaweed; or a drowned body unrelated to the current spate of disappearances. And one night, perhaps, investigators may have a brief glimpse of a ghost ship — maybe not even the *Hellene*, but one resembling a vessel from a previously heard ghost-ship tale.

A Ship Called Hell

The *Hellene* is a two-masted, square-rigged brig built in 1727; this is discernible with a **History roll** [Knowledge (history), DC 20, when examining the ship]. Huge holes gape in the *Hellene's* hull, and rotting boards hang and jut randomly from rails and sides. The bowsprit is broken off short, leaving but a yard of it intact, and her anchor is missing. The top of the ship's foremast is likewise broken off and lies on the deck, while spars hang broken and dangling, trailing bits of ropes and ghostly shreds of rotted sail. The deck is warped, weakened in many places and gaping with holes in others. On her bow, a name is written in faded paint reading: **H E L L** (the last three letters are too faded to make out).

Strands of seaweed dangle from holes in the ship's sides and decks and from the masts. By night, these strands glow an ominous yellow (see "The Growths Throughout the Ship," below). Ragged slimy membranes of luminous yellow-green plant-like material hang from the broken spars replacing the sails. Heavier membranes cover the large holes in the hull. Anyone getting close enough to get a good view of the obviously haunted ship must make a SAN roll against a loss of 1/1D6.

MAIN DECK

Investigators can reach the main deck by climbing the boarding ladders on the ship's sides. Scattered about are splinters of wood, scraps of rope, encrustations of silt, and patches of the slimy yellow-green sludge. A **Spot**

Hidden roll [Wilderness Lore (with Track) or Search, DC 10] picks out footprints in the sludge patches.

Investigators exploring the deck must make a **Luck roll** [Reflex save, DC 10] to avoid falling through weak planks. Those who fall take 1D6-1 damage and end up on the next level, the "tweendecks." Rotted, sagging hatch covers give access to the tweendecks level. They are riddled with holes through which root-things snake out and spill onto the main deck.

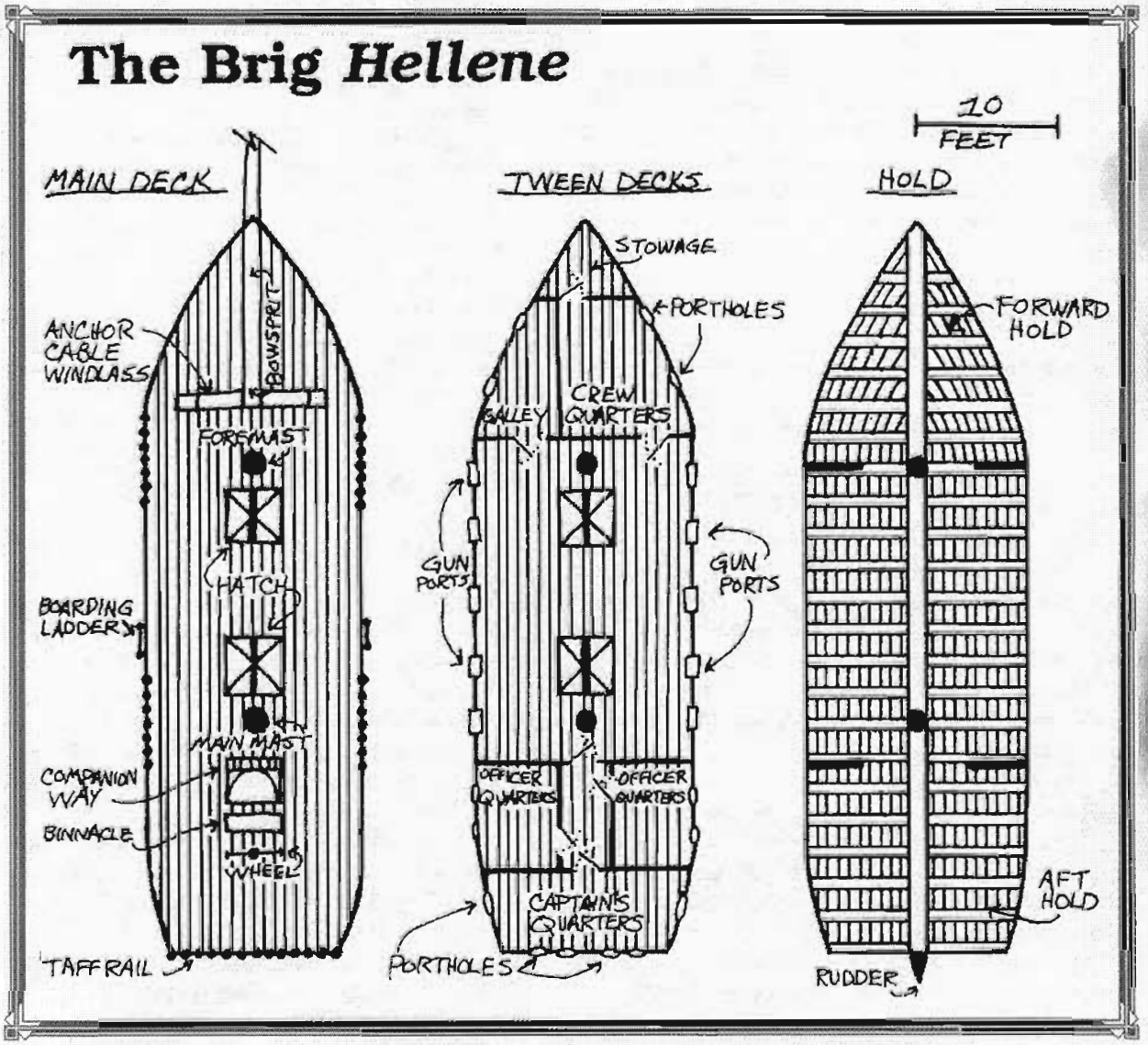
A cramped companionway — its walls lined with hairy roots — opens on a ladder leading to the belowdecks area. The splintered binnacle that once held the ship's compass now contains only silt and seaweed.

Yellow-green strands gripping the warped, cracked wheel snake off into the hold. Disturbing the wheel or these strands results in a tentacle attack by the Star Mother (again, see "The Growths Throughout the Ship").

TWEENDECKS

This area contained the quarters of the captain, officers, and crew. None of these areas contain any clues or useful items, though the keeper may allow searchers to find unidentifiable, corroded, or silt-encrusted personal effects if desired. The Star Mother's skeleton crew often wait in these cabins until she calls them forth. The amidships section was used for some stowage and housed the *Hellene's* cannon, as the once-shuttered ports indicate. None of the guns remain — the Star Mother deemed them useless dead weight and dumped them overboard.

Attached like a cocoon to the mainmast tweendecks, a small fleshy, plant-like bundle encases a handful of human bones, which jut out in unnatural angles. SAN loss for this minor horror is 0/1D3. The hatches found on the tweendecks level open into the lower hold, from which countless tendrils and strands snake



out up onto the main deck and out the gunports. The galley is a veritable jungle of strands and roots, all emanating from a large object near the forward bulkhead. A successful **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 13] reveals that the object is an ancient human corpse, now little more than bones and parchment-like hide held together by the plant-like strands. (SAN loss is 0/1D4.) A small storage locker in the bow is a jumble of wood scraps, old sailcloth, and tangles of rotting rope. Within this trash are the well-preserved corpses of two of the *Hellene's* original crew not yet recruited by the stone-thing (SAN loss 1/1D4+1). The Star Mother will use these to replace lost crewmen.

THE HOLD

The hold is a home to horror. Yellow-green strands are attached to decks, the overhead, walls, and bulkheads. Piles of sand and mud and patches of yellow-green sludge are everywhere. The stench of decomposing flesh chokes the hold, growing stronger as one nears the bow.

In the forward hold waits the ultimate horror. Here, several large clumps or mounds litter the floor around a larger mound, atop which stands a weirdly luminous yellow-green stone shaped like a prehistoric Venus: the Star Mother. Thin tendrils sprout from the stone, thickening as they reach the floor, becoming the roots and strands seen throughout the ship. Several of these strands penetrate the mounds on the floor which, on closer inspection, prove to be fairly fresh human corpses — victims of the recent disappearances. These corpses are shrunken, covered with silt, and apparently cemented to the hull with the familiar yellow-green sludge. SAN loss for this revolting discovery is 1D3/2D6.

The Growths Throughout the Ship

The Star Mother has spread herself throughout the Hellene like a malignant, parasitic plant, sending her root-like tendrils snaking through the ship, and even out the ports to trail in the water alongside. Inside, the growths appear much like roots, though bloated and sinewy — nearly muscular. They run along passageways, burrow into the woodwork, and form barriers across doorways.

The Star Mother has grown several manipulative limbs, which she can manipulate quite dextrously. Seven thin, external tentacles covered with long cilia extend beyond the confines of the ship, one yard for every POW point currently possessed by the Star Mother. [At the keeper's discretion, she may "lie in wait" with her tentacle attacks.] There are also three thicker, internal pseudopods used by the Star Mother to detect and grasp prey inside the ship.

External Tentacles (x7)

STR 04	**CON** 06	**SIZ** 08	**INT** 15	**POW** special
DEX 02	**MOV** 06			**HP** 07

Weapons: Tentacle Constriction 20%, 1D2 damage per round, plus Psychic Shock*.

Armor: Impaling weapons do half normal damage.

Skills: Detect Human Life Force 35%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3.

Internal Tentacles (x3)

STR 08	**CON** 12	**SIZ** 08	**INT** 15	**POW** special
DEX 05	**MOV** 06			**HP** 10

Weapons: Tentacle Constriction 50%, 1D6 damage per round, plus Psychic Shock*.

Armor: Impaling weapons do half normal damage.

Skills: Detect Human Life Force 50%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3.

**The Star Mother can deliver a psychic shock to anyone touching or striking either her or one of her tentacles. This shock can occur whether the attacker uses bare hands or a striking weapon. In addition to any constriction damage done, the victim must make a successful POW vs. POW struggle against the Star Mother or her tentacle. If the victim fails, he may be jolted by an alien vision from the Star Mother's memory. This causes 1D6 points of damage and a SAN loss of 0/1D4.*

Each of the external limbs has a POW rating equal to 10% of the Star Mother's current POW. The internal tentacles each have 50% of her current POW. A tentacle can be removed either by a STR vs. STR roll or by destroying it.

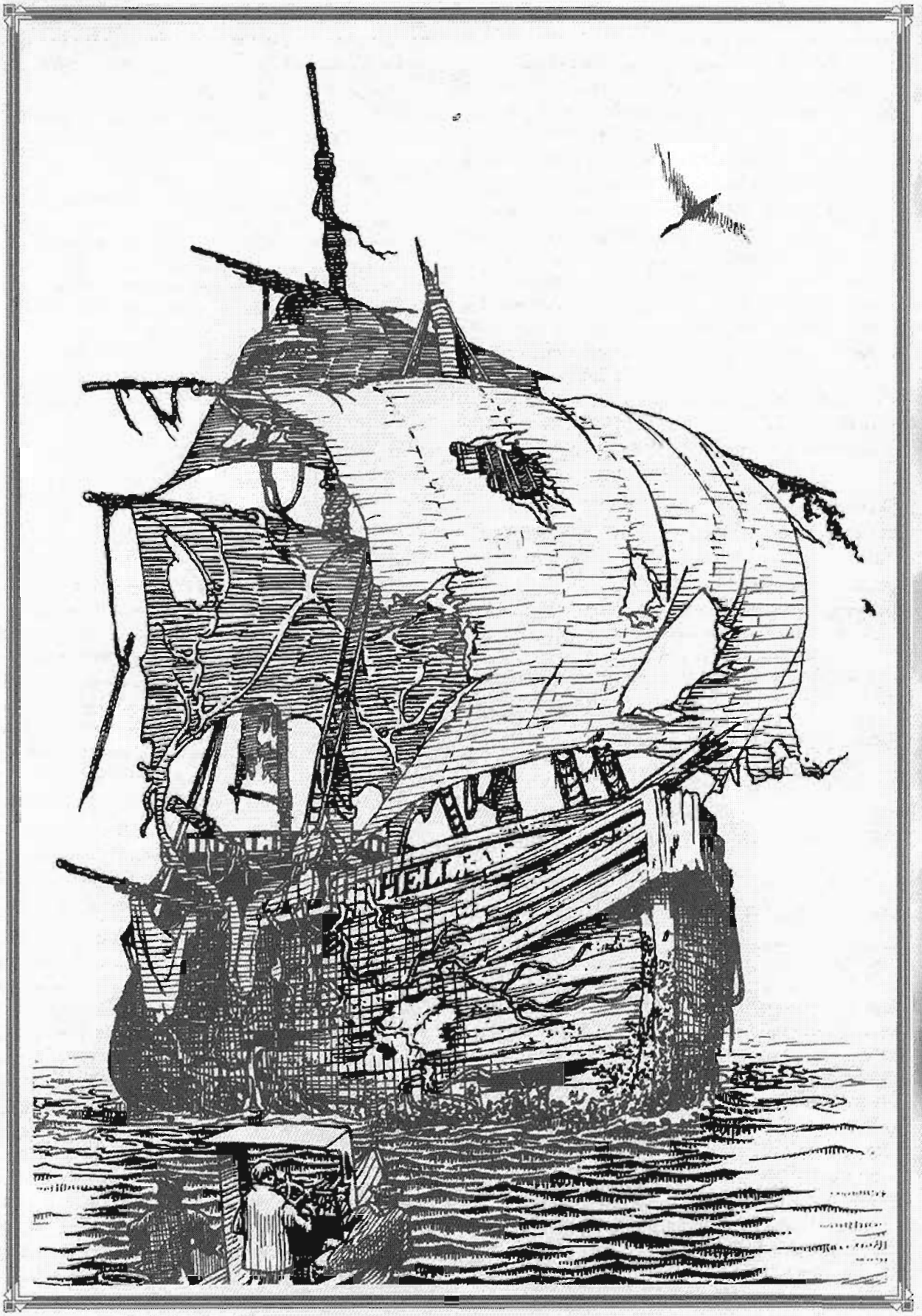
Once these limbs are destroyed, the Star Mother can only defend herself with dead crewmen or with spells and other abilities. Given the opportunity, she will sink the Hellene *to hide on the bottom, regenerating her limbs at the rate of one per day.*

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #56a and #56b.]

The Skeleton Crew

Formerly the crew of the *Hellene*, these magically preserved corpses have spent the last two centuries underwater, slowly rotting and gnawed upon by fish. Dressed in filthy rags, they are horribly ragged skeletal things with strands of luminous seaweed caught in their hair and hanging from their slack mouths. The limbs of the corpses are thin and bony, with rubbery, dead-cold flesh marked by numerous wounds. Strips of flesh hang from yellowed bone. Eyes dangle from muddy sockets. Some specimens are missing fingers, toes, or limbs. One has a skull split wide open, while another's vacant chest cavity holds a flopping fish.

These crew members are slaves of the Star Mother, undead with no will of their own. They can be operated by her at distances of up to 100 feet from the ship. [They



will not willingly venture beyond that point, although if forced to do so, they gain some measure of "independence."] Each zombie possesses a fragment of her within itself, allowing her to see through their eyes and listen through their ears. The crew faithfully carries out her wishes. The living can only stop them by destroying them [reducing the undead's hit points to 0] or killing the Star Mother herself.

There are nine currently activated crewmen, including the corpse of Douglas Corben dressed in the rags of his captain's uniform. Two more wait in reserve in the bow of the tweendecks. The choice of each skeleton's weapon is left to the keeper; each may be customized to match the strength and armament of the party. The keeper is within his rights to inflict infections on characters injured by the skeleton crew's filthy weapons. [At the keeper's discretion, an injured victim must make a Fortitude save (DC 10) or suffer 1d3 Con damage; this increases the CR for each skeleton crewman.]

Skeleton Crew

STR 13	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 10
DEX 08	MOV 06			HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Cutlass 60%, damage 1D8+1+1D4
Broken Cutlass 60%, damage 1D6+1D4
Knife 45%, damage 1D6+1D4
Strangle 50%, damage 1D4 per round (STR vs. STR roll to break free)
Grapple 35%, no damage (but if successful adds 35% to attempted Bite or Strangle attacks)
Club 35%, damage 1D6+1D4
Bite 30%, damage 1D4+1

Armor: None, but impaling weapons do only half-damage.

Skills: Dodge 15%, Listen 25%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 25%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6+1.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #57.]

The Star Mother

The Star Mother herself is a chunk of yellow-green stone about the size of an infant. Its shape suggests a plump, huge-breasted, faceless female figure. From it extend dozens of the pencil-thin root-like strands that fill the ship. An investigator making a successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos check, DC 13] recognizes this thing's relationship to the hideous Outer Gods and realizes that it is a living entity of considerable power.

The Star Mother is an intelligent creature who will defend herself with everything she can bring to bear. She can attack at great distances with the thin strands that trail along outside the *Hellene* or aboard the ship with her larger tentacles. Her skeleton crew waits to do her bidding, on or off the ship. She can use her spells and magical abilities against victims, including the ability to raise or sink the ship at will.

STR 08	CON 30	SIZ 02	INT 15	POW 35+
DEX 05	MOV 0			HP 16

Weapons: None.

Armor: 8 points of chitinous shell. Note that because the Star Mother cannot move by herself, all physical attacks against her receive a bonus of 25 percentiles added to the chance to hit. The Star Mother can restore lost hit points by expending magic points on a 1 per 1 basis. (Also see the Psychic Shock Defense, listed above under "Growths Throughout the Ship.")

Spells: Mental Suggestion, Power Drain, Create Zombie (the skeleton crew), Wave of Oblivion, Grasp of Cthulhu, plus the ability to Create Fog, raise and sink the *Hellene*, and feed on humans.

Skills: Detect Human Lifeforce 55%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4+1.

[See the d20 Appendix, Entry #58.]

CREATING FOG

The Star Mother can generate an artificial fog, requiring 5 magic points and 5 minutes (25 rounds) to initiate. Once started, the fog spreads from the ship in every direction at a rate of 25 feet per round, to a maximum of 750 feet (requiring 6 minutes). The fog dissipates normally, at a rate of 25 feet per round. Fog can be created multiple times with cumulative effects. Visibility within different areas of the artificial fog bank is shown in the Fog Density diagram on a following page.

[Consider using the spells *raise night fog* and *obscuring mist* to simulate these effects; set the caster level at 4th or 20th, depending on the ending you prefer.]

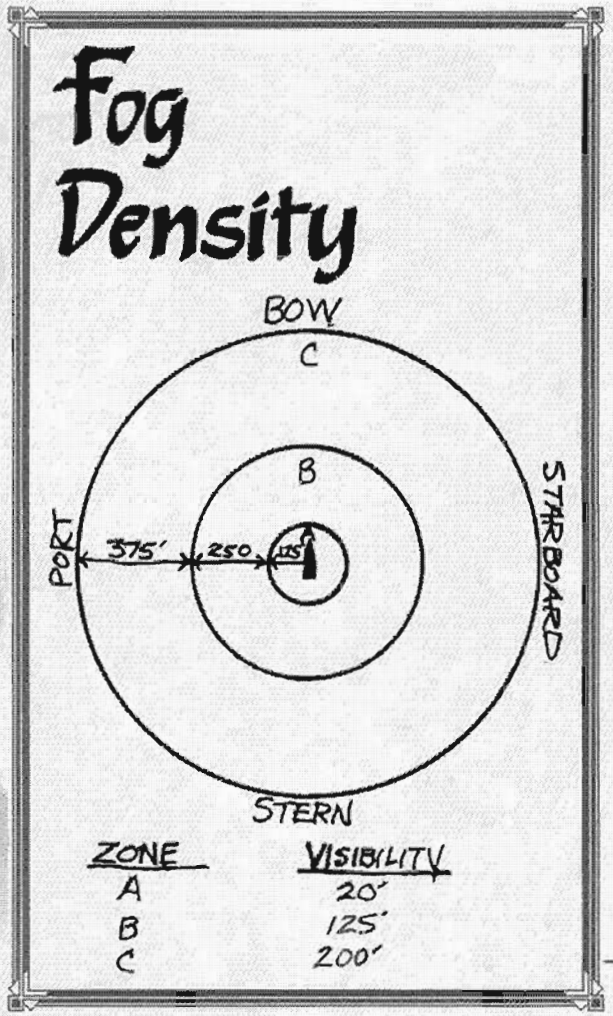
RAISING AND SINKING THE HELLENE

The Star Mother can raise her ship from the ocean floor by **expending 10 magic points** [10 temporary Wis; she can do this for free three times per day]. Considering the average depth offshore of Kingsport, the raising usually takes 10 minutes to complete, as the Star Mother closes off the membranes patching her hull and then oxygenates the water inside to bring herself up.

If a vessel is located directly above the rising *Hellene*, a **Pilot Boat roll** [Pilot (boat), DC 15] is needed to move out of the way of the surfacing vessel. Failure to avoid the ship results in the destruction of smaller craft and the likely scuttling of larger ones. Anyone aboard the stricken craft suffers 1D10 points of damage and is thrown overboard. Anyone seeing ghostly yellow-green ship rising from beneath the waves loses 1/1D4 SAN



The Skeleton Crew



points, in addition to the normal 1/1D6 loss for getting a good look at the Hell Ship.

Submerging the *Hellene* is much quicker. The "stone-thing" simply opens her membranes, allowing water to flood the ship. This only requires the expenditure of 1 magic point; the ship disappears below the waves in 3D4 rounds. Small vessels nearby may need to make **Pilot Boat rolls** [Pilot (boat), DC 15] to avoid capsizing in the whirlpool that results from the ship's sinking.

Anyone standing on the *Hellene's* main deck when the ship submerges can escape with little difficulty, but those caught below must make a **DEX x3 roll** [Dex check, DC 15, including armor check penalty] for each level of the ship through which they must climb. Failure means being swamped by incoming water and trapped in the sinking vessel.

Once underwater, those trapped inside must make **rolls to avoid drowning** each round [see the Drowning rules in the core rulebook], plus suffer a loss of 1/1D3 SAN. A **Luck roll** [Spot check, DC 15; can't take 10] allows a character to find a hole in the hull and a **Swim roll** [Swim check, DC 10; can't take 10] means a successful escape from the sinking ship. Holes can be created by kicking at the timbers using the investigators' **STR to overcome the 20 STR** of the Hellene's planks. [Strength check, DC 20] If successful, a hole SIZ 2D6 is created. [Alternatively, consider subtracting this number from 20; set this as the DC for an Escape Artist check to crawl through.] Additional kicking and resistance checks may be needed to enlarge the hole so that it matches or exceeds the investigator's SIZ. Allow a trapped investigator to make two kicks [one Strength check] per round.

FEEDING

The Star Mother grows stronger through human suffering. Half of all SAN losses and hit point damage suffered within 100 feet of the ship are converted to magic points and added to her current total (never exceeding her current POW). [At the keeper's discretion, these points may become temporary "ability points" used for the casting of any spell that day; this may increase the CR of the encounter.] If during any one round she should gain 10 magic points, she instead converts them to a single point of permanent POW, which is then added to her total [20 "Magic Points" may be converted to a +2 bonus to all Wisdom checks for that day.] For the sake of simplicity, the keeper may want to add a standard 1 magic point and 1 POW point for every non-player victim she takes during the initial stages of this adventure.

The Star Mother's Tactics

The Star Mother's usual attack ploy is to haunt the seas amidst her artificial fogbank. After spying a small boat, she approaches it, grasps it with her external tentacles, and discharges her dead crew onto it. The crew then kills or captures the intended victims, and drags them down into the *Hellene's* hold to meet the Star Mother. The stone-thing grasps her prey with internal tentacles, overcomes them, then infests them with the roots through which she feeds.

The Star Mother can also destroy smaller target vessels by running them down or by surfacing beneath them. The latter tactic is damaging to the *Hellene*, so it is used sparingly. Assume the *Hellene* can outrun any smaller sail-powered vessels; it is capable of giving a good chase to most motor craft.

In the case of vessels willingly approaching her, she waits until they are close before grasping the vessel with her tentacles. She may or may not attack with these grasping tentacles — or with the skeleton crew — depending on whether the visitors intend to board her. In the latter case, she waits until they are aboard before sending the crew and her larger, stronger, internal tentacles to attack. If the intruders reach the hold, she uses



The Star Mother

her spells. If low on magic points, she may choose to flee her attackers, rapidly sinking below the surface.

Exploring the ship is a dark and dangerous affair. The creaking of the derelict vessel's timbers, the swaying of the yellow-green tendrils, the slosh of water, and the dank dripping darkness belowdecks all add to the stark horror of the situation. Punctuate this atmosphere with sudden bursts of physical danger, such as the appearance of a dead, leering crewman or a tendril that's suddenly come alive. By the time the investigators reach the hold, they should be running low on nerves, SAN points, and ammunition. Finally, once the Star Mother is found and dealt with, there should be a panic-ridden flight from the now-sinking vessel.

DEFEATING THE STAR MOTHER

The Star Mother is a very dangerous opponent. Investigators must meet her on her own terms: at sea and in a closed environment that she controls in nearly every way. To prevail, the investigators may have to make several sorties against the *Hellene* and its haunter. Initial encounters provide the investigators with opportunities to gauge their enemy's strength, perhaps reducing it somewhat. Later attempts may take them into a confrontation with the Star Mother herself — for better or worse. Once the crew and the tentacles have been overcome, the Star Mother can be dispatched with a few lucky gunshots or explosives, but her ability to quickly submerge may prevent such attacks, giving her time to restore her losses. A quick, clever, and powerful party may be able to get past her defenses and deal with her directly before she can react. Even if the Star Mother is destroyed, the investigators are in danger. Without the Star Mother's control and magic, the *Hellene* floods quickly, sinking within minutes; this may drown attackers and explosives charges alike.

SANITY, REWARDS AND PENALTIES

If the investigators destroy the Star Mother before she is able to leave Kingsport's waters, award each survivor 2D10 SAN. If they had to track her elsewhere to stop her, the reward should be only 2D6 SAN. If they unearthed the details behind the *Hellene's* initial sinking (in the Customs records), give each investigator an additional point of SAN, increased to 1D3 if they have discovered the unearthly origin of the Star Mother. Each skeleton crewman or tentacle/tendril the investigators destroy gives them each 1D3 SAN.

If the investigators fail to stop the Star Mother before Day 16, she moves on to different waters, disappearing from the Kingsport area in the next 1D4 days. If this happens, the investigators each lose 1D3 SAN when they hear of strangely familiar nautical vanishings occurring elsewhere on the Massachusetts coast. (Gloucester? Boston? Cape Cod? Nantucket?) Unless investigators immediately begin trying to track her down and deal with her, they should lose an additional 2D4 SAN, realizing that their failure has allowed the nautical nightmare to continue.

FINANCIAL AND SOCIAL REWARDS

Whether the investigators entered this adventure at the request of the Kingsport fishermen or not, the fishermen will be relieved when the disappearances stop. If they know of the investigators' involvement in bringing an end to the horror, they will reward the party. The base amount should be $200, plus $10 per investigator. This money is raised by donations made by the many Kingsport fishermen and their families. The party may also have made friends (or enemies?) among the fishermen, and these circumstances may come into play in the future, possibly in the form of reduced rates for boat rental, boating lessons, or free seafood. If the party seems especially deserving of additional compensation, the fish-packing houses may match the fishermen's monetary reward.

The investigators' dealings with the Coast Guard during this adventure may affect their Credit Ratings [giving a bonus or penalty to Charisma-based skills when interacting with Coast Guardsmen]. If the investigators interfered with the Coast Guard in only minor ways (such as breaking curfew) they lose 1D3 from their Credit Rating [-2 penalty to the aforementioned skills]. More severe transgressions, such as matters calling for arrest, results in a 1D10 Credit Rating loss [-4 penalty to Diplomacy checks in Kingsport]. If the Coast Guard and the investigators join forces to successfully bring the affair of the *Hellene* to an end, each investigator should be rewarded with a 1D6 increase to his or her Credit Rating skill [+2 bonus to Diplomacy checks in Kingsport].

If the investigators found the Custom House records of the *Hellene's* sinking, they have discovered a valuable piece of Kingsport history. The Kingsport Historical Society would gladly pay 5D20 dollars for such a document (private historians or scholars might pay as much or more), or award the donor(s) with lifetime Society membership. Likewise, the discoverers of the old Congregational Church records and the accounts of Eben Hall's raid on the church may be rewarded for such valuable historical research. The Historical Society would offer another 5D20 dollars for the church raid accounts or, again, a lifetime membership.

Though the Congregational Church won't pay for the return of their old records, they may offer the investigators assistance in future endeavors. Any donation of historical documents by the investigators should **add 1D4 points to the donors' Credit Rating skills** [+2 bonus to

Diplomacy checks in Kingsport], and gain them the respect and admiration of local historians and scholars [increase that bonus to +4 when dealing with these people]. Anyone who reads the Custom House records, the church records, and the raid account should receive 1D4 points per document to both their Kingsport History and Kingsport Cult skills. [The keeper may make Knowledge (local [Kingsport]) an untrained skill.]

Of course, the sensitive nature of the church raid account may also draw unwanted attention on the investigators. Some respected local families may have had ancestors present, and certain powerful and timeless entities might not want details of their worship or worshippers revealed.

Finally, a darker thought. The Star Mother, an alien entity, controlled her separate parts from afar. Could not some lingering fragment of her being have survived in one of those disparate parts? Perhaps even now, a severed yellow-green tendril has rooted itself in the seabed beyond the Jersey Reef — hungrily waiting for a fish to chance by.



Appendix 1:
d20 Kingsport Townsfolk

The d20 version of *H. P. Lovecraft's Kingsport* works best with 1st to 3rd level characters. Most the human inhabitants of the city are 1st-level; a few with extensive investigative, military, or criminal backgrounds (or cult connections) are 2nd or 3rd level. Many creatures are higher level, so caution is advised. As in the original Chaosium game, investigators who choose to deal with the unknown by using overwhelming firepower will have a high mortality rate, since some of the creatures here are off the scale.

Variant Rule: Taking Away "Taking 10"

Most of the skill checks in this book are also scaled for low-level characters. Gamemasters who allow higher-level characters should consider using a variant rule, one that eliminates "taking 10" on skill checks. Adventures play out somewhat differently when characters do not automatically succeed at every Gather Information or Research check. Under this variant, skill checks that would otherwise seem superfluous become more challenging. Language checks (such as a roll to read archaic English) should be an exception.

The GM should continue to allow characters to "take 20"(at least, when it's normally an option). This drastically reduces the time spent on tiresome, repetitive tasks like searching abandoned farmhouses and fiddling with locked doors.

For characters above 6th level, the GM should consider occasionally raising a skill check's DC by 5, as well as raising the character level of Kingsport's more nefarious denizens, including cultists and criminals.

New Skills

Dreaming
(Wis, Trained Only, Always a Non-Core Skill)

In the original version of Chaosium's *Dreamlands*, the Dreaming skill reflected a lucid dreamer's ability to reshape ability around him in that other dimension, sometimes by creating ephemeral objects. The skill does not apply to dreams of Kingsport, however. A dreamer cannot use this skill until he descends the seventy-seven steps of lighter slumber to the temple of Nasht and Kaman-Thah. (This prevents investigators from realizing they are in a dream by spontaneously creating short-swords and ephemeral sailing ships.) Nonetheless, Kingsporters who have traveled to that other dimension may have this skill.

As an optional rule, a character can create a small object in a dream by making a Dreaming check (DC 20) and spending 2 points of temporary Wisdom. Alternatively, this can be done with a Will save (DC 20) and 4 points of temporary Wisdom. The item must fit within the logic of the dream. For instance, you cannot defeat a Greek Gorgon by spontaneously creating a hand grenade, but crafting a Greek sword as part of the dream would make sense. Again, this interpretation of the skill is entirely optional.

Knowledge (dream lore)
(Int, Trained Only, Always a Non-Core Skill)

By adventuring in the Dreamlands, an investigator can learn the lore and legends of that other dimension. This includes the sort of information one typically finds in stories like The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath, including basic geography ("Where is the Vale of Pnath?"), monsters of the Dreamlands ("How big is a zoog?"), and proper cultural behavior ("How should I approach the Cats of Ulthar?").

Gods are typically covered by the Cthulhu Mythos skill, while more precise knowledge about a city or region of the Dreamlands may require Knowledge (local). At the GM's discretion, an investigator can substitute Knowledge (dream lore) for either of these skills after raising the DC for the related check by 5, but only if the information pertains directly to the Dreamlands. For instance, Randolph Carter encountered nightgaunts, Nodens, and Nyarlathotep in the Dreamlands, but he has little reason to know about Cthulhu's minions in Lousiana, R'lyeh, or other waking world locales.

Navigate
(Int, Trained Only)

In the fifth edition of the original *Call of Cthulhu* rules, Navigate is a vital skill employing a wide variety of navigational methods. For this book, the skill has been broken down into applications of three skills. (These rules first appeared in Pagan Publishing's *Delta Green* d20.)

Wilderness Lore (Wis) includes the ability to navigate on land. A character with this skill is proficient at using a compass, map, terrain association, and pace count. This knowledge may be learned in the Boy Scouts, as part of schooling, or in the military, and it is not unreasonable for characters to possess.

Navigate (Int) is a new skill. It is not usable untrained, as it applies to more complex tasks involving navigation on the sea or in the air. Navigate (sea) and Navigate (air) are two separate skills. These tasks are typically more difficult than land navigation, requiring a higher standard of training. Traditionally, they are conducted using a sextant, charts, and similar tools. The Navigate skill can also be substituted for Wilderness Lore checks to navigate on land.

Speak Native Language (Int)

A character can speak her native language untrained; in theory, each character has a Speak Native Language skill equal to his or her Intelligence modifier. Skill checks are not required for casual conversation. The character can choose to take additional ranks in his or her native. It is always considered a core skill, and it does not count against the twelve core skills a character declares at character creation. (If you like, think of it as a thirteenth core skill.)

Highly proficient characters can perform tasks like deciphering anachronistic languages, understanding obtuse literature, and so forth. For skilled characters, these tasks require skill checks; untrained characters can substitute Intelligence checks. Since most investigators don't conduct investigations that depend on their interpretations of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, characters aren't required to spend ranks in their native language. Characters familiar with archaic versions of English, however, should buy ranks in this skill.

Characters, Gods, & Monsters

Characters were created using the Defense bonus variant rule. When a character has Speak Language for his

or her native language, it's treated as a 13th core skill.

The deities in this book were created as 20th-level creatures with divine qualities from the CoC core rulebook. For additional rules concerning gods, you could theoretically supplement these statistics by adapting material from the new edition of *Deities and Demigods.*

#1) Tulzscha

Colossal Outsider (Demigod); HD 32d8 + 288; 432 hp; Init –3 (Dex); Speed teleport without error*; AC –1 (-3 Dex, -8 size); Atk +28/+23/+18 melee (flame gout, 4d6 fire dmg) or +17/+12/+7 ranged (flame gout, 4d6 fire dmg); SQ Divine qualities, flame gout, reanimation, withering flame; SV Fort +21, Ref +9, Will +22; Str 36, Dex 4, Con 28, Int 15, Wis 30, Cha —; San Loss 1d3/1d20; CR 21.

**The demigod can teleport without error at will as a 20th-level caster. See "New Divine Spells."*

Special Qualities: Divine qualities — See the core rulebook.

Flame Gout — Tulzscha can inflict 4d6 fire damage as a melee or ranged attack. The attack takes the form of a bolt of writhing flame nearly a foot in diameter with a maximum range of fifty feet.

Reanimation — As a standard action, Tulszcha can cast *dark resurrection* on one of its cultists within five miles. Whatever is left of the resurrected cultist also gains the Ghoul template (see the Creatures chapter of the core rulebook).

Withering Flame — If Tulzscha uses withering flame, it may only attack once during that round. If the deity successfully hits with its flame gout attack that round, it may choose to harm its victim with withering flame instead of fire damage. First, the victim must make a Reflex save (DC 30); if he fails, he is instantly aged 2d10 years. The victim must then make a Fortitude save (DC 30) to avoid losing 1d6 Con, and a Will save (DC 30) to avoid losing 1d6 Wisdom.

#2) Captain Richard Holt, The Terrible Old Man

2nd-level Offense Option; 11 h.p.; Init –2 (-2 Dex); AC 8; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +0 melee (1d6-2 dmg, cane) or +0 ranged; SQ Damage reduction 10/+1*; SV Fort +2, Ref -2, Will +7; SZ M; Str 6, Dex 7, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 18, Cha 8; San 38.

Core Skills: Cthulhu Mythos +8, Knowledge (history) +4, Knowledge (local [Kingsport]) +8, Knowledge (occult) +10, Listen +4, Navigate (sea) +7, Pilot (boat) +10, Sense Motive +6, Spellcraft +9, Spot +4, Use Rope +3, Wilderness Lore +8.

Non-Core Skills: Knowledge (anthropology) +3, Knowledge (archaeology) +3, Knowledge (astronomy) +3.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [occult]), Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]), Weapon Proficiency (melee).

Spells: black binding, create self-ward, dominate person, dread curse of Azathoth, shrivelling, soul trap.

** From create self-ward.*

#3) Holt's Loyal Crew

Undead Cultists; 1d12 HD; 15 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +1 melee (1d6+1, cutlass) or +0 ranged; SQ Damage reduction 5/+1, darkvision 60 ft., undead qualities; SV Fort —, Ref +0, Will +1; Str 13, Dex 10, Con —, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 4; San loss 1/1d4. CR 1/2.

Skills: Listen +3, Spot +3.

Feats: Toughness.

Variant Rule

Specialized Knowledge

Scholars who specialize in esoteric fields of knowledge became experts in the obscure, but often at the cost of more generalized knowledge. As a variant rule, any character with a Knowledge skill can choose a more esoteric specialty within that body of knowledge. For instance, a character with Knowledge (medicine) could specialize in forensics, diagnosing diseases, or even biological warfare, if the GM allows it. The skill is then written like this: **Knowledge (medicine [forensics])**. For any skill check pertaining to that specialized field of knowledge, the character gets a +2 bonus to that roll. All other checks involving that skill are made at a –2. With this variant, any highly specialized field of knowledge becomes a subset of one of the twenty-three Knowledge skills in the core rulebook.

For instance, Captain Forrester has been obsessed with hunting yeti in Tibet for decades. He is an expert in lore that hints at their existence, but his studies in the occult have focused almost exclusively on that specialized knowledge. As a result, he's had little interest in reading about crop circles, psychic powers, or Fortean phenomena. Captain James has Knowledge (occult [yeti]) +5.

One dark and stormy night, a messenger arrives with a mysterious package from one of Forrester's old school chums. It contains an account detailing a sighting of a yeti in the lowlands of the Tibet, numerous maps, and dozens of photographs. One of the players asks if Capt. Forrester can make a Knowledge (occult) roll to analyze the data; the GM allows Forrester to make a skill check, but because it depends on his specialty, he makes it at +7 (instead of +5). An hour later, he receives a rambling letter asking if he knows anything about crop circles. The GM decides that he can still attempt a Knowledge (occult) check, but because it does not relate to his specialty, he makes it +3. As one would expect, approving skill specialization, and deciding when they applies, is at the Gamemaster's discretion.

#4) Jonas Rigg, Taverner and Bouncer

2nd-level Offense Option; 11 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1, club) or +2 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +1; SZ M; Str 13, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 9; San 53.

Core Skills: Appraise +3, Diplomacy +4, Hide +1, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (accounting) +3, Listen +4, Move Silently +1, Pilot (boat) +5, Search +5, Sense Motive +1, Spot +5, Swim +4, Use Rope +2.

Feats: Dodge, WP (melee), WP (pistol).

#5) Donald Linderman, Accountant and Alcoholic Deep One Hybrid

1st-level Offense Option; 6 h.p.; Init -1; AC 9; Spd 20 ft., swim 40 ft.; Atk +3 melee (1d4+2 dmg, retractable claws) or +0 ranged; SQ Low-light vision; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +0; SZ M; Str 14, Dex 9, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8. San 0; San Loss 1/1d3 (if seen as Deep One).

Core Skills: Bluff +3, Cthulhu Mythos +1, Diplomacy +0, Heal +3, Hide +3, Jump +6, Knowledge (accounting) +9, Knowledge (history) +5, Listen +2, Move Silently +4, Sense Motive +3, Spot +3.

Non-Core Skills: Knowledge (law) +3, Knowledge (pharmacy) +3, Research +2, Swim +10 (includes +8 racial bonus).

Feats: Dodge, Skill Focus (Knowledge [accounting]), WP (melee).

#6) Typical Kingsport Fisherman

1st-level Offense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, boathook; or 1d4+1, gaff) or +2 ranged ; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +0; SZ M; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 10; San 55.

Core Skills: Climb +5, Diplomacy +2, Heal +4, Knowledge (occult) +2, Listen +2, Navigate (sea) +5, Pilot (boat) +8, Spot +2, Swim +5, Use Rope +5, Wilderness Lore +3.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]), Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (thrown).

#7) Robert Canton, Dreaming Tailor

2nd-level Offense Option; 9 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +4 melee (1d2, knitting needle) or -1 ranged (1d8, crossbow); SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +6; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 11; San 69.

Core Skills: Craft (clothing) +10, Cthulhu Mythos +1, Diplomacy +5, Hide +7, Knowledge (occult) +3, Innuendo +8, Listen +3, Move Silently +7, Search +7, Sense Motive +3, Spot +3, Swim +3, Wilderness Lore +8.

Non-Core Skills: Dreaming +4, Knowledge (dream lore) +3, Knowledge (geography [Dreamlands]) +3.

Feats: Dodge, Skill Emphasis (Craft [clothing]), Weapon Finesse (knitting needle), Weapon Proficiency (melee)

Spells: bless blade (usually cast on a knitting needle).

#8) Ezra Olsen, Dreaming Craftsman

1st-level Defense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +0; AC 12 (+2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –1 melee (1d3-1 subdual, punch) or +0 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +5; SZ M; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 8; San 70.

Core Skills: Craft (wood) +8, Craft (sculpture) +8, Dreaming +5, Hide +4, Knowledge (architecture) +8, Knowledge (geography) +8, Knowledge (history [Kingsport]) +8, Knowledge (local) +11, Listen +9, Move Silently +4, Search +10, Spot +7.

Non-Core Skills: Sense Motive +5.

Feats: Alertness, Sharp-Eyed.

#9) Aaron Hart, Hysterical Historian

1st-level Defense Option; 4 h.p.; Init -1; AC 11 (-1 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk -2 melee (1d3-2 subdual, "punch") or –5 ranged (dmg, .22 pistol); SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +4; SZ M; Str 7, Dex 8, Con 6, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 10; San 52.

Core Skills: Concentration +2, Diplomacy +4, Gather Information +4, Knowledge (botany) +3, Knowledge (architecture) +3, Knowledge (history) +9, Knowledge (local) +9, Research +6, Search +6, Speak English +6, Speak French +4, Spot +5.

Non-Core Skills: Listen –2.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [history]), Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [local]).

#10) Malcolm Veidt, English Teacher and Occult Scholar

2nd-level Offense Option; 9 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +3 melee (1d3+1, switchblade) or +4 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +6; SZ M; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 12; San 50.

Core Skills: Bluff +6, Concentration +5, Cthulhu Mythos +7, Diplomacy +6, Innuendo +8, Knowledge (accounting) +8, Knowledge (archaeology) +4, Knowledge (history) +4, Knowledge (law) +4, Knowledge (occult) +8, Knowledge (local [Kingsport]) +4, Research +9, Speak English +11, Speak Latin +5.

Non-Core Skills: Listen +3, Sense Motive +3, Speak German +4, Speak Greek +4, Spellcraft +5, Spot +3.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Speak English), Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (pistol).

Spells: cause fear, chant of thoth.

#11) Israel Soames, Elderly Worm That Walks

(formerly a 1st-level cultist); 3d8 HD; 15 h.p.; Init -1; AC 9; Spd 20 ft., slither 40 ft.; Atk –1 melee (1d6-1, cane) or +0 ranged; SQ Blindsight, damage reduction (see below), darkvision, discorporate, engulf; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +2; SZ M; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 14. San 0; San loss (see below). CR 3.

Core Skills: Cthulhu Mythos +5, Diplomacy +4, Disguise +6, Gather Information +6, Hide +5*, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (astronomy) +6, Knowledge (local [Kingsport]) +7, Knowledge (occult) +7, Listen +4, Move Silently +5*, Research +7, Speak English +7, Spellcraft +7, Spot +4.

Non-Core Skills: Animal Empathy (vermin) +5*, Knowledge (biology) +4, Knowledge (chemistry) +4, Psychic Focus +5, Speak French +4, Speak German +4, Speak Greek +6, Speak Latin +4.

Feats: Mind Probe, Mind Reading, Sensitive.

Spells: call amorphous flautist (Servitor of the Outer Gods), call whirring visitor (Fungi from Yuggoth), dark resurrection, mind blast, spectral razor, call the Green Flame (Tulzscha), pose mundane.

Special Qualities: See "Worm That Walks" in the Creatures chapter of the core rulebook.

San Loss (special): Seeing the roiling mass of worms that is the true form of Israel Soames costs 1/1D6+1 points of SAN. Seeing a single worm poke out of a mouth, nostril or ear cost 1/1D4 points of SAN.

Note: A Worm That Walks loses all skills from its previous life based on physical attributes (Str-based, Dex-based, Con-based) but retains those based on non-physical attributes (Int-based, Cha-based, Wis-based). It also retains all of the feats it formerly had.

** The creature acquired these skills as vermin. All other skills and feats are from its previous life. Because it is a creature, it does not need WP (melee).*

#12) "Cerberus"

Huge Vermin; 4d8+16 HD; 52 h.p.; Init –1; AC 11 (-1 Dex, -1 size, +2 natural armor), Spd 40 ft; Atk. +11 melee (2d4+8, 5 claws), +6 melee (2d6 + 4, bite or tail lash) or +2 ranged; SQ Scent; SV Fort +8, Ref +0, Will +2; Str 26, Dex 8, Con 18, Int 9, Wis 12, Cha 10; San loss 1/1d8+1; CR 4.

Skills: Listen +6, Spot +6.

Feats: None.

#13) Stanley Carter, Newspaper Editor

1st-level Defense Option; 6 h.p.; Init –1; AC 11 (-1 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +0 melee (1d3 subdual, punch) or –1 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +3; SZ M; Str 11, Dex 9, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 12; San 69.

Core Skills: Bluff +4, Craft (photography) +3, Craft (writing) +4, Diplomacy +5, Gather Information +5, Innuendo +1, Knowledge (art) +6, Knowledge (history) +6, Knowledge (local) +6, Listen +3, Research +6, Sense Motive +4, Spot +5.

Non-Core Skills: Knowledge (accounting) +3, Knowledge (law) +3.

Feats: Dodge, Trustworthy.

#14) Enoch Warren, Absent-Minded General Practitioner

1st-level Defense Option; 6 h.p.; Init -2; AC 10 (-2 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –1 melee (1d3-1 subdual, punch) or –2 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref -2, Will +3; SZ M; Str 8, Dex 7, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 10. San.

Core Skills: Craft (wood) +2, Diplomacy +4, Heal +8, Knowledge (biology) +6, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (medicine) +9, Knowledge (pharmacy) +6, Listen +5, Performance (harmonica) +1, Research +5, Sense Motive +5, Spot +5.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Heal), Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [medicine]).

Note: Whenever Dr. Warren uses Heal, Knowledge (medicine), or Knowledge (pharmacy), the keeper should roll against the doctor's Sanity; this is not a Sanity check. If the roll fails, increase the DC for the check by 5.

#15) Tristram "Tris" Crane, Police Chief

3rd-level Offense Option; 16 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +4 melee (1d6+1, nightstick) or +5 melee (special, grapple) or +5 ranged (3d6, shotgun); SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +2; SZ M; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 13, Cha 12; San 62.

Core Skills: Diplomacy +5, Drive +3, Gather Information +7, Heal +4, Hide +3, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (law) +8, Listen +5, Move Silently +8, Search +8, Sense Motive +6, Spot +7.

Non-Core Skills: Innuendo +4.

Feats: Weapon Focus (grapple), WP (melee), WP (pistol), WP (shotgun).

#16) Captain James Blair, Moody Cop

1st-level Offense Option; 6 h.p.; Init -1; AC 9; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +1 melee (1d6, nightstick) or +0 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +2, Ref -1, Will +0; SZ M; Str 11, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 9; San 51.

Core Skills: Bluff +3, Drive +3, Gather Information +3, Hide +3, Innuendo +4, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (law) +2, Listen +2, Open Lock +3, Research +1, Sense Motive +4, Spot +3.

Non-Core Skills: Escape Artist +0, Move Silently +0.

Feats: Weapon Focus (nightstick), WP (melee), WP (pistol).

#17) Officer Stephen Lord, Idealistic Young Cop

1st-level Offense Option; 8 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, nightstick) or +3 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; SZ M; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 15; San 55.

Core Skills: Climb +5, Craft (photography) +3, Gather Information +6, Hide +6, Jump +5, Knowledge (law) +2, Listen +4, Move Silently +5, Repair +4, Research +1, Sense Motive +1, Spot +3.

Non-Core Skills: Search +2.

Feats: WP (melee), WP (pistol), WP (shotgun).

#18) Officer Otis White, Incompetent Cop

1st-level Offense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +0 melee (1d3 subdual, punch) or +0 ranged (3d6, shotgun); SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +0; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 10; San 50.

Skills: Bluff +4, Gather Information +4, Hide +1, Innuendo +1, Knowledge (law) +1, Listen +1, Move Silently +1, Performance (guitar) +4, Research +0, Search +3, Sense Motive +4, Spot +1.

Feats: WP (melee), WP (pistol), WP (shotgun).

#19) Dr. John Neuberg, General Practitioner

1st-level Defense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +2; AC 14 (+2 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +1 melee (1d3+1 subdual, punch) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +2; SZ M; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 13; San 60.

Core Skills: Diplomacy +5, Heal +9, Knowledge (biology) +7, Knowledge (medicine) +10, Knowledge (pharmacy) +5, Listen +6, Research +7, Speak English +7, Speak Greek +5, Speak Hebrew +7, Speak Latin +7, Spot +6.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Heal), Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [medicine]).

#20) Alan Zevin (a.k.a. "Keys" Rakatanski), Inveterate Criminal

2nd-level Offense Option; 11 h.p.; Init +3; AC 13; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d3-1 subdual, punch) or +3 melee (1d4-1 subdual, blackjack) or +1 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +1; SZ M; Str 8, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 12; San 65.

Core Skills: Bluff +6, Climb +7, Disable Device +4, Escape Artist +3, Hide +8, Innuendo +6, Move Silently +8, Open Lock +11, Repair +6, Sleight of Hand +3, Spot +6.

Non-Core Skills: Diplomacy +2, Knowledge (accounting) +2, Sense Motive +1.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Climb), Skill Emphasis (Open Lock), Weapon Finesse (blackjack).

#21) Elena Arcuri, Fortune Teller

1st-level Defense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +1; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –1 melee (1d3-1 dmg, kick) or +1 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +5; SZ M; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 16; San 77.

Core Skills: Bluff +4, Diplomacy +7, Gather Information +7, Innuendo +7, Knowledge (astronomy) +2, Knowledge (history) +3, Knowledge (occult) +8, Listen +4, Sense Motive +4, Speak English +4, Speak Romany +4, Speak Spanish +5.

Non-Core Skills: Heal +3, Knowledge (botany) +2, Psychoanalysis +4, Spot +3.

Feats: Dodge, Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [occult]).

Spells: augury, divination.

#22) Basil Elton, Lighthouse Keeper

2nd-level Offense Option; 13 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d6-1, boathook; or 1d3-1, knife) or +4 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +7; SZ M; Str 9, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 18, Cha 14; San 22.

Core Skills: Bluff +3, Climb +6, Cthulhu Mythos +6, Diplomacy +4, Gather Information +7, Heal +7, Jump +4, Knowledge (botany) +3, Move Silently +6, Pilot (boat) +3, Sense Motive +4, Swim +7, Wilderness Lore +4.

Non-Core Skills: Dreaming +6, Knowledge (chemistry) +3, Knowledge (dream lore)* +4, Knowledge (geology) +3.

Feats: Athletic, Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (throw).

**See the d20 Appendix for more details.*

#23) Greater Sea Serpent

Colossal Water Dragon; 32d12 +320 HD; 528 h.p.; Init +4; Spd 10 ft., 60 ft. swim; AC 10 (-8 size, +8 natural); Atk +28 melee (4d8 + 16, claw x 2), +23 melee (4d6 +16, bite); SQ Cone of cold, dragon qualities, paralysis attack; SV Fort +22, Ref +12, Will +22; Str 42, Dex 10, Con 30, Int 15, Wis 30, Cha 20; San loss 1/1d6. CR 20.

Feats: Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack, Whirlwind Attack, Power Attack, Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Initiative.

Paralysis Attack: This attack originates at the creature's mouth and extends outward in a cone. The victim must make a Fortitude save (DC 10 + creature's Con mod); if the victim fails, he is paralyzed (see "Character Conditions" in the Combat chapter). The attack has a range of 30 feet.

Cone of Cold: This attack originates at the creature's mouth and extends outward in a cone. It drains heat, causing 1d6 points of cold damage per caster level (maximum 15d6). Set the caster level equal to the creature's CR. A victim on land can attempt a Reflex save to reduce this damage by half; the DC is (15 + the creature's CR). The range is 25 feet + 5 feet per caster level.

#24) William Bain, Ancient Dreamer

3rd-level Offense Option; 19 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +5 melee (1d6+2, swordcane) or +4 ranged (1d10, black powder pistol); SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +6; SZ M; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 19, Cha 13; San 54.

Core Skills: Climb +9, Cthulhu Mythos +8, Gather Information +5, Innuendo +5, Knowledge (anthropology) +3, Knowledge (botany) +3, Knowledge (history) +7, Jump +5, Knowledge (occult) +8, Navigate (sea) +6, Pilot (boat) +7, Spot +7, Swim +9.

Non-Core Skills: Dreaming +8, Knowledge (archaeology) +3, Knowledge (dream lore)* +6.

Feats: Athletic, WP (melee), WP (thrown).

Spells: contact Nodens, create gate, gate of oneirology, view gate.

#25) Inquisitive Zoog

Tiny Magical Beast; 1/4d10 HD; 3 hp; Init +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Init); Spd 40 ft.; AC 16 (+4 size, +2 Dex); Atk +6 melee (1, bite); SQ Darkvision, low-light vision, opposable thumbs, scent; Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +1; Str 3, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 2. CR 1/4.

Skills: Balance +8, Climb +0, Hide +10, Innuendo +5, Knowledge (dream lore) +6, Move Silently +8, Sleight of Paw +8.

Feats: Dodge, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse (bite).

#26) Vampiric Shadow

Medium-size Undead (Incorporeal); 1d12 HD; 12 h.p.; AC 10; Spd. 30 ft., flopping or flying; Atk +2 melee (1d4+2, shadow form); SQ Blood drain, damaged by light, incorporeal, undead qualities; SV Fort —, Ref +2, Will +2; Str 14, Dex 10, Con —, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 4. San loss 0/1d4+1. CR 2.

Skills: Bluff +2, Hide* +7, Listen +5, Move Silently +7, Sense Motive +5, Spot +5.

Feats: Stealthy.

**The creature may try to "hide" as a normal shadow; this is opposed by a witness's Spot check. If the Spot check succeeds, the witness notice something wrong about the shadow; if it fails, they don't notice the shadow at all.*

Special Qualities: Blood Drain: With a successful touch attack, the vampiric shadow can begin to "grapple" a living, corporeal creature. (Normally, corporeal creatures cannot grapple incorporeal creatures, but in this case, the victim can make opposed grapple checks to resist.) With a successful grapple check, the creature can begin to drain blood from its victim. If it "pins" the foe, it then inflicts 1d4 points of permanent Constitution drain each round. Up to four vampiric shadows can "aid another" with this grapple attempt. The victim appears to be wrestling with animated shadows.

Damaged by Light: Vampiric shadows can be damaged from natural or artifical light. (Magical light does not affect the creature at all.) Against these kinds of attacks, the vampiric shadow is treated as a corporeal creature. Candles, torches, or flaming objects must actually strike the creature. A flashlight can be "aimed" at the creature with a ranged touch attack, but it effectively has a maximum range of 10 feet for inflicting damage. Candles inflict 1d3 damage; flashlights inflict 1d4 damage; torches or flaming objects inflict 1d6 damage. Vampiric shadows are not flammable.

Incorporeal: See the Combat chapter of the core rulebook.

#27) Dreamlands Unicorn

Large Magical Beast; 4d10+20 HD; 42 h.p.; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 60 ft.; AC 18 (-1 size, +3 Dex, +6 natural); Atk +11 melee (1d8+8, horn), +3 melee (1d4+2, hoof); SQ Magical healing, immunities; SV Fort +9, Ref +7, Will +6; Str 20, Dex 17, Con 21, Int 10, Wis 21, Cha 24; San Loss 0/1d3. CR 3.

Skills: Animal Empathy +11, Listen +11, Move Silently +9, Spot +11, Wilderness Lore +9*

Feats: Alertness.

Special Qualities — Magical Healing: The Dreamlands unicorn can cast healing touch three times per day, as a 5th-level caster, by touching the subject with its horn.

Immunities (Ex): Unicorns are immune to all poisons. (In D&D, they are also immune to all charm and hold spells or abilities.)

#28) Griffin

Large Beast; 7d10+21 HD; 59 h.p.; Init +2; Spd 30 ft., 80 ft. fly; AC 17 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +6 natural); Atk +8 melee (2d6+4, bite), +3 melee (1d4+2, 2 claws); SQ Pounce, rake 1d6+2, scent; SV Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +3; Str 18, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 5, Wis 13, Cha 8; San loss 0/1d3. CR 4.

Skills: Jump +8*, Listen +6, Spot +11*.

Feats: None.

Special Qualities — Pounce: If a griffin dives or leaps upon a foe during the first round of combat, it can make a full attack even if it has already taken a move action.

Rake (Ex): A griffin that pounces on an opponent can make two rake attacks (+8 melee) with its hind legs for 1d6+2 slashing damage each.

** Griffins receive a +4 racial bonus to Jump checks. They also receive a +4 racial bonus to Spot checks in daylight.*

#29) William Andrews, Artist and Lothario

1st-level Defense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +1; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d3+2 subdual, punch) or +1 ranged ; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +3; SZ M; Str 14, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 12; San 60.

Core Skills: Bluff +9, Craft (painting) +7, Disable Device +5, Diplomacy +1, Gather Information +5, Innuendo +5, Knowledge (art) +5, Listen +5, Repair +5, Search +1, Sense Motive +1, Spot +5.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Bluff), Skill Emphasis (Craft [painting]).

#30) Elizabeth Brundage, Artist and Mentor

1st-level Defense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +1; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk -1 melee (1d3-1 subdual, punch) or +1 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +4; SZ M; Str 9, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 14; San 70.

Core Skills: Craft (cooking) +9, Craft (painting) +9, Craft (photography) +3, Diplomacy +6, Heal +4, Knowledge (botany) +3, Knowledge (history) +3, Knowledge (local) +4, Listen +5, Performance (singing) +4, Sense Motive +5, Speak English +6, Spot +5.

Non-Core Skills: Pilot (boat) +3, Psychoanalysis +3, Speak French +3.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Craft [cooking]), Skill Emphasis (Craft [painting]).

#31) Corla Fistienne, Artist and Tortured Romantic

1st-level Defense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +2; AC 14 (+2 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +0 melee (1d3 subdual, punch) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +3; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 14. SAN.

Core Skills: Bluff +5, Craft (painting) +9, Diplomacy +3, Gather Information +5, Innuendo +5, Knowledge (art) +6, Listen +5, Performance (acting) +3, Research +3, Sense Motive +5, Speak English +6, Spot +5.

Non-Core Skills: Speak Italian +3.

Feats: Dodge, Skill Emphasis (Craft [painting]).

#32) Ted Kovey, Jovial Sculptor

1st-level Offense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +5 melee (special, grapple) or +4 melee (1d3+3 subdual, punch; or 1d6, hammer or club) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +1; SZ M; Str 16, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 11; San 54.

Core Skills: Craft (drawing) +2, Craft (sculpture) +8, Diplomacy +2, Disable Device +5, Innuendo +5, Knowledge (art) +5, Knowledge (geology) +3, Performance (sing) +1, Pilot (boat) +6, Repair +4, Spot +3, Swim +4.

Non-Core Skills: Knowledge (history) +2, Knowledge (local) +2.

Feats: WP (melee), Skill Emphasis (Craft [sculpture]), Weapon Focus (grapple).

#33) Jim Redmond, Deranged Artist

1st-level Defense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +1; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +0 melee (1d3 subdual, punch) or –3 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +4; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 9. San 13.

Core Skills: Bluff +3, Craft (painting) +9, Cthulhu Mythos +6, Hide +7, Innuendo +4, Knowledge (history) +5, Knowledge (local) +3, Knowledge (occult) +6, Listen +6, Move Silently +5, Research +6, Sense Motive +3, Spot +4.

Non-Core Skills: Knowledge (archaeology) +3, Knowledge (astronomy) +3, Knowledge (pharmacy) +3.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Craft [painting]), Stealthy.

#34) Derek Minot, Drug-Addicted Poet

1st-level Defense Option; 5 h.p.; Init +0; AC 12 (+2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –1 melee (1d3-1 subdual, punch) or +0 ranged; SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +3; SZ M; Str 9, Dex 11, Con 9, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 11. San 53.

Core Skills: Bluff +2, Craft (drawing) +8, Craft (photography) +2, Gather Information +4, Innuendo +5, Knowledge (history) +5, Knowledge (occult) +2, Listen +4, Performance (sing) +1, Research +2, Sense Motive +2, Speak English +5, Spot +3.

Non-Core Skills: Diplomacy +1, Knowledge (pharmacy) +2.

Feats: Dodge, Skill Emphasis (Craft [drawing]).

#35) Hostile Zoog

Tiny Magical Beast; 1/4d10 HD; 3 hp; Init +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Init); Spd 40 ft.; AC 16 (+4 size, +2 Dex); Atk +6 melee (1 dmg, bite); SQ Darkvision, low-light vision, opposable thumbs, scent; Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +1; Str 3, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 2. CR 1/4, San 0/1d3 per horde.

Skills: Balance +8, Climb +0, Hide +10, Innuendo +5, Knowledge (dream lore) +6, Move Silently +8, Sleight of Paw +8.

Feats: Dodge, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse (bite).

#36) Fledgling Vampire, Former Lover

1st-level Offense Option; 12 h.p.; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Init); AC 18 (+6 natural armor); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +5 melee (1d6+4 dmg, slam) or +2 ranged; SQ Undead qualities, blood drain, cold and electricity resistance 10, damage reduction 10/silver, domination, fast healing 2; SV Fort —, Ref +2, Will +5; SZ M; Str 18, Dex 14, Con —, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 19**. San 0. CR 3.

Core Skills: Bluff +8, Hide +6, Innuendo +7, Knowledge (any two) +6, Listen +7, Move Silently +6, Search +6, Sense Motive +7, Spot +6.

Feats: Dodge, Improved Initiative, (plus one Weapon Proficiency).

* *Vampires receive a +8 racial bonus to Bluff, Hide, Listen, Move Silently, Search, Sense Motive, and Spot checks.*

** *Vampires have the following bonuses to their attributes: Str +6, Dex +4, Int +2, Wis +2, Cha +4.*

Special Qualities: A fledgling vampire (for the purposes of this dream) gains the following special qualities; all saves to resist are DC 15.

Domination (Su): A vampire can crush an opponent's will just by looking onto his or her eyes. This is similar to a gaze attack, except that the vampire must take a standard action, and those merely looking at it are not affected. Anyone the vampire targets must succeed at a Will save or fall instantly under the vampire's influence as though by a dominate spell cast by a 12th-level character. The ability has a range of 30 feet.

Blood Drain (Ex): A vampire can suck blood from a living victim with its fangs by making a successful grapple check. If it pins the foe, it drains blood, inflicting 1d4 points of permanent Constitution drain each round the pin is maintained.

Fast Healing 2 (Ex): A vampire heals 2 points of damage each round so long as it has at least 1 hit point. If reduced to 0 hit points or lower, a fledgling vampire is automatically destroyed.

#37) Gorgon

Large Magical Beast; HD 8d10+24; 68 h.p.; Init +4 (Improved Init); Spd 30 ft.; AC 18 (-1 size, +9 natural); Atk +12 melee (1d8+7, gore); SQ Breath weapon; Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +3; Str 21, Dex 10, Con 17, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 9. San Loss 1/1d8; CR 8.

Skills: Hide -4, Listen +8, Move Silently +0, Spot +8; CR 8.

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative.

Special Qualities — Breath Weapon (Su): Turn to stone permanently, cone, 60 feet, every 1d4 rounds (but no more than five times per day); Fortitude save (DC 17).

#38) Hypnos, God of Sleep (Demigod)

Medium-size* Outer God; 20d8 + 200; Init +10; Spd teleport without error at will**; AC 33 (+10 Dex, +13 divine); Atk. +25 melee (2d8+5, melee) or +30 ranged; SQ Divine qualities, dreamlike immunity, transformation; SV Fort +16, Ref +16, Will +22; Str 20, Dex 30, Con 30, Int 30, Wis 30, Cha 30. San Loss 1d6/1d20; CR 21.

** As a standard action, the deity can alter its size from Medium-size to Gargantuan (or the reverse).*

***The demigod can teleport without error at will as a 20th-level caster. See "New Divine Spells."*

Special Qualities — Transformation: This ability has many different effects, but in this adventure, he transforms hostile investigators into shafts of red-gold light speeding toward a distant start. This requires a successful ranged touch attack.

Dreamlike Immunity: Hypnos is immune to anything that does not simultaneously exist in the Dreamlands and waking world, such as dreamers in their dreams or deities.

#39) Bobby Sills, Henchman for the Arkham Mob

2nd-level Offense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +4 melee (1d4+2, knife) or +2 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will -1; SZ M; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 8, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 15. SAN.

Core Skills: Bluff +6, Diplomacy +4, Drive +5, Hide +7, Innuendo +1, Intimidate +3, Listen +4, Move Silently +7, Sense Motive +5, Sleight of Hand +5, Spot +4.

Feats: Stealthy, Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (pistol).

#40) Eddie Leery, Enforcer for the Arkham Mob

2nd-level Offense Option; 12 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +5 melee (1d3+3, punch) or +3 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will -1; SZ M; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 8, Cha 8. SAN.

Core Skills: Bluff +3, Climb +4, Diplomacy +0, Drive +3, Hide +1, Innuendo +3, Intimidate +3, Listen +3, Move Silently +3, Sense Motive +0, Sleight of Hand +5, Spot +1, Swim +6.

Feats: Martial Arts, WP (melee), WP (pistol).

#41) Generic Thugs, Kingsport Mobsters

1st-level Offense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d3+1, punch) or +2 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Core Skills: Bluff +4, Climb +3, Drive +5, Hide +5, Move Silently +5, Search +4, Sleight of Hand +5, Spot +4.

Feats: Martial Arts, WP (melee), WP (pistol).

If you need further detail, assume each thug has Intelligence 10 and Charisma 8. Each one also has the following traits:

	Al	*Bill*	*Pat*	*Dennis*	*Ian*	*Wilson*
STR	14	13	16	13	12	12
DEX	12	11	10	15	12	13
CON	14	11	12	13	16	14
WIS	11	12	10	11	9	10
SAN	35	28	33	34	27	31
HP	8	6	7	7	9	8
Init	+1	+0	+0	+2	+1	+1
AC	11	10	10	12	11	11
Atk (melee)	+3	+2	+4	+2	+2	+2
(ranged)	+2	+1	+1	+3	+2	+2
Fort	+4	+2	+2	+3	+5	+4
Ref	+1	+0	+0	+2	+1	+1
Will	+0	+1	+0	+0	-1	+0
Bluff	+5	+4	+4	+6	+5	+5
Climb	+6	+5	+7	+5	+5	+5
Drive	+5	+4	+4	+6	+5	+5
Hide	+5	+4	+4	+6	+5	+5
Move Silently	+5	+4	+4	+6	+5	+5
Search	+4	+4	+4	+4	+4	+4
Sleight of Hand	+5	+4	+4	+6	+5	+5
Spot	+4	+5	+4	+4	+3	+4

Feats: Martial Arts, WP (melee), WP (pistol).

Equipment: Fighting knife, pistol.

#42) Lewis Doran, Bigoted Yankee Fisherman

1st-level Offense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, boathook) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +0; SZ M; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 8; San 44.

Core Skills: Listen +4, Navigate (sea) +7, Pilot (boat) +7, Repair +4, Spot +4, Swim +5, Use Rope +5, Wilderness Lore +4.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Navigate [sea]), Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]), Weapon Proficiency (melee).

#43) Helmut Gruber, Secretive German Fisherman

1st-level Defense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +0; AC 12 (+2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +1 melee (1d3+1 subdual, punch) or +0 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +2; SZ M; Str 12, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 9; San 51.

Core Skills: Listen +4, Navigate (sea) +8, Pilot (boat) +8, Repair +5, Speak English +1, Speak German +5, Spot +4, Swim +4, Use Rope +4, Wilderness Lore +4.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]), Skill Emphasis (Navigate [sea]).

#44) Luigi Chacone, Superstitious Italian Fisherman

1st-level Offense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, boathook) or +3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +1; SZ M; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 12; San 54.

Core Skills: Knowledge (occult) +1, Listen +5, Navigate (sea) +3, Pilot (boat) +8, Repair +5, Speak English +2, Speak Italian +5, Spot +5, Swim +5, Use Rope +6, Wilderness Lore +5.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]), Weapon Proficiency (melee).

#45) Julio de Sourza, Brawny Portuguese Fisherman

1st-level Offense Option; 8 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +4 melee (1d6+3, boathook) or +1 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +0; SZ M; Str 16, Dex 11, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 10; San 55.

Core Skills: Craft (wood) +2, Listen +4, Navigate (sea) +7, Pilot (boat) +8, Repair +4, Speak English +2, Speak Portugeuse +3, Spot +4, Swim +7, Use Rope +4, Wilderness Lore +4.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]), Skill Emphasis (Navigate [sea]), Weapon Proficiency (melee).

#46) Ennio Fernetti, Cowardly Italian Fisherman

1st-level Defense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +3; AC 15 (+3 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –1 melee (1d3-1, punch) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +0; SZ M; Str 9, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 11.

Core Skills: Hide +5, Listen +4, Move Silently +5, Navigate (sea) +4, Pilot (boat) +8, Repair +7, Speak English +2, Speak Italian +4, Spot +4, Swim -1, Use Rope +7, Wilderness Lore +4.

Feats: Run, Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]).

#47) Roberto Gomez, Moody Spanish Fisherman

1st-level Offense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +3 melee (1d6+2, boathook) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will -1; SZ M; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 15; San 40.

Core Skills: Listen +3, Navigate (sea) +2, Pilot (boat) +7, Repair +1, Speak English +1, Speak Spanish +4, Spot +3, Swim +6, Use Rope +5, Wilderness Lore +5.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]), Skill Emphasis (Wilderness Lore), Weapon Proficiency (melee).

#48) Alfredo Paiva, Skilled Portuguese Fisherman

1st-level Offense Option; 5 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, boathook) or +3 ranged; SV Fort -1, Ref +4, Will +1; SZ M; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 8, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 10; San 60.

Core Skills: Disable Device +6, Listen +4, Navigate (sea) +6, Pilot (boat) +9, Repair +6, Speak English +3, Speak Portuguese +6, Spot +3, Swim +3, Use Rope +4, Wilderness Lore +3.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]).

#49) Duane Ellis, Long-Winded Yankee Fisherman

1st-level Defense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +0; AC 12 (+2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +0 (1d3 subdual, punch) or +0 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will -1; SZ M; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 8, Cha 10; San 39.

Core Skills: Listen +3, Navigate (sea) +7, Pilot (boat) +7, Repair +4, Spot +3, Swim +4, Use Rope +4, Wilderness Lore +3.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Navigate [sea]), Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]).

#50) Armand Medeiros, Charismatic Portuguese Fisherman

1st-level Offense Option; 5 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +1 melee (1d6, boathook) or +1 ranged; SV Fort -1, Ref +3, Will +1; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 8, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 15; San 67.

Core Skills: Diplomacy +6, Gather Information +6, Listen +3, Navigate (sea) +5, Pilot (boat) +9, Repair +2, Speak English +3, Speak Portuguese +4, Spot +5, Swim +7, Use Rope +5, Wilderness Lore +2.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]), Skill Emphasis (Swim), Weapon Proficiency (melee).

#51) Lieutenant Commander Charles Maddern, CO Coast Guardsman

2nd-level Offense Option; 11 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d3 subdual, punch) or +2 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +1; SZ M; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 13, Cha 12; San 63.

Core Skills: Diplomacy +6, Heal +4, Knowledge (history) +3, Knowledge (law) +6, Listen +2, Navigate (sea) +7, Pilot (boat) +7, Sense Motive +2, Spot +4, Swim +5, Use Rope +7, Wilderness Survival +4.

Non-Core Skills: Knowledge (astronomy) +3, Knowledge (occult) +3, Jump +2, Repair +3.

Feats: WP (pistol), Dodge, Mobility, Weapon Proficiency (thrown).

#52) Lieutenant Daniel Barkley, XO Coast Guardsman

2nd-level Offense Option; 10 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d3 subdual, punch) or +2 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +1; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 12; San 60.

Core Skills: Climb +7, Heal +4, Jump +5, Listen +5, Navigate (sea) +7, Pilot (boat) +7, Repair +6, Sense Motive +1, Spot +6, Swim +7, Use Rope +0, Survival +5.

Non-Core Skills: Craft (photography) +3, Knowledge (law) +3.

Feats: Athletic, Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (pistol).]

#53) Warren Hayes, CPO Coast Guardsman

1st-level Offense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +3 melee (1d3+2 subdual, punch) or +2 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +0; SZ M; Str 14, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 10; San 50.

Core Skills: Climb +6, Heal +5, Jump +6, Knowledge (electronics) +2, Navigate (sea) +5, Pilot (boat) +8, Repair +2, Search +1, Spot +4, Swim +6, Use Rope +3, Wilderness Survival +4.

Non-Core Skills: Listen +0.

Feats: WP (melee), Skill Emphasis (Pilot [boat]), Weapon Proficiency (pistol).]

#54) Seaman First Class Henry Koch, Radio Operator

1st-level Defense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +2; AC 14 (+2 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –1 melee (1d3-1 subdual, punch) or –2 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +1; SZ M; Str 9, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 10; San 40.

Two Mythos Tomes

Studies of the Indians of the Miskatonic Valley, in English. Examination Period: One day (DC 15). Contains no spells. Sanity Loss: 1d3. Cthulhu Mythos: +1 rank.

De Vermiis Mysteriis, in Latin. Examination Period: One month (DC 15). Three spells. Sanity Loss: 2d6. Cthulhu Mythos: +2 ranks.

Excerpts from the Necronomicon, in English. Examination Period: Two weeks (DC 18). Four spells. Sanity Loss: 1d10. Cthulhu Mythos: +2 ranks.

The Outer Ones, in archaic English. Examination Period: One week (DC 15). Two spells. Sanity Loss: 1d8. Cthulhu Mythos: +2 ranks.

Minor Tome, in English or Latin. Examination Period: 1 week (DC 15). Contains 1 spell. Sanity Loss: 1 initial and 1d4 upon completion. Cthulhu Mythos: +1 ranks.

Minor Tome, in archaic English. Examination Period: 1 week (DC 15). Contains 2 spells. Sanity Loss: 1 initial and 1d6 upon completion. Cthulhu Mythos: +1 rank.

Two volumes from Revelations of Glaaki, in English. (Part of a nine volume set.) Examination Period: One week (DC 15). 1d2 spells. Sanity Loss: 1d3. Cthulhu Mythos:+1 rank.

Visions from Yaddith, in English. Examination Period: One day (DC 13). Contains no spells. Sanity Loss: 1d3 San lost upon completion. Cthulhu Mythos: +1 rank.

The Seven Cryptical Books of Earth, English translation. Examination Period: One week (DC 20). Contains 3 spells (possibly Dreamlands spells). Sanity Loss: 1d8. Cthulhu Mythos: +1 rank, plus 1 rank of Knowledge (dream lore).

Core Skills: Craft (photography) +6, Heal +3, Knowledge (electronics) +9, Listen +3, Navigate (sea) +3, Pilot (boat) +3, Repair +3, Search +3, Spot +3, Swim +3, Use Rope +6, Wilderness Lore +3.

Non-Core Skills: Concentration +3.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [electronics]), Skill Emphasis (Repair).

#55) Typical Coast Guardsman, Stationed in Kingsport

1st-level Offense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d3+1 subdual, punch) or +2 ranged (1d10, pistol); SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; SZ M; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 10; San 55.

Core Skills: Heal +4, Knowledge (electronics) +4, Listen +4, Navigate (sea) +5, Pilot (boat) +5, Repair +3, Search +5, Spot +2, Swim +5, Use Rope +5, Wilderness Lore +4.

Feats: WP (melee), Dodge, Weapon Proficiency (pistol).

New Divine Spell

Teleport without Error

Components: V

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal and touch

Target: You (the deity)

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None and Will negates (object)

Spell Resistance: No and Yes (object)

This spell allows a deity to instantly transport to a designated destination. Distance is not a factor, but interplanar travel is not possible. The deity can bring along objects and willing creatures totaling up to 50 pounds per caster level. As with all spells where the range is personal and the target is "you," the deity need not make a saving throw. Only objects held or in use (attended) by another person receive saving throws.

In theory, the deity must have at least a reliable description of the place to which it is teleporting (fairly likely for a god). If it attempts to teleport with insufficient information (or with misleading information), it disappears and simply reappears in its original location. There is no chance that the deity will arrive off target.

New Investigator Spell

View Gate

Components: S

Cost: See below

Casting Time: Instantaneous

Range: 1 ft.

Effect: Any willing participant within 5 feet of the caster

Duration: 1d6+1 rounds

Saving Throw: None

You can see what lies on the other side of a gate (usually created with the spell create gate). This gives the caster the opportunity to discover where the gate leads. The caster stands before the gate and performs a series of gestures. This causes the gate to become a "window," allowing viewers to see what lies beyond.

The cost of casting the spell depends upon the amount of Strength damage required to create the gate. This number is divided by 5 (rounding up all fractions of .5 and above); the resulting number is then subtracted from the Wisdom and SAN. For example, viewing a gate that costs 7 Strength to create requires 2 Wis damage (temporary) and a loss of 2 SAN points. (The minimum cost is always 2.)

The spell allows anyone within 5 feet of the caster to look through the gate. The viewer must be willing; he cannot be compelled with a mind-affecting spell (such as dominate person.) Only the caster must pay the casting cost, but anyone who views the gate loses the appropriate amount of SAN. The effect lasts 1D6+1 rounds. If the keeper desires, those viewing the other side of a gate may need to make rolls against Cthulhu Mythos or Knowledge (astronomy), (dream lore), or (history) to identify the time and place on the other side of the gate.

#56) Independent Tentacles of the Star Mother

#56a) External Tentacles: Small Aberrations; 1/2d8 HD; 4 h.p.; Init +3; Spd —; Reach 30 ft.; AC 14; Atk +3 melee (1d2-1, flailing tentacles); SQ Darkvision, detect life at will, improved grab, constriction, psychic shock; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +2; Str 8, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 1; San loss 0/1d3. CR 1/2.

Skills: Dreaming +10, Hide +13, Move Silently +13.

Feats: Weapon Finesse (tentacle).

#56b) Internal Tentacles: Large Aberrations; 1d8 HD; 9 h.p.; Init +2; Spd —; Reach 30 ft.; AC 11 (+2 Dex, -1 size); Atk +1 melee (1d3, flailing tentacles); SQ Darkvision, detect life at will, improved grab, constriction, psychic shock; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 1; San loss 0/1d3. CR 1/2.

Skills: Dreaming +10, Hide +12, Move Silently +12.

Feats: Weapon Finesse (tentacle).

The Tentacles' Special Qualities: Improved Grab/Constriction — The creature's tentacle can attempt to grapple a foe it has just struck without allowing the foe to make a free attack. If it succeeds in an opposed grapple check, the foe is pinned (losing its Dex bonus to Armor Class). On the next and every subsequent round the foe remains pinned, the foe takes constriction damage (equal to normal melee damage).

Psychic Shock — Once per round, the Star Mother can deliver a psychic shock to anyone touching or striking her tentacles (including her independent internal and external tentacles). The victim must make a Will save (DC 10); otherwise, the victim is jolted by an alien vision from the Star Mother's memory, inflicting an additional 1d6 damage and San loss 0/1d4. The maximum amount of San loss from pychic shock in one scene is 4 San.

#57) Skeleton Crew

Medium-size undead; 1d12 HD; 12 h.p.; Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; AC 10; Atk +1 melee (1d6+1 slam; or grapple, special) or +0 ranged; SQ Undead qualities; SV Fort —, Ref +0, Will +2; Str 12, Dex 10, Con —, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 3; San loss 1/1d6+1. CR 1/2.

Skills: Hide +9, Listen +9, Spot +9, Move Silently +9, Pilot (boat) +2, Swim +10.

Feats: Run.

#58) Star Mother

The Star Mother may either be a relatively weak outsider or demigod, at the keeper's discretion. To accommodate two vastly different conclusions to the adventure, both sets of stat blocks are listed below.

#58a) Star Mother: Huge Parasitic Outsider; 4d8 + 40 HD; 76 h.p.; Init +3; AC 7 (-1 Dex, -2 size); Spd —; Atk. +11 melee (2d6+9, flailing cilia); Reach 10 ft.; SQ Independent tentacles, submerge; SV Fort, Ref, Will; Str 28, Dex 8, Con 20, Int 15, Wis 19, Cha 20; San loss 0/1d4+1. CR 5.

Feats: Improved Initiative, Power Attack.

Spells: black binding*, dominate person, grasp of Cthulhu, obscuring mist, raise night fog

**The Star Mother does not require a material component for this spell*

#58b) Star Mother: Colossal Parasitic Demigod; 20d8 + 200 HD; 290 h.p.; Init +0; AC 8 (-4 Dex, -8 size, +10 natural); Atk +25 melee (4d6+13, flailing cilia); Reach 10 ft.; SQ Independent tentacles, raise the Hell Ship; SV Fort +15, Ref +2, Will +18; Str 36, Dex 4, Con 28, Int 15, Wis 22, Cha 20; San loss 0/1d4+1. CR 20.

Feats: Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Cleave Great Cleave, Sensitive, Mind Probe, Mind Reading.

Spells: black binding*, dominate person, grasp of Cthulhu, obscuring mist, raise night fog

**The Star Mother does not require a material component for this spell.*

Special Qualities: Independent Tentacles — The Star Mother is surrounded by 5-foot-long strands of tentacular cilia, but several of her attached tentacles are sentient enough to be virtually independent. These use the statistics for Internal Tentacles and External Tentacles, listed above. These tentacles attack independently, so they cannot benefit from the Star Mother's feats (such as Cleave).

Raise the Hell Ship — Three times per day, the Star Mother can raise her vessel from the sea. She can perform this feat additional times each day, but this requires 10 temporary Wisdom each time. See "Raising and Sinking the Hellene" for more details. She can sink the ship at will.



Appendix 2:
Player Handouts

Ainsley Papers 1 (p 104):
Charles Baxter's suicide note

Please believe that my actions are not meant as an indictment of anyone, least of all my dearest friend, Derek. How can I blame others when even poetry, my one true love, serves only to compound my condition? I am sick at the soul, and the choice I am about to make seems to be the most effective curative for an ailment such as mine. I choose to die as Shelley died, for he too, I think, was of an ailing soul. But where his life was taken from him, I offer mine unselfishly, if only because whatever it is that so fatally plagues the hearts and souls of poets might be better appeased. Better that my life be put to such use than have it waste away in a madhouse, as happened to poor Ainsley.

Farewell,

— Charles Baxter

Ainsley Papers 6 (p 112):
comments by scholar and publisher
Edward Gilmour

". . . I will admit this much: When I read his first collection, The Grove of the Fauns, *I reckoned Ainsley an interesting but minor talent. When Calder [a British literary agent] contacted me with considerable excitement about the newly discovered works, I told him I would at least look them over. I read them in one night. I shuddered when Ainsley wanted me to shudder, and I wept, sir, wept, when he wanted me to weep. No other work has affected me so, before or since. I can see why your friend might be moved to take his own life; were I so sensitive I might have as well . . . ."*

Ainsley Papers 2 (p 105)

Regarding the Death of Charles Baxter

Police have positively identified the body recently found floating in Kingsport Harbor as that of twenty-seven-year-old poet and artist Charles Baxter.

A rowboat rented by Baxter had been previously found adrift in the harbor.

A suicide note was found aboard the abandoned craft, along with a number of books of poetry. When questioned by police, Baxter's roommate claimed that his friend had not seemed unduly upset, and that the suicide seemed totally out of character for Baxter.

Dr. Enoch Warren, acting Medical Examiner, has confirmed the cause of death as drowning. Chief Tristram Crane has ruled it a clear case of suicide. The body is scheduled to be shipped back to Baxter's home state of New York for burial early next week.

—the Kingsport *Chronicle*

Ainsley Papers 4 (p 111): a reminiscence by Ainsley acquaintance John Howard

"... [1822] The last night we were in Gosdau, Roger slept badly. The altitude and alcohol had affected him, and he woke screaming. Roger calmed quickly, and explained that he had dreamt of a Greek god who had offered to be his muse. We went our separate ways not long after that, but I seldom came across any new works by him. There had been a rumor that a poem of Ainsley's had driven a young Parisian girl to suicide, but those are the types of rumors poets long for. When I heard he had definitely stopped writing to hide in a bottle, I concluded that either Roger's muse had forsaken him, or he had forsaken his muse ...."

Ainsley Papers 5 (p 111): an excerpt from an early 1824 Lord Byron letter concerning Ainsley

"... Quavering little Roger has chosen this time and this place — of all times and places [during the Greek revolt against the Turks] *— to show me his latest poem. There was something forlorn and forsaken about him this time, something I had not noticed when we met years before in Venice, and I felt compelled to take up his manuscript. Dear sister, I tell you now that I have rarely read such beauty and tragedy wrought together in a single work. His talent has bloomed beyond anyone's expectations, and I daresay his little sonnet moved me nearly more than the best of poor Shiloh's — and you know how much he meant to me. Yet dodgy Roger merely looked sadly up at me, took up his poem, and left Missolonghi as if I had offended him, or had told him something of which he was already aware. A queer little man, but I look forward to seeing more of his work ...."*

Dead in the Water Papers 4 (p 139): from a 1897 anthropological study, "Indian Tribes of the West Indies" by James T. Morrison

"... The Arawaks had lived in mortal fear of the warlike and often cannibalistic Caribs for centuries, and were continually driven by them across northeastern South America and eventually into the West Indies. Little wonder that the peaceful Arawaks should attribute all manner of weird legendry and myth to their fearsome oppressors ....

"One intriguing legend deals with a tribe of Caribs so horrible that they were shunned by their own kind, even in times of war when many Carib tribes would gather to attack neighboring villages. The Arawaks claimed this tribe worshipped a goddess who had come to them from the stars in the form of a glowing stone. Its discoverers had first sought to use the stone to sculpt an idol of their own war-spirit, but the first man who put a chisel to the glowing stone died without a mark on him. After this the shunned Caribs worshipped the stone as their goddess and called it "G'wanda'ak," the Star Mother ....

"In interviews I have conducted with contemporary Carib Indians, I have been unable to confirm or deny the existence of this reclusive tribe. One aged Indian told me that the tribe was long ago – in the time of his grandfather's grandfather – murdered by white men who came here in a great ship pushed across the sea by clouds. These men, after killing all the tribe, stole the glowing stone, worshipped by them as a god, and left, never to return. Lack of details or a reliable timeframe has me questioning the authenticity of this tale and others like it. Still, it does make for an interesting legend...."

Dead in the Water Papers 3 (p 138): A Mythos tome passage regarding the ejecta of the Outer Ones

"... The Ultimate Powers — whom no Man may see and live, and are only glimpsed in the maddest of dreams — dwell with Their Sultan at the Center of All Time and Space, Beyond All Time and Space. There They twist in the Cosmic Wind to the tones of Their Formless Servants, now and again casting off noxious fragments and fumes from Their viscous and gaseous forms. Given time, many of these fragments will themselves become servants, and perhaps Powers, totally inimical to Life in our known Spheres. Know these fragments by their unearthly colourations and by their often deleterious effects on Life as we know it. Take care, for such artifacts of Theirs hold much potential for ultimate gain — or ultimate loss ...."

—The Outer Ones

Dreams & Fancies

"The Muse of Despair" An Introduction by Edward Gilmour

The tortured life of Roger Ainsley (1799-1846) started with his birth to a wealthy aristocratic British family. Ainsley was the younger of two sons, and his artistic leanings displeased his family. His brother Charles died when Roger was fourteen years of age, and his parents three years later. With his inheritance, Ainsley set out on a career as a poet and artist, traveling throughout Europe searching for inspiration. During his travels, he met with some of the great poets of his time: Shelley, Keats, Lord Byron, Coleridge, and others.

Ainsley's poetry was steeped in grief, morbidity, hatred, and fear — even more so than his fellow Romantics. Most of his poems were of short length; he felt that longer works failed to sustain emotion. Ainsley's poetic subjects ranged from mythology ("The Grove of the Fauns") to laments for lost love ("The Drowned Girl") and eerily fantastic travelogues ("While Lost in the Kohlsen Reaches"). He himself was a quiet, solitary sort who had once been romantically deceived and used by a French girl of questionable reputation.

In the early 1820's, after two collections of his brooding and morbid work had been published, Ainsley's literary output slackened. At about this time, Ainsley made a visit to war-torn Greece, where he met up again with Lord Byron shortly before the latter's death. Ainsley soon after ceased to write altogether, as he became hopelessly mired in drugs and alcohol.

Returning to England a broken man, Ainsley was placed in Malbray Asylum just outside of London by friends and relatives. There he remained for over twenty years until his death in March of 1846.

After a scandal involving the director of the Malbray Asylum in the 1890's, a search of the institution's files turned up these undiscovered Ainsley works. They languished for a time in the hands of a private collector, but finally they have come to print in the form of the book you are now holding, *Dreams & Fancies*. Many authorities have studied the original manuscripts of these works, and most have concluded that Ainsley composed these poems and sketches during his stay in the asylum. As such, they are even more emotionally powerful and personal than Ainsley's earlier works. These poems, and their accompanying sketches, represent the final works of an unjustly ignored talent.

"Cycles of Decay"

A series of five poems describing the passage of a year. Each of the four seasons is illustrated with an accompanying sketch.

After a rain at the beginning of Spring, the narrator stands on a lawn with a companion. Flowers sprout rapaciously from an oddly shaped mound and begin singing in keening voices. The narrator's cat chases, catches, toys with, and then ultimately kills a sparrow.

In **Summer**, the sated cat lazes in the shade, the body of its prey decomposing in the heat. The flowers' tune changes as the heat bakes the moisture from their petals and stalks. The grass is baked brown in the swelter. The narrator and companion sweat and fight for breath.

Come **Autumn**, the leaves fall and blow about; the flowers die, leaving only featureless stalks. The narrator and his companion, followed by the cat, seek shelter in the study overlooking the lawn. The bare trees lower menacingly as a cold rain pummels the scene.

Winter comes, turning the rain to snow. The trees are black skeletal things on the lawn, and the wind howls horribly. The companion takes his leave across the lawn as the snow turns to blizzard. The wind howls even more horribly, and the cat flees the study, hissing.

After a rain at the beginning of **Spring**, the narrator stands on the lawn watching the cat. Flowers sprout rapaciously from an oddly shaped mound — which the narrator realizes is the decomposing body of his companion.

"In Dreams"

Dreams are gateways to other worlds, times, lives. Dreams haunt the living every night, but despite this, Man still chooses to sleep.

"Where My Brother Rests"

The poet takes a brooding journey through a cemetery to visit the grave of his brother. Some scholars say the piece refers to Lord Byron.

"The Illusion of Love"

A portrayal of a woman as innocent and loving, to whom the narrator gives his trust and love. The woman is then revealed as a deceitful temptress, a demon, sucking the life, love, and soul from him — as he willingly allows her to do so.

"Isolation"

The narrator walks alone on a city street by night. The city seems strangely barren, unoccupied, no lights, voices, or laughter. The narrator searches vainly for someone, anyone, to comfort him. Stars seem to wink out in the sky, enhancing the darkness. The narrator's journey ends at a bridge, where it is implied he will commit suicide rather than remain alone.

"The Dark Wood"

The narrator takes a journey through a dark forest, with repeated hints of unseen animal followers. Ruins of old shrines, temples, idols, and altars are glimpsed in the dense overgrowth. Are the pursuers old gods in search of new worshippers — or do they seek prey?

"The Tower"

A nocturnal flight from a faceless mob bearing torches. A leering bloated full moon. Wordless chants from the mob. The only refuge is a lonely tower on the plain. Gaining the tower, barring the door, climbing to the top. Waiting for the chanting mob to break in.

"Relics of a Dead Age"

A series of five sonnets, each describing an ancient artifact or archaeological find of some kind: an Egyptian canopic jar, a weath-

continued on other side

continued from other side

ered statue of an unfamiliar Greek god, crumbling and corroded Greek and Roman weapons, a neolithic fertility statuette, and a pair of bronze Greek theater masks. Each one is accompanied by a small sketch in the margin. In each poem, Ainsley describes the item and fancifully imagines what its creator/user/wearer was like. He exhibits a sense of wonder that these tools far outlived their creators.

"'Neath Poseidon's Crown"

On a nocturnal walk along a Greek beach, the murmuring of the ocean almost sounds like an incantation. Dying and dead fish wash up on the beach in droves, some to gasp out their life on the sand. The tide goes out, revealing more dead fish out on the reef. As the water recedes further, the reef is revealed to be the crown of a monstrously huge statue beneath the waves. The narrator flees in terror rather than seeing the awful face beneath that crown.

"In the Ruins"

The narrator takes a journey through misty Greek ruins on a nameless haunted island. Countless statues of unrivalled realism surround him. Then the hiss of a serpent accompanies the tread of unseen feet. In a recollection of the legend of the Gorgons, he observes that only one of the three accursed sisters was slain — and then he hears a sound. Turning, he is face to face with a woman of matchless beauty — but her eyes are daggers and her hair serpents. The narrator's final thoughts are a mixture of love and revulsion.

"Madness, or The Muse of Chaos"

Madness is an instructive force, a fresh point of view. Madness is a living being, godlike, guiding the lives of those who suffer from it. Madness is the narrator's muse, and the narrator is Madness's champion.

"Infinity"

Discusses the pettiness of human life when compared against the workings of a vast universe. Man as a tiny insect in the overall scheme of things. The collapse of human will under the weight of such a realization.

"Concerning My Demise"

The narrator awakens in a glass-windowed coffin, watching as his friends and relatives — some long dead themselves — file past sadly. Later, the coffin is carried to the cemetery, a journey described as glimpses of sky and trees, and occasional tall tombstones. Surrounded by mourners, the coffin is lowered into the grave, and the narrator watches as shovels of earth are thrown on. Finally, there is only darkness.

Dead in the Water Papers 2 (p 138):
Excerpt of a letter from Douglas Corben to fellow cultist Matthew Richards

". . . Astonishing news, Matthew. The tales told by those cowering Arawac savages proved to be authentic. We found the tiny inhospitable island they whispered of, and the tribe of Carib Indians — enemies of the Arawacs, by the way. These foolish lands had never seen a White Man before, and so we were admitted into their camp as near-gods. To show you how incredible this is, I should perhaps tell you that the Caribs have a reputation as cannibal heathens. And there we were. Whiten afoot in their village. We met with their chief, and with their Witch-Man, whom I am sure was quite mad.

"And since we were gods to them, they allowed us to see their goddess. It was a stone, Matthew, a stone the size of a suckling babe. But it was not a stone of this world, my friend, for it was luminescent with a glow that thrills me to this day. You would know that glow, Matthew, for it is the same as that given off by that which we have both known and dwelt in worship of beneath the hill! They would tell us nothing of it, save that it had come from the sky — as further proof needed? It must be akin to the Flame. Alas, the damn'd savages would not trade for their artifact, even though I offered the lives of half our sacrifices to her. But some day, Matthew, perhaps with your help, I shall take from them their goddess and bring her home to dwell with her own kind . . . ."

Dead in the Water Papers 1 (p 137):
A Customs report signed by Eben Hall

". . . May 15, 1731. On this day Captain Douglas Corben's brig, the Hellene, returned to Kingsport after a journey to the West Indies. He anchored off Pilot Island, as though waiting for officers to inspect his ship and cargo, but ere we drew near, Captain Corben hailed us with his horn and warned us to stay back. When I informed him that he could not enter port without standing inspection, he brought the Hellene about and fired his starboard guns on us. We raised sail in the sloop and made to flee, but just then were joined by Captain Albert Drew's ship Carmody and a handful of others. Corben again brought his ship about, but the Carmody's guns took down her foremast and most of the sails leaving her adrift. After another barrage from the Carmody, the Hellene's decks cleared, and we prepared to board.

"I would that we had never set foot on that ship — a vessel that must have come from the very port of Hell. We met no resistance boarding the Hellene, but below decks did battle with the few surviving crewmen. Never did we see Captain Corben, nor his Mate, Ned Scott, and instead found cabins containing corpses dead and left rotting for days. I was soon after struck by a pistol ball and wounded, and was carried from the Hellene, an act of Providence for which I shall be eternally thankful. The remainder of the report is what was related to me by Mr. Oren Aylesworth, my first officer.

After my injury, Mr. Aylesworth continued to search the ship, accompanied by several other officers and men. Striking for the ship's aft hold, more than once Aylesworth and his men were forced to fight with members of the Hellene's crew, men driven mad and as dangerous as animals. Nearing the hold, Mr. Aylesworth claimed to have gotten a brief glimpse of a strange green glow before Captain Corben and his crew shut the hatch. What follows is purely conjecture, for none save Aylesworth survived, and he only for a matter of days. Mr. Aylesworth said he heard a voice in the hold — Corben's, he thought — cry out, "Who dies with me, in faith, shall live again!"

"Poor Aylesworth confessed on his deathbed to have fled at this point, having dire misgivings about the tone in which the cry was given. His was a fortunate decision, for in the next moment the Hellene's powder stores were lit and her port side blown out. Aylesworth barely managed to dive over the side, and even then was nearly taken under when the Hellene plunged into the depths at the north end of the reef. No living thing from the Hellene was recovered, and none of the boarders from the Carmody or my own sloop survived, save Mr. Aylesworth — God rest his soul — and myself.

"I can only draw two possible conclusions from these events. Either the Hellene's captain and crew had suffered from some madness or fever or, as I strongly suspect, that Captain Corben had continued his black magical explorations and was seeking to bring forth some further evil upon Kingsport. I would remind the reader that Corben was among those suspected, but not arrested, in the matter of the Congregational Church nine years past.

"Regardless, the danger is past. The Hellene and its captain and crew lie at the bottom of the sea, where the fish may do what they will with them."

Arkham By Night



"Act as of nothing is wrong."

Online Roleplaying amidst H.P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos

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"Omni Rumores Sunt Veritates"

Chaosium Gazette

2003 Edition, Vol. 6

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"The Keeper's Master List of Call of Cthulhu Scenarios" - Lists are alphabetical by the following topics: scenario era; creature / maniacs / great old ones; legendary heroes and villains; cults / sects / secret societies; Mythos tomes; fictitious locations; and Mythos books from publishers other than Chaosium.

"Iron: a Survey of Civilian Small Arms Used in the 1890's, 1920's, and the Present". Practicalities of firearms; common malfunctions; new skills Handloading and Gunsmithing. Firearms considered are likely to be encountered or thought specially useful by investigators. Insightful discussions of nine specific rifles, five shotguns, ten handguns, a sniper rifle, and the Thompson submachine gun. Hot load damage values for most weapons, along with comparative ratings for noise, maintenance, powder, reloading per round, more, plus standard stats.

"Medical Examiner's Report" discusses the unusual corpse recovered by the Essex County Sheriff's Department, as does "Dr. Lippincot's Diary" from another point of view. Also a short article on deep one / human reproduction.

Brian Sammon's "Mythos Collector" submits write-ups for the *Book of Iod*, *Chronike von Nath*, *Confessions of the Mad Monk Clinthanus*, *Letters of Nestar*, *The Nyhargo Codex*, *Soul of Chaos*, *Testament of Carnamago*, *The Tun-*



neler Below, Visions From Yaddith, Von denen Verdammten, as well as for more than a dozen new spells.

And more: "Mythos ex Machina" gathers about forty examples of alien technology from Cthulhu supplements. Gordon Olmstead-Dean outlines the odd connections between H. P. Lovecraft and the Satanists HPL never knew, in "LaVey, Satanism, and the Big Squid". Indexed.

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We all dream. For some, dreams can become reality. *H. P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands* provides everything needed for *Call of Cthulhu* investigators to travel down the seven hundred steps, through the Gates of Deeper Slumber, and into the realm of dreams. Includes a travelogue of the dreamlands, a huge gazetteer, dreamlands character creation rules, over thirty prominent NPC's, over 60 monsters who dwell within the dreamlands, descriptions of the dreamlands gods and their cults, six adventures to help jump start a dreamlands campaign, and a new full-color fold-out map of the Dreamlands by Andy Hopp. 256 pages; Hardcover.

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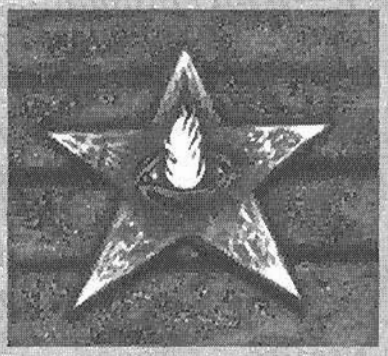
RECOMMENDED
CALL OF CTHULHU FICTION

The Necronomicon, 2nd edition

#6034 $19.95 ISBN 1-56882-162-X

EXPANDED AND CORRECTED—Although skeptics claim that the *Necronomicon* is a fantastic tome created by H. P. Lovecraft, true seekers into the esoteric mysteries of the world know the truth: the *Necronomicon* is the blasphemous tome of forbidden knowledge written by the mad Arab, Abdul Alhazred. Even today, after attempts over the centuries to destroy any and all copies in any language, some few copies still exist, secreted away.

Within this book you will find stories about the *Necronomicon*, different versions of the *Necronomicon*, and two essays on this blasphemous tome. Nearly 600 pages.



Encyclopedia Cthulhiana

#6022 $17.95 ISBN 1-56882-169-7

The Cthulhu Mythos was created by H. P. Lovecraft (1890-1937), a Providence author considered by many to be the finest American horror story writer of the twentieth century. Lovecraft's tales are a blend of fantasy, science fiction, and horror, with the latter being especially prominent. His tales describe a pantheon of powerful beings known as the Great Old Ones.

Since Lovecraft's time the Cthulhu Mythos has grown exponentially, until it has become increasingly difficult to keep track of, even for devoted fans. Many writers have contributed to it, including Robert E. Howard, Robert Bloch, Brian Lumley, and Stephen King. This book is the first major attempt in many years to provide a comprehensive guide to H. P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos.

This second edition of *Encyclopedia Cthulhiana* has been extensively revised and contains over a hundred and fifty additional pages and scores of new entries. New features includes thumbnail illustrations of the most important signs and symbols and a timeline of the Cthulhu Mythos spanning billions of years. Many entries have been revised to reflect our latest understanding of the Mythos, and the infamous *Necronomicon* appendix has been greatly expanded. Also present for the first time is "A Brief History of the Cthulhu Mythos," which examines the evolution of the genre from the 1920's to today.

Disciples of Cthulhu II

#6033 $13.95 ISBN 1-56882-143-3

Bad things tend happen to people who go where they are not wanted, or who over-stay their welcome once they reach their destination. This book contains thirteen new personal explorations of the Cthulhu Mythos. As its title suggests, this is a companion volume to Edward P. Berglund's earlier classic Mythos collection, *The Disciples of Cthulhu*. Both books are published by Chaosium, but their contents are different. All the stories in Cthulhu II are original and all but one has never been published before. These stories record the dire fates of people whose destinies intertwine with the Mythos.

The White People & Other Stories

#6035 $14.95 ISBN 1-56882-147-6

THE BEST WEIRD TALES OF ARTHUR MACHEN, VOL 2.—Born in Wales in 1863, Machen was a London journalist for much of his life. Among his fiction, he may be best known for the allusive, haunting title story of this book, "The White People", which H. P. Lovecraft thought to be the second greatest horror story ever written (after Blackwood's "The Willows"). This wide-ranging collection also includes the crystalline novelette "A Fragment of Life", the "Angel of Mons" (a story so coolly reported that it was imagined true by millions in the grim initial days of the Great War), and "The Great Return", telling of the stately visions which graced the Welsh village of Llantristant for a time. Four more tales and the poetical "Ornaments in Jade" are all finely told. This is the second of three Machen volumes edited by S. T. Joshi and published by Chaosium; the first volume is *The Three Impostors*. 312 pages.

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H. P. Lovecraft's

KINGSPORT



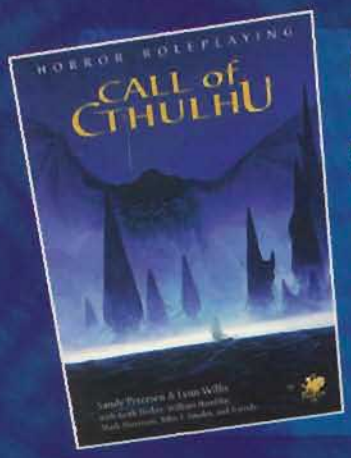
KINGSPORT is a coastal town located a morning's stroll from Arkham. Draped in mists and fog, it is home to artists and fishermen, sailors and dreamers. Here dreams and reality mingle to an unsettling degree.

Some find solace in such dreams; others find only terror and death. Charles Baxter's dreams drove him to despair. He took his own life, throwing himself into the sea. The only clues to his demise: a water-soaked collection of poems.

Horrors exist in the real world of Kingsport as well, remnants of an ancient witch-cult that once infested the town. Unspeakable things crawl through their burrows beneath Central Hill and lurk in the fog off Jersey Reef, preying on fishermen and unsuspecting tourists alike.

Kingsport's soothing atmosphere and beautiful setting beckons to vacationers. Its perch on the brink of the dream-world inspires artists. Investigators come to kingsport to find understanding of the dark realms of the Cthulhu Mythos.

H.P. Lovecraft's KINGSPORT describes this fabled Massachusetts town in meticulous detail—its important personalities, buildings, history, and its weird people and places. This book also features a fold-out players' map of the town, a tourist brochure describing places of interest, and three adventures with player aids for added realism and enjoyment.



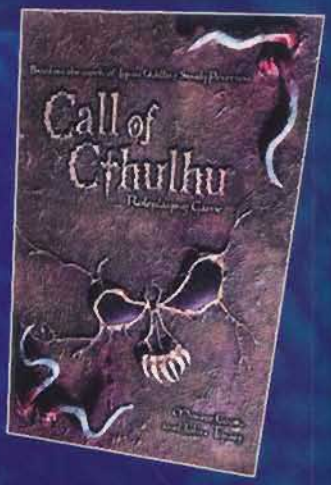
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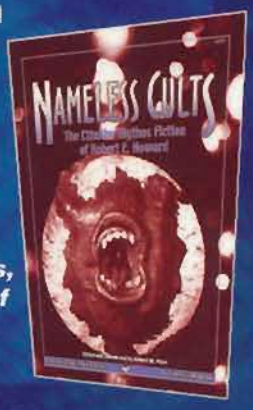


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Among the newest releases are *The Book of Eibon, Nameless Cults,* and *Song of Cthulhu*. New books are coming: watch for *Disciples of Cthulhu II*, *The Tsathoggua Cycle*, our second Arthur Machen volume *The White People and Other Tales*, and more.



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